Hon. King

THE

TRIUMPHS

OF

Gods Revenge

Against the crying Sin of

MURTHER,

In thirty severall Tragicall Histories, in sixe Books, committed in divers Countries beyond the Seas, never imprinted in any other LANGUAGE.

Histories of great memorable and mournfull Accidents.

By *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

Published to undeceive the Reader, of a false [illegible] lately patched and pilfered out of the true Copie, of a great Book called, *Gods Revenge against Murther*, and published by an obscure person, calling it *BLOOD* for *BLOOD.*

The next page sheweth how the true Copie differeth from the false, acquainting the Reader with the great Additions to the true Copie, many of them of great concernment, never imprinted untill this 21. of *November*, 1661.

LONDON, [illegible]nted for *Will. Lee*, at the Turks head [illegible] against [illegible]*etter-Lane* in *Fleet-street*, 16[illegible].

EX
BIBLIOTHECA
ACAD. GEORGIÆ
AUGUSTÆ.

An Advertiſement to the *READER.*

THere was publiſhed about eight moneths ſince a falſe, and injurious Book, called *Blood for Blood*, or *Murders revenged*. It was ſaid in the Title, printed at *Oxford*, but it was printed in *London*: To which (30. Tragicall Hiſtories) were joyned five other Hiſtories, *viz.*

King *CHARLES* the Martyr.
Montroſſe and *Argyle*. } {*Overbury* and *Turner*.
Sonds and his two ſons. } {*Knight* and *Butler*.

All the Impreſſion being full of falſe and many groſſe miſtakes, I did not know how to diſcover any Author, Book-ſeller, or Printer, to recover my great loſſes, by printing this Book without any knowledge or leave of the right owner of the true Copie. The contriver of the falſe Copie, taking a part of every one of the Hiſtories, and printed out of the Letters about 80. of them, word for word, the whole number of Letters in the great volumn in folio being but 120. the price of it being 10 s, and this falſe was ſold for 3 s.

Therefore I undertook to print a true Impreſſion to avoid further miſchief, by the unlawfull ſelling and diſperſing of that erronious impreſſion. The Book-ſeller, the true owner of the Copie (at preſent) knowing no better remedy then (thus) to preſent our Nation with this true and perfect Impreſſion, having all the 30. Hiſtories much more truly publiſhed, then before in that ſmall volumn. Alſo I have printed the firſt and laſt of the Hiſtories at large, and have added the braſſe Cuts to each of them, and the Frontiſpiece at large, at the beginning of the Book, to ſhew the Reader (by theſe two Hiſtories) how excellent the Author is in the Original, what great, good, morall counſel and obſervations are in theſe at large, and likewiſe in like manner in the reſt of the 28. Hiſtories, which may be all bought at a reaſonable price in Folio.

And furthermore I have added with good advice the dying Speeches (under the Title of Royall and Loyall Blood ſhed by *Cromwell* and his partakers) *viz.* of

King *Charles* the Martyr. The Earl of *Strafford*. The Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*. D. *Hamilton*. Earl of *Holland*. Lord *Capel*. Marqueſſe *Montroſſe*. Colonel *Euſebius Andrews*. Sir *Henry Hide*. Doctor *John Hewit*. With three other Murthers of publique Note, *viz.* Sir *Thomas Overbury*.

ry. Sir *Georg Sonds* his two ſons, *Knight* and *Butler.*

All moſt exactly collected and compared with the Originall, and carefully amended from the manifold faults in that falſe Impreſſion.

And laſt of all is joyned unto the end of this Work, a brief Chronicle of all the memorable and ſad paſſages that hapened in the late Civil Wars in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, ſince the yeare 1640. Together with all buſineſſes of note obſervable to this preſent 20th. of *November*, 1661. The like exact account hath not yet been ever printed.

A further Advertiſement to the READER.

THE Book-ſeller having printed the firſt five Books of that excellent piece of *Gods Revenge againſt Murther* in quarto, and afterward added ten other Books, written by the ſame Author, in the ſame volume, did at laſt for conveniency & ornament, publiſh the whole Work of 30 in Folio (which hath had the credit of three Impreſſions ſince, the laſt being beautified with Sculptures and Figures relaing to each Hiſtory) and was ready and intended to print the fourth Edition.

Being thus far advanced in the world, there was no intention in him to alter the volume of the Book: but ſome 8 moneths ago, ſome obſcure perſon, ſet on work by ſome covetouſminded Book-ſellers, did very unhandſomely, and as injuriouſly to the Book, as to the ſeller of it, abridge the ſaid 30. Hiſtories, being his Copy, and in 8vo publiſhed them, with the addition of five Hiſtories more in theſe our late lamentable times.

This hath cauſed the reprinting of this in the ſame ſize according to their mode, to vindicate not onely famous Mr. *Reynolds* the Au-

thor from the many impertinencies in that their corrupt & falſe Epitome, but the Bookſeller of the true Copy from this injury put on him by the perſons aforeſaid. The book in folio has been approved of by all ingenious men, eſpecially that learned Prince King *James*, did much commend it, having peruſed it over at its Dedication to the Duke of *Buckingham*, and ſince in Folio to himſelf as afterwards to King *Charles* the firſt of bleſſed memory. And therefore he hopes the Book may in time recover it ſelf to it's former eſtimation, after ſo much wrong and injury cauſeleſly ſuſtained.

Yours

Will: Lee

TO

To the Reader.

THis Piece you have now before you needs rather an *Adverti ſement* then a *Preface*, it hath ſo changed it's ſhape by the impoſture and deceit of ſome ill-minded covetous perſon, ſo that it then ſeemed the ſad *Hiſtory* of it ſelf, being mangled, and in a ſort murthered; The thread of it's life in it's Order, Contexture, and Compoſition being quite broken, the ſenſe hanging together by crooked wyres, and laſtly robb'd and ſtript of it's dreſſe and Ornament, the Morall and applicatory part thereof, and ſo expoſed to the pity and ſhame of the world.

To vindicate therefore this ſpightfull injury done to it, I have taken it home, and with ſome of its ancient and former Habit thrown about it, that it may be better

beter known, I have ſent it abroad again to the candid reception and entertainment of thoſe who have ſeen the Beauty of the firſt ſtructure, and who obliged with the Delight it formerly afforded them, will I preſume favourably reflect on theſe *ruines*.

And as in all Demoliſhings (Books have their Fate as well as ſtately Edifices) the rubbiſh will ſerve to build up ſome little adjacent Dwellings and outhouſes: So hath it fared with this in Folio, the illegall intruders have pulled down and laid waſte the main Fabrick, and erected at the end thereof an Appurtenance or Appendix of three or four *Stories*, ſo ill contrived, that in this ſurvey, we have been compelled to break lights into them, and to illuſtrate them with verity and perſpicuity.

The wiſe man ſaith, *There is a time to build*; If it ſhall be the good fortune of this Book (which hath generally and conſtantly found acceptance, and been valued

valued by all judicious perſons) to recover it ſelfe from this duſt wherein it hath been almoſt defaced; It's next Edition ſhall ſhew it to the world in it's Native Excellency, and according to it's Originall Exemplar in Folio, a ſight whereof with the Braſſe Cuts belonging thereto, I have now given you in the firſt and laſt of my thirty Hiſtories. Hoping to do the worthy Author thereof long ſince deceaſed thoſe *Juſta*, the right and Honours (ſacrilegiouſly profaned by theſe Invaders raking in (this his Monument, his Writings) which to his Merit, Fame and memory moſt duly appertain.

Thine,

WILL. LEE.

A CATALOGVE OF BOOKS

Printed for *William Lee*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the Turks Head in *Fleet-ſtreet.*

A *Syſteme, or body of Divinity*, in ten Books, wherein the Fundamental grounds of Religion are opened, Hereſies and Errours confuted, the Orthodox Truth maintained: a Work ſeaſonable for theſe times, wherein ſo many Articles of our Faith are queſtioned, and many groſſe Errors of late publiſhed, to the ſcandal of all good Chriſtians; the ſecond Impreſſion with many Additions, with the Authors Epiſtles, never to add any more hereafter. 1662. not quite finiſhed.

Annotations *upon all the N.* Teſtament, *both in Fol.*

The Saints Encouragement *in evil Times*, 12. *All three by* Edw. Leigh *Eſq*; *and* Maſter *of* Arts *in* Magdalen-Hall *in* Oxford.

A Sermon of the nature of Faith, by *Barten Holiday*, Dr. of Divinity, 1654.

The

The Hebrew Common-wealth, Tranſlated out of *Petrus Cuneus*, in 12. 1653.

Hugo Grotius his two Treatiſes, *Of God and his Providence*, *And of Chriſt and his Miracles*, together with the ſaid Authors judgement of ſundry points controverted, in 12. 1658.

The Right of Peace and War, in three Books, written in Latin by the Illuſtrious *Hugo Grotius*, together with the life of the ſaid Author, in Engliſh 8° large, 1654. All three Tranſlated by *Clem. Barksdal.*

Youths behaviour, or *Decency in Converſation amongſt men*; with new additions of a Diſcourſe of Powdering of Hair, of black Patches, naked breaſts, 8. 1653. with three tables new, 1661.

HISTORY.

Plutarchs Lives in Engliſh, with a new Addition of twenty lives, never before publiſhed in Engliſh, with the ſeverall dates of the years of the World, and the years before and after Chriſt when they lived, in large Folio, 1657.

Gods Revenge againſt Murder, in 30 Tragical Hiſtories by *John Reynolds*, the third Edition, whereunto is added the lively portraitures of the ſeverall Perſons, and Reſemblances of other paſſages mentioned therein, ingraven in Copper Plates, 1657.

Silva Silvarum, or a Naturall Hiſtory, in ten Centuries, whereunto is added the Hiſtory of Life and Death, or the Prolongation of Life, by the Right Honourable *Frances Bacon*, Baron of *Verulam*, in Fol. 1658.

Reſuſcitatio, or bringing into publique light ſeve-

ral

rall pieces of the Works hitherto ſleeping, of the Right Honourable *Francis* Lord *Bacon*, Baron of *Verulam*, together with his Lordſhips Life, not before publiſhed.

The ſecond Edition with ſome Additions, by *Will: Rawley*, Dr. in Divinity, his Lordſhips firſt and laſt Chaplain, and now Chaplain in ordinary to his Majeſtie, in Fol. 1661.

The ſecond part of the Inſtitutes concerning the Expoſition of many Ancient, and other Statutes of *Magna Charta*, Reprinted with a large Table added newly, 1662.

The third part of the *Inſtitutes*, concerning Pleas of the Crown, and Criminal Cauſes.

The fourth part of the *Inſtitutes*, concerning the juriſdiction of Courts, all written by *Edward Coke Milite*, ſometime Chiefe Juſtice of the Kings Bench, Fol. 1648.

The Reports of that Reverend and learned Judge Sir *Henry Hobard*, Lord Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas, being enlarged and perfected by his own Copy, in Fol. with a large Table, 1658.

Analecta, formerly called the *Countrey Juſtice*, the ſixth Edition, carefully and truly corrected from the groſſe errours of the former Impreſſions, in 12. with new Additions to this preſent 1661.

The firſt, ſecond, and third part of the Reports of *Edward Bulſtrode* Eſq; of the *Inner-Temple*, ſometime Chief Juſtice of *North-Wales*, in Fol. 1659.
Chief Juſtice *Rolls* time, in Fol. untill 1655.

The innocent Love-Feaſt, a Sermon by *W. Clarke*, 1656.

Two Treatiſes for the maintenance of Tythes, 1654.

Certamen

Certamen Religioſum, or a Conference between the late King of *ENGLAND*, and the late Lord Marqueſs of *Worceſter* concerning Religion, quarto, 1642.

Hereſiography, or a Deſcription of all the Heriſies and Sectaries of theſe later times; the ſixth Edition by *E. Pagit*, much enlarged. 4° 1661.

Dods ten Sermons on the Lords Supper, with his Life, and two Epiſtles, and his picture, 1661.

Latham's Faulconry, with many new Additions, 1662. Alſo the *Gentlemans Exerciſe* is newly added, 1662.

Gerrards Day-book for a Devout Soul, 12.

Conqueſt of Temptations, 12.

Jeromes helps to heaven, in 8.

Exerciſes of Piety.

Path-way to Paradiſe. 12.

Burning Buſh. 12.

Life of Religion. 8.

Dorcas, a Sermon.

Fields Prayers,

Whites Catechiſme.

Degrees of Marriage.

Worlds Aſſize.

Two Treatiſes; the Exerciſe of the Holy Faſt, the Subſtance of the Lords Supper.

Pernbi's Directions againſt Death. Key of Knowledge, a Catechiſme.

A Brief Chronicle of all the Chief Actions ſo fatally falling out in theſe three Kingdomes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, from the year 1640. to this preſent twentieth of *November*, 1661. Reduced into a ſmall Book to be ſold by *William Lee*, at the *Turks Head* in *Fleet-ſtreet*; 1661.

THE

Grand Pre Visits Mermanda

The Wedding

Grand Pre and Hautefolia

Grand Pre Inraged

Grand Pre and Mermanda

The Challonge and the Duell

Grand Pre kills De Malleray in a Duell

Grand Pre & Mermanda Poysoned

La Freyay and Hautefolia Execu

THE TRIUMPHS OF Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY I.

Hautefelia *causeth* Le Fresnay *an Apothecary, to poyson her Brother* Grand Pre *and his Wife* Mermanda, *and is likewise the cause that her said Brother kills* De Mallery *her own Husband in a Duel*: La Fresnay *condemned to be hanged for a Rape; on the Ladder confesseth his two former Murthers, and says that* Hautefelia *seduced and hired him to perform them*; Hautefelia *is likewise apprehended, and so for the cruel Murthers, they are both put to severe and cruel deaths.*

IF our contemplation dive into elder times, and our curiosity turn over the variety of ancient and modern Histories, (as well Divine as Humane) we shall find that Ambition, Revenge, and Murther, have ever proved fatal Crimes to their undertakers: for they are vices which so eclipse our judgements, and darkens our understandings, as we shall not only see with grief, but find with repentance, that they will bring us shame for glory, affliction for content, and misery for felicity. Now as they are powerful in men, so they are (sometimes) implacable in women, who (with as much vanity as malice) delight in these sins: as if that could add grace to their bodies, that deforms their souls, or lustre and prosperity to their days, that makes shipwrack both of their fortunes and lives. It is with grief and pity (yea not with passion, but compassion) that I instance this in a Gen-

tlewoman, who was born to honor, & not to ſhame, had not theſe three aforeſaid vices (like ſo many infernal furies) lain her glory in the duſt, and dragged her body to an untimely and infamous grave. It is a Hiſtory that hath many ſorrowful dependances, and which produceth variety of diſaſterous and mournful accidents: wherein (by the juſt judgment of God) we ſhall ſee Ambition bitterly ſcourged, Revenge ſharply rewarded, and Murther ſeverely puniſhed; by whoſe example, if all that profeſs Religion, become leſs impious, and more truly religious, we ſhall then lead the whole courſe of our lives in ſuch peaceful and happy tranquillity, as (arming our ſelves with reſolution to live and dye in the favour of Heaven) we need not fear either what earth, or hell can do unto us. The Hiſtory is thus.

NEer *Auxone* (a ſtrong and antient Town upon the Frontiers of *Burgundy*, and the free County) dwelt an aged grave Gentleman (nobly deſcended, and of a very fair demaynes) named *Monſieur de Grandmont*, who had to his Wife a virtuous Lady, termed *Madamoyſelle de Carnye*, the only Daughter of *Monſieur de Buſerat*, a worthy Gentleman of the City of *Dole*. This married couple for a long time lived in the greateſt height of content, that either earth could afford, or their hearts deſire; for as one way they grew opulent in Lands and Wealth, ſo another way they were indued with three hopeful Sons *Grand Pre*, *Vileneuſe*, and *Maſſeron*, and with two Daughters, *Madamoyſelles de Hauteſelia*, and *de Greſſe* a fair Poſterity; they bleſt in their Parents, and their Parents hoping themſelves bleſt in them; ſo as (to the eye of the world) this one Family promiſed to make many, (eſpecially ſith the youngeſt of the five had already attained its tenth year) but God in his providence ordained the contrary.

Grand Pre (as the firſt and chiefeſt pillar of the Houſe) craves leave of his Father that he might ſerve his Apprentiſhip in the Wars, under the command of that incomparable Captain, *Grave Maurice*, then Earl of *Naſſaw*, ſince Prince of *Orange*; *Vilenenfel* delighting in Books, his Father thought fit to ſend to *Pont-au Mouſſon*; and thinking to retain *Maſſeron* with him, he for his beauty was begg'd a Page, by that valourous Marſhal of *France*, who ſo willingly and unfortunately loſt his Head in the *Baſtile* of *Paris*. As

As for their two Daughters, *Hautefelia* lived with her Parents; and *de Cressye* they presented to a great Lady of *Burgundy*, who was long since the most afflicted and sorrowful Wife and Mother to the Barons of *Lux*, Father and Son, who were both slain by that generous and brave *Lorayn* Prince, the Knight of *Guyse*.

But behold the inconstancy of Fortune, or rather the power and pleasure of Heaven, which can soon metamorphose our mirth into mourning, our joys into tears, and our hopes into despair: for within the compass of one whole year, we shall see three of these five Children laid in their graves, and of three several deaths; for *Vileneuse* was drowned at *Pont-au Mousson*, as he bathed himself in the River; *Masseron* was killed in a Duel at *Fontain bleau* by *Rossat* a *Gascon*, being Page to the Duke of *Espernon*; and *Hautefelia* dyed at home of a burning Feaver with her Parents; a triple loss, which doth not only afflict their hearts and souls, but also seems to drown their eyes with a deluge of mournful and sorrowful tears.

Gandmont and *de Carny* his Wife, being thus made unfortunate and wretched by the death of three of their Children, they resolve to call home their other two, to be comforts and props to their old age; but their hopes may deceive them. First from the Baroness of *Lux* comes *de Cressy*, who succeeding her Sister, we must now term by the name (or rather by the title) of *Hautefelia*; who hath a great and bloody part to act upon the Theatre of this History: after her very shortly comes *Grand Pre* from *Holland*, where (in divers services) he left many honourable and memorable marks of his prowess and valour behind him.

Vpon his arrival to his Fathers House, the flower of all the Nobility and Gentry of the Country come to condole with him, for the death of his Brothers and Sister, as also to congratulate his happy return (an office and compliment which expresseth much affection and civility) They find *Grand Pre* a brave compleat Gentleman, not in outward pride, but in inward generosity and vertue, not in the vanity of fashions and apparel, but in the perfections and endowments of his mind and body; he is wholly addicted to the exercise of War, and not to the art of courting Ladies; his delights are in the Camp of *Mars* and *Bellona*, and not in the Palace of *Venus*

and *Cupid*, well knowing that the one will breed him honour and glory, and the other ſhame and repentance; his paſtimes are not criſping and powdering of his hair, quarrelling with his Taylor for the faſhion of his Cloaths, dancing in Velvet pumps, and tracing the Streets in neat perfumed Boots with jangling Spurs; yea, he reſembleth not young ſpruce Courtiers, who think no Heaven to brave Apparel, nor Paradiſe to that of their Miſtris beauty: for he only practiſeth riding of great Horſes, Tilting, running at Ring, diſplaying the Colours, toſſing the Pike, handling the Musket, ordering of Rank and File, thereby to make himſelf capable to conduct and embattail an Army, and to environ, fortifie, or beſiege a City or Caſtle, or the like. yea he ſpurns at the Lute and Viall, and vows there is no Muſick to the Ratling of the Drum & Trumpet, and to the thundring of the Musket and Canon; but this warlike and Martiall humour of his ſhall not laſt long. Wherein we may obſerve the vanity of our thoughts, the inconſtancy of our delights, and the alteration and mutability of our reſolutions; for now we ſhall ſhortly ſee *Grand Pre* hate that he loved, and love that he hated; yea, we ſhall ſee him ſo plunge and drown himſelfe in the beauty of a fair and ſweet Gentlewoman, as he ſhall leave *Holland* for *Burgundy*, War for Peace Arms for Love, and Enemies for a Miſtris: but time muſt work this alteration and metamorphoſis.

The old Gentleman his Father, ſeeing *Grand Pre*'s martiall diſpoſition, fears leſt this ambitious and generous homour of his will induce him to ſeek Wars abroad, ſith he finds none at home; and therefore, deſirous of his company and preſence, in that it will ſweeten his former afflictions, and give life to his future hopes and content. he proffers him the choice of many a rich and fair young Gentlewoman for his Wife, of the beſt and moſt ancient Families in and neer *Auxone*: but *Grand Pre* is deaf to theſe requeſts and motions, and thinks it a diſparagement and blemiſh to his valour, if he ſhould any way liſten, or give eare thereto; the which his Father perceiving and underſtanding, he bethinks himſelf of a further invention, and ſo reſolves at Winter to leave the Country, and to reſide in the City of *Dijon*, (famous for the ancient Seat of the Dukes of *Burgundy*, and for the preſent Court of Parliament (hoping that there amongſt the multi-

tude

tude of sweet Ladies and Gentlewomen, wherewith that City is adorned, his Son *Grand Pre* might at last espye some Paragon of Nature, whose beauty might have power to subdue and captivate his affections; and indeed (as the sequel will shew) the event answereth his expectation.

For on a Sunday morning in Lent, as *Grand Pre* went to the Royall Chappell to hear Father *Justinian* (a Capuchin Fryer) preach, he opposite to him espies a most delicate & beautifull young Lady, slender of body, tall of stature, fair of taint and complexion, having a quick and gracious eye, with pure and delicate hair of a flaxen colour, being infinitely rich in Apparell, yet farre richer in the perfections and excellencies of a true and perfect beauty; In a word, she was so amiable and so lovely, so sweet, and so pleasing to his eyes, as at her very sight *Grand Pre* could not refrain from blushing, as being ravished with the sweetnesse of so fair an object, so as his hearrt panted and beat within him, as being not accustomed to encounter with such beauties. or with such sudden passions and alterations.

Now by this time this young Gentlewoman (whose name we shall anon know) could not but perceive with what earnestnes and delight *Grand Pre* beheld her, and seeing him to be a proper young Gallant, and richly apparelled and followed, she could not refrain from dying her Lilly cheeks with a Vermilion blush, which gave such grace to her beauty, and so inflamed our poor *Grand Pre*, as he could no longer resist the influence of such amorous assaults; and now it is that his thoughts strike sail to affection, and his heart doth homage to beauty, so as he revokes his former opinion conceived against the power and dignity of Love, which he now holds erronious, and in his heart vows that there is no such felicity in the World, as to enjoy the Lady of his desires, whom his eyes and soul chiefly honour and adore: But if he be insnared and imprisoned in the fetters of her beauty, no lesse is she in those of his personage, onely she is more coy and precise in the exterior demonstration thereof; for as he cannot keep his eyes from gazing on her; so she seems but to look on him by stealth, or if she transgresse that Decorum, she immediately, in outward appearance checks her eyes from ranging beyond the lists of modesty and discretion.

But by this time, to the grief of our new Lovers, the Sermon is ended, and all prepare to depart, ſo their eyes with much diſcontent and unwillingneſſe, for that time take leave each of other; and here *Grand Pre* making a turn or two in the Church, is doubly tormented and perplexed, firſt with grief, that he is deprived of his Miſtris ſight, and then with ſorrow, that he neither knows her, nor her name: But as Love refines our wits, and gives an edge to our intentions, ſo he ſhews her to his Page, and ſends him to make ſecret enquiry what ſhe is. His Page ſpeedily returns, and informs him, that ſhe is *Madamoyſell Mermanda*, eldeſt daughter to *Mounſier de Creſſonville*, one of the chiefeſt Preſidents of the Court of Parliament. *Grand Pre* extremely rejoyceth to know what ſhe was, and far the more, in reſpect he ſees it no diſparagement either to himſelf or his Houſe to marry her: and therefore omitting all other deſigns and reſolutions (and bidding farewell to the Warres) he reſolves to ſeek her in marriage; to which end, the next day, he of ſet purpoſe, with a Gentleman or two of his intimate and familiar friends, inſinuates himſelf into her Fathers Houſe, who being abſent, whiles they entertain the Mother, he (under colour of other conference) courts the Daughter: yea, now his affection is to her by many degrees redoubled, becauſe he ſees the excellency of her mind is anſwerable to that of her perſon; and now ſhe coming likewiſe to know him, is as it were wrapt up in a thouſand ſweet contents, which ſo work on her affection (or rather on her heart) as if he thinks himſelf happy in ſeeking ſuch a Miſtris, ſhe eſteems her ſelf bleſt in finding ſuch a Servant.

Grand Pre finds his firſt entertainment from *Mermanda* to be reſpective and pleaſing; and ſo authorized by her courteſie and advice, he taking time at advantage, goes to the old Preſident her Father, and bewrays him his affection to his Daughter, and the deſire he hath to obtain her for his Wife: ſo having begun his ſute, he leaves his Father *Grandmont* to finiſh it, and continually frequents the company of his beautifull Miſtris *Mermanda*.

Her Father *Creſſonville* diſlikes not this Match, but deems it both agreeable and honourable; only he knows that *Grandmont* hath likewiſe one onely Daughter, and himſelf one onely Son; ſo he infinitely deſires to make this a double Match

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thereby to contract a more firm and stricter league between their two Houses: this is propoſed and debated, as well between the younger folks, as the old Parents, & at last it takes effect, ſo as purpoſely omitting, first the conference, then the Letters ſent from *Grand Pre* to *Mermanda*, and from *Mermanda* to *Grand Pre*; from *De Malleray* (*Creſſonvilles* Son) to *Hautefelia*, and from *Hautefelia* to *De Malleray*, becauſe the inſerting thereof would make this brief Hiſtory ſwell into an ample volume. Theſe marriages, to the joy of the Parents, and the ſweet content of their Sons and Daughters, are pompouſly ſolemnized in *Dijon*, with all variety of Feaſting, Dancing, and Masking, anſwerable to their degrees and dignities. But theſe Marriages ſhall not prove ſo fortunate as is hoped, and expected, neither was *Hymæneus* invited thereunto, or if he were, he refuſed to come; and therefore *Lucina* will likewiſe ſave her labour, becauſe ſhe knows that neither of theſe two young married Gentlewomen ſhall live to make uſe of her aſſiſtance.

And here before I proceed farther, I wiſh the event of this Hiſtory could give the lye to this enſuing poſition, That there is no pride nor malice to that of a woman; but I have more reaſon to fear, than hope to believe the contrary; for no ſooner have our two young couples reaped the fruits of Marriage, and the felicity of their deſires, but we ſhall ſee the Sun-ſhine of their joy overtaken with a diſmal ſtorm of grief, ſorrow, and misfortune, whereby we may obſerve & learn, that there is no perfect nor permanent felicity under the Sun, but all things in this world, yea the world it ſelf is ſubject to revolution and change. The manner is thus:

Hautefelia envies her Siſter in Law *Mermanda*'s advancement, and contemns her own; ſhe likes not to give the hand to her, whom ſhe knows is by deſcent her inferiour, and to ſpeak true, prefers a Scarlet Cloak before a Black, and a Sword-man before a Pen-man; theſe ambitious conceits of hers, proceeding from Hell, will breed bad blood, and produce mournfull effects; yea, peradventure ſtrangle her, who imbraceth and practiſeth them.

Mermanda is of a gracious and mild nature, *Hautefelia* of an imperious & revengeful; never any married couple lived more cõtented, nor paſt more pleaſãt days, than did *Grand Pre* & his fair Mer

Mermanda for the ſpace of one whole year; wherein ſhe bore her ſelf ſo loving and courteous towards him, and he ſo kind and pleaſant to her, as their ſweet carriage, and honourable and vertuous behaviour, was of all the world (*Hautefelia* only excepted) highly praiſed and applauded. But *Hautefelia* envying *Mermanda*'s proſperity and glory, becauſe ſhe could neither parallel the one, nor equal the other, and ſeeing with no other eyes than thoſe of ambition and envy, bethinks her ſelf how ſhe might act her diſgrace, and eclipſe the ſplendor of her vertues and glory. When remembring that the Baron of *Betanford* (dwelling not far from *Auxone*) ſometimes viſited her Brother *Grand Pre*, as alſo that he very lately had done her two unkinde offices; the one, by buying a Jewel from her, which ſhe was in price with, of a Goldſmith at *Dijon* Fair; and the other, for retaining a little fine white *Frizeland* Dog, which his Page had ſtole from her: ſhe thinks to give two ſtrokes with one ſtone, and at one time to be revenged both of the Baron and of her Siſter in Law *Mermanda*.

Judge, Chriſtian Reader, what ſimple reaſons and trivial motives this inconſiderate Gentlewoman hath for her malice, but ſhe is reſolute therein, and as ſhe hath laid the foundation ſo ſhe will perfect the edifice of her malice and revenge; which to effect, ſhe ſends a Servant of hers purpoſely neer *Auxone*, to her Brother *Grand Pre*, and writes him a Letter to this effect: She intreats him to come ride over to her, for ſhe hath a ſecret of importance to reveal him, which ſhe holds not fit to commit to pen, and withall adviſeth him to frame ſome other excuſe towards her Husband for his ſudden coming.

Grand Pre arrived at *Dijon*, and is welcome of his Brother and Siſter, but he diſcovers her to be more ſorrowful than accuſtomed; he is ignorant what theſe clouds of her diſcontent import, or from whence they ariſe; but he ſhall know too ſoon, and his curioſity ſhall pay dear to underſtand it. Supper ended, they fetch a walk in the Garden, and ſo he is conducted to his Chamber, where his Brother in Law *De Mallery* giving him the good night, his Siſter *Hautefelia* with teers in her eyes informs him, that ſhe knows for certain, the Baron of *Betanford* is too familiar with his Wife

Mermand

Mermanda, yea, beyond the bounds of honesty, the which she must needs reveal him, because his honour is hers which, as she is bound by nature, she will cherish and preserve as her own life.

Grand Pre amazed at this strange and unlook d-for news, is like one lunatick, or rather stark mad, he stamps with his foot, throws away his hat, now casting himself on the b d, then on the floor; yea, and had not his Sister prevented him, he had killed himself with his own Sword: t ese are the wretched passions of jea'ousie, which transport our selves, and our reasons beyond the limits of reason: and now this v le and malicio us Sister of his, (more out of policy than charity) useth many prayers and perswasions, brings him again to himself, and they conc ude to keep it secret from all the world, but withall *Grand Pre* vows, sharply to b revenged both of his Wife, and the Baron of *Betanford*.

Hautefelia having thus broached her invet rate and implacable malice (laughing hereat like a Gypsie) betakes her s lf to her rest, l aving her Brother not to sleep, but to drive out the night in watchfulness and jealousie: who the next morn (sooner than his accustomed hour) riseth, takes his leave of his Brother and Sister, and so very pensive and sorrowful rides home.

Mermanda finds her Husband sad, and enquires the cause thereof; she prays him, that if any grief or misfortune have befallen him, she may part cipate and bear the one half thereof, as she doth of his joy and prosperity: and as she was wont to do, profereth to kisse him; but he sleights her, and with much unkindness and disdain puts her off; whereat she is amazed, as not acquai ted with such discourtesie. After Supper (jealousie being his chief st dish; and grief, hers) he makes three or four solitary turns in the Court, and then sends his Page for his Wife, who betwixt comfort and grief, hope and d spair, presently comes to him. He demands of her whether she will most joyfu ly nd willingly wait on him where h pleaseth: he brings her to a solitary Grove, and th re having choler in his looks, and fir in his tongue, he chargeth her of dishonesty with the B ron of *Betanford*.

Poor *Mermanda* as it were peirced to the heart with the thunders bolt of this news, falls to the ground in a f inting swoon:

ſwoon: yea, *Grand Pre* her Husband hath much ado to recover her, when, coming again to her ſelf, ſhe with many volleys of ſighs, and rivolets of tears, purgeth her ſelf of that imputation and ſcandal; ſhe blames his credulity and jealouſie, terms her accuſers devils and witches, invokes heaven and earth to bear witneſs of her innocency; and withall clears the Baron of *Betanford*, vowing and proteſting by her part and hope of heaven, that he never attempted nor opened his mouth to make her the leaſt ſhadow of ſo unchaſt a motion.

Grand Pre weighing her words, and ſeeing her bitter ſorrowful tears, believes his Wife, and ſo frees both her ſelf and the Baron; prays her to pardon him, and vows that he will love her dearer than before, and for ever forget and bury the memory thereof in perpetual oblivion and forgetfulneſs.

But his Wife *Mermanda*, notwithſtanding this ſubmiſſion and reconciliation of her Husband, is ſtill vexed in mind, as finding it eaſie to admit grief, but difficult to expel it: ſhe knows not what to do, nor of whom to take advice how ſhe ſhould bear her ſelf in this ſtreight and perplexity; for well ſhe knows, that if the Baron of *Betanford* ſhould come to viſit her Husband, as formerly he was accuſtomed to do, it would revive and confirm his jealouſie, although they were both as innocent as innocency it ſelf. Now ſhe reſolves to write to the Baron a Letter to refrain her houſe: but then ſhe thinks it too much indiſcretion and preſumption to attempt it, or that the Letter might be intercepted, or her Husband have news thereof; but again, fearing his coming, and encouraged through her innocency, ſhe reſolves to write unto him: which ſhe doth to this effect.

IT is not with bluſhes, but tears, that I preſume to write unto you; for indeed it grieves me to publiſh my Husbands folly, which by duty I know I am bound to conceal; neither had I attempted it, but that grief and neceſſity throws me on this exigent: for ſo it is, that my unſpoted chaſtity is not capable to defend him from jealouſie, which makes me as much triumph in mine own loyalty, as I grieve at his ingratitude: and not content to wrong me, his folly, or rather his frenſie hath reflection on you, whom he

he takes to be both the object and cause thereof: but as your innocency can justly warrant and defend mine honour, and your honour my innocency from the least shadow of that crime; so that we may both endeavour, rather to quench than enflame this his irregular passion; I most humbly beseech you to refrain our house, and neither to visit me, nor be familiar with him, and so peradventure, time may wear away from his thoughts, that which at present truth and reason cannot. Your relucent vertues and true generosity assure me of this courtesie, the which I will repay with thanks, and requite with prayers, that your days may be as infinite as your perfections, and your fame as glorious as your merits.

MERMANDA.

The Baron receives this Letter, praiseth *Mermanda*'s discretion, and laughs at *Grand Pre*'s folly, extolleth her innocency, and condemns his jealousie: he will be careful to preserve a Ladies honour, especially one so truly chast and honourable as *Mermanda*: he before had a purpose to see *Paris*, so now this occasion doth crown and confirm his resolution; he makes ready his preparatives and baggage, and so takes Coach for that great City, which abounds with the greatest part of the Nobility of the whole Kingdom; but before his depature, he returns *Mermanda* this Answer.

YOur vertues and my conscience, make us as unworthy of your Husbands jealousie, as he of so chast a Wife as Mermanda, *and so true a friend as* Betanford: *but as your affection to him hath still shined in your loyalty, so it must now in your patience; sith he in this base-passion of his seeking his own shame, will at last assuredly find out your glory. Had his folly revealed me so much as your discreet Letter, I would have exchanged my Pen to a Sword, and with the hazard of my life, and losse of my deerest blood, made known as well to him as to the world, the truth, both of your chastity and honour, and of mine honour and innocency: in the mean time I will both imbrace and obey your*

request,

reqneſt, and will mannage it with ſuch obſervance to your Husband, ſuch reſpect to your vertues, and ſuch regard to mine own reputation, as I hope he ſhall reſt ſatisfied of your chaſtity towards himſelf, and of mine to you; otherwiſe I prize Ladies of your perfection at ſo high a rate, and ſet Cavalliers of his humour and enclination at ſo low an eſteem, that I know well how to anſwer his choler with contempt, and to requite your diſcretion both with admiration and praiſe.

BETANFORD.

Mermanda very joyfully receives this Letter : but hers to the Baron produceth effects contrary to her hopes ; for *Grand Pre* underſtanding of the Baron of *Betanford's* ſudden departure for *Paris*, (as jealouſie is full of eyes) he fears a Plot betwixt him and his Wife, and ſo confirms his former ſuſpition of her diſloyalty; he therefore converts his love into hatred towards her, and now (to ſhew the fruits and effects of his jealouſie) refuſeth her his Bed, than which, to a chaſte and vertuous Wife, nothing can be more diſtaſtfull.

At this ingrateſull diſcourteſie, poor *Mermanda* tears her hair, ſigheth, weepeth, mourneth, and lamenteth in ſuch pittifull ſort, that it ſeems nothing in the world is capable to comfort her : but ſhe conceals her grief as ſecretly as ſhe may; only her pale cheeks and diſcontented looks, as the outward Heralds of her inward affection, do ſilently diſcover and bewray it.

Her Husbands Father and Mother, *Grandmont*, and *de Carnye*, all thit while know nothing of this diſcontent betwen *Grand Pre* and *Mermanda*; but their malicious and wretched Daugther *Hautefelia* (whoſe malice never ſleeps) hath ſpies in every corner of her Fathers Houſe who advertiſe her thereof; whereat ſhe infinitely triumpheth and rejoyceth. But this joy of hers ſhall be but as a breath on ſteel, or as a ſmoak before the wind.

Grand Pre this mean time boyles with inveterate rage, and his jealouſie carries him to ſuch extreams, hs he vo s

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to be revenged, first of *Betanford*, then of his Wife, to which effect he pretends businesse to *Chaalons* (as what will malice leave unprevented?) and taking a choice Horse, a Page and two Lackies with him, he passeth a contrary way, and comes first to *Troy*, then to *Brie-count Robert* (a dayes journey from *Paris*) where being private in his Inne, he writes a Challenge, and taking aside his Page, delivers it him, and commands him, at break of day to poast with all expedition for Paris; where being arrived, to go to the Crown of *France* in Saint *Honories* Street, and secretly to deliver it to the Baron of *Betanford*, to take his answer, and to return the same night.

The Page to obey his Masters command, seems rather to flie, than poast, he fitly findes out the Baron, and very fairly delivers him the Letter, who breaking up the Seale, therein finds these words:

GRAND PRE, *to the Baron of* BETANFORD.

YOu need no other witnesse than your self to inform you in how high a nature you have wronged me, and herein your false glory hath made my true shame so apparant, as I had rather dye than live to digest it: for not to dissemble you my malice; as you have done me your friendship, I can sooner forget all other offences, than pardon this: Therefore finde it not strange that I request you to meet me on Thursday *morning next, at five or six, either with your Sword or Rapier on Horse-backe, or a foot at* Carency, *half a league from* Brie-count Robert, *where the Bearer hereof shall expect you, to conduct you safely to a faire Medow, where without Seconds I will attend you. It is impossible for me to receive any other satisfaction; for to write you the truth, nothing but your life, or mine, is capable to decide this difference.*

GRAND PRE.

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At the reading hereof, the Baron is so far from the least shew or apprehension of fear, as he is pleasant and jocund; yea, he causeth *Grand Pre's* Page to dine with him, and after dinner, takes him aside and speaks to him thus: *Tell thy Master, that I will not feare to meet him on Horse-backe without a Second, at the hour and place appointed.* The next morn he dispeeds a choice Horse, which his Lackey leads, and about ten of the clock, only with his Chirurgion, and Page, takes Coach, and comes that night to *Carency*, where he lodgeth.

The next morning being Thursday (the day appointed to fight) *Grand Pre*, pretending to go to the Church, sends away his Page to *Carency*, to await and attend the Baron, and so only with his Chyrurgion hies himself to the Field; which he first entered, and immediately (before he had fully made four turns) in comes *Betanford*, whom *Grand Pre's* Page had met at *Carency*, and now conducted thither, having only his Chyrurgion with him, and having left his Coach, Page, and Lackey, a furlong off, with command not to stir, till they heard from him.

The Chyrurgions (instead of two Gentlemen for their Seconds) dispose themselves (according to the Order and Ceremonies of Duels) to search the Combatants for Coats of Male, or the like: but they might have eased themselves of this labour and curiosity; for both the Gentlemen were too honourable, to have their valours tainted with this base point of cowardize or treachery; yea, in meer contempt thereof, they both of purpose had left their Dublets behind them. And now begins a Combate, as memorable as bloody, yea performed with such valour, dexterity, and that resolution, that as these times infinitely admire it, so succeeding ages will very difficultly believe it.

They come into the Field with a soft trot, and each having his Enemy in Front, and being near six score paces distant, they give spurs to their Horses, and part like two flashes of Lightning. At their first meeting, *Grand Pre* runs *Betanford* thorow the left shoulder, and *Betanford* onely wounds *Grand Pre* in the right cheek, close under the eye; and being excellent Horse-men, they turn short, and so again fall to it with bravery and courage: in which Incounter *Betanford* receives a wide wound upon the brawn of his right arm, and

Grand

Grand Pre another thorow his left side, which undoubtedly had proved mortall, and so ended the Combat with his life, had not his Sword glanced on a rib, and so ran outwards; and now they both retire to take breath, resolving to advance with more fury: they part again, *Betanford* runs *Grand Pre* thorow the neck, and he *Batenford* thorow the small of the arm, where meeting with the sinews and arteries, it causeth the Sword to fall out of his hand, whereat he is extreamly perplexed and amazed.

Here perchance some base Fellow (who had never been trained up in the School of Honour, and therefore not deserved the title of a Gentleman) would have wrought upon the misfortune of this accident, and desired no better advantage to dispatch his Adversary: But *Grand Pre*, whose generosity in this I commend, as much as I detest his jealousie, doth highly disdain to stain his honour and courage with this infamy, and so puts *Betanford* out of his apprehension and fear with these words: Baron be couragious and chearfull, for I will rather dye, than disgrace my self so much, to fight with an unarmedman, and so commands his Chyrurgion to deliver him his Sword again. *Betanford* is thankful to him for this courtesie, and vows he will never forget it.

Now although their wounds do rather ingrain, than imbroider their shirts with blood, yet their youth is so vigorous, their courage so inflamed, and their hearts so resolute and magnanimous, as they neither can, nor yet will rest satisfied: in a word, they mannage their Horses bravely, and act wonders with their Swords; for by this time they having run four severall Careres: *Betanford* hath received seven wounds, and given *Grand Pre* ten: but the losse of all this blood (which now issued from their bodies rather by spowts than drops) is not capable to cool their courages: and so al. though with dust, sweat, blood, nd wounds, the yrather look like Furies than men, yet they will not refrain fighting.

And now their Chyrurgions grieving and pittying to see them, as it were drowned in their blood, and well knowing that they had performed more than they thought possible for men, they both agree, and so running with their Hats in their hands, humbly pray them to desist and rest satisfied, by shewing them that their Swords & courages had already acted

wonders

wonders beyond belief, and that it was pity that Parents, Prince, and Country, ſhould be deprived of ſuch reſolute and valorous Cavaliers, than whom, the world (upon ſo unfortunate an accident) hath ſeldom ſeen braver: but they ſpeak to the wind, and receive no other thanks, but this check from them both, that they are baſe Fellows, and know not what belongs to their function and duty; and ſo rating and commanding them away, they once more divide themſelves, and with freſh reſolution and courage, again ſet ſpurs to their Horſes; but this encounter proves more happy to *Betanford*, and more dangerous to *Grand Pre*: for as he makes a thruſt to *Betanford*, which miſt and paſt under his right arm, without doing any other harm than piercing and cutting thorow his Shirt, *Betanford* (with all the courage and dexterity he had) run *Grand Pre* thorow the belly into the reyns, with which unfortunate wound, as alſo with a falſe pace, his horſe then made, he fell from the ſaddle to the ground ſpeechleſſe, ſprawling and ſtrugling, as if he were upon the point to take his laſt farewell of the world: but he was not ſo happy, for he ſhall be cured of his wounds, and hereafter dye a more mournful and lamentable end.

Betanford ſeeing *Grand Pre* fall, doubted that his wounds were mortal, and ſo alights: whereat his Chirurgion with a loud voice, cryed out, *Diſpatch him, Diſpatch him*; but he calls him villain for his labour, when remembering the former courteſie he had received of *Grand Pre*, in regiving him his Sword, he like a true noble Gentleman vows now to requite it, and ſo throwing it and his hat away, he with out-ſpread arms ran to imbrace and aſſiſt him; yea he prefers *Grand Pre*'s life before his own, and with all poſſible ſpeed commands his Chirurgion to bring and haſte thither his Coach, and to his beſt power doth aſſiſt *Grand Pre*, in ſetting him up, in ordering and binding up his wounds; his Coach being come, he cauſeth him to be laid in ſoftly, and ſo he in one Boot, and the two Chirurgions in the other, their Pages and Lackeys attending them, they drive away to the very next Country-Houſe, where they huſh themſelves up privately; and here *Betanford* reſembling himſelf, conjureth both the Chirurgions to uſe their beſt art and chiefeſt skill upon *Grand Pre*, and before he would have his own wounds looked unto, he cauſeth

his

his to be opened; they do it, and both concur in opinion, that his last wound is mortall; he sees them dresse him, and vows he will not forsake him in this extremity, but will be more carefull of him than of himself. Reciprocall and singular demonstrations of courtesie and honour in these two Cavaliers, which will make their memories famous to Posterity.

Betanford seeing *Grand Pre* committed to sleep, causeth his own wounds to be speedily searched and dressed, which are not found dangerous, and then takes order in the house, that *Grand Pre* be furnished with all things necessary, as Chamber, curious attendance, and the like; yea, he ordereth matters so, that all things might be done with great secresie and silence, not permitting any of his own, or *Grand Pre's* Servants to be seen forth the house, to the end that the news of these their accidents might not be bruited or vented.

About noon, *Grand Pre's* speech by little and little comes to him, and likewise his memory, when *Betanford* absenting all from his Chamber, with his Hat in his hand, came to his bedside, and having courteously saluted and comforted him, prays and conjures him, as he is a Gentleman of Honour, to tell him why and wherefore he fought with him. Ah Baron (quoth *Grand Pre*) first swear to me on thine Honour, thou wilt deliver me the truth of a question I will demand of thee, and then I will shew thee. By my honour and fidelity, replies *Betanford*, and as I hope for Heaven, I will. Then Baron (quoth he) diddest thou never wrong me and mine Honour, in being too familiar with my Wife *Mermanda*? The Baron with many solemn protestations and religious oaths, clears both himself and *Mermanda*, and vows that his heart never thought it, much less his tongue ever attempted it. Whereat *Grand Pre* very humbly intreats him to excuse and pardon him, sith he understood and believed the contrary, which was the only cause of his discontent and challenge: adding withall, that he will, til death; esteem him as his most honourable friend, and as long as he lives, will affect and love his Wife dearer than ever he had before. It is as great a happiness to repair and reform errours, as a misery to commit them.

The Baron of *Betanford* very secretly stays ten dayes with *Grand Pre* at the Country-house, when seeing his wounds hopefully cured and recovered, they resolve to depart. *Grand Pre* kindly thanks *Betanford* for his life, and all other courtesies he

hath received of him, and he as courteouſly doth the like to *Grand Pre*, for giving him his Sword wherewith he preſerved his own; and ſo like honourable and intimate friends they take leave each of other: the Baron taking Horſe for *Paris*, and freely lending *Grand Pre* his Coach to return to *Auxome*. Thus we ſee courteſie always returned with intereſt.

Grand Pre at his coming home, kiſſeth and fawneth on his Wife *Mermanda*, acquaints her with the occaſion and event of the Combat, condemneth his own folly, and extolleth her chaſtity, prayes her to forgive him again this once for all, and vows, that there lives not a braver Noble man in the World than the Baron of *Betanford*: and to ſpeak truth, ſhe deſerves this ſubmiſſion and reconciliation, and he that praiſe.

At the knowledge hereof, I know not whether *Mermanda* (like a gracious and courteous Wife) do more grieve at her Husbands wounds, than rejoyce at his recovery & life: and now he repenting and deteſting his former errour, renews his love, affection, and friendſhip to her, the which he confirmeth and uniteth with a perpetuall and indiſſoluble Gordion knot: nevertheleſſe the variety of her afflictions, and the exceſs of her grief and diſcontent, breeds her much weakneſſe and ſickneſſe, which withereth the Roſes and Lillies of her beauty.

But come we from *Mermanda*'s heavenly vertues to *Hauteſelia*'s Devilliſh vices, which cannot be parallel'd or compared, except by *Antitheſis*: for as *Mermanda* repoſeth her ſelf under the ſhadow of her own innocency, and lives in perfect love and charity with the whole World, ſo her wretched Siſter in Law *Hauteſelia*, ſeeing her hopes and purpoſes prevented, will not ſleep in her malice, but ſets her wits and revenge upon the Tenter-hooks to find out another expedient, to be rid of *Mermanda*, who (in her wicked conceit) ſhe thought was enemy to her content, and and an eyeſore to her ambition and greatneſs.

We no ſooner flye from God, but the Devill follows us; and it proves alwayes a miſerable folly to be wiſe in wickedneſs and ſin. *Hautefelia* is reſolute in her rage, and cannot or rather will not ſee Heaven for Hell, ſhe bethinks her ſelfe of another invention to ſend *Mermanda* into another world, and ſo ſtrikes a bargain with *La Freſnay* an Apothecary for two hundred

Crowns to poyson her, who like a limb of the Devil rtake and promise it, the which (Ah grief to think he in lesse than two moneths performs, and so ious and harmlesse young Gentlewoman is most un- and treacherously bereaved of her life, and brought nfull and lamentable end. Which inhumane murther, ee, God in his due time will miraculously detect, and revenge and punish.

Husband *Grand Pre* exceedingly bewailes her death, as al parents and friends; yea, so infinite were her vertues, and so sweet her behaviour and carriage, as all that knew *Mermanda* lamented her decease, yet no way suspecting or knowing the violent and extraordinary cause thereof.

Now, whiles others mourn, *Hautefelia* exceedingly triumphs and rejoyces hereat: but this bloody victory shall cost her dear. In the mean time *Mermanda*'s single death can neither quench her revenge, nor satisfie her ambition; for as she liked not the Sister, so she (as before we have partly understood) never loved the Brother, her own Husband *de Malleray*, whom she hath observed, very bitterly wept and grieved at his Sister *Mermanda*'s death; she therefore, resolute to adde sin to sin, resolves to cast the apple of discord between *Grand Pre* her Brother, and *de Malleray* her Husband, knowing that if the first were slain, she were sole Heir to her Father; if the second, she would have a Noble Husband; a policy, whose invention is as diabolicall, as the execution thereof dangerous.

To which effect she informs her Husband, that her Brother *Grand Pre* had killed his Wife *Mermanda* with his jealousie, that he held her to be the Baron of *Betanford*'s strumpet, with whom for the same cause he had fought at *Brie-count Robert*, and which was more, it was shrewdly suspected he had poysoned her, the which she once thought for ever to have concealed, but that she knew her Husband was, and ought to be neerer to her than her Brother. Good God, how far will the malice of this wretched Woman extend, or to what a monstrous height will it grow?

De Malleray grieved to the heart for this heart-killing news, because he ever loved his sister as dearly as his own life, without considering and weighing whether his Wives words were dross or gold, believes her; and so resolves very secretly to acquaint

the Preſident his Father herewith, thereby thinking and preſuming that he would by Order of Law call *Grand Pre* in queſtion for the fact.

But old *Creſſonville* (having as well his head in his eyes, as his eyes in his head:) ſeeing that this ſuſpition and accuſation had no firm grounds, that it was an intricate buſineſs to find out, that it would breed a ſcandall to his Family, and eſpecially to his deceaſed Daughters reputation, ſith it is the nature of calumny to aim at the moſt vertuous perſons, as *Cantharides* do at the faireſt flowers; that it would rake up the duſt of her tombe, and withall breed him an infinite number of potent and powerful Enemies: Therefore grounding his judgement upon theſe reaſons, and his reſolutions upon this his judgement, he holds it beſt to ſmother it in ſilence, and ſo to brook his Daughters death as patiently as he may.

De Malleray ſeeing his Father ſo cold in this buſineſſe, began to be all on fire himſelf, vowing that he would maintain the honour, and revenge the death of his only Siſter *Mermanda*; and his Wife *Hautefelia*, with her impetuous and implacable malice, blows the coals, and ſets an edge to this his reſolution: when that very inſtant underſtanding his Brother *Grand Pre* was that Evening arrived at *Dijon*, he (conſulting with Nature, and not with Grace) by a Gentleman of his familiar acquaintance, ſends him this Challenge.

De Mallery *to* Grand Pre.

I Should degenerate both from my honour and blood, if I were not ſenſible of thoſe wrongs and diſgraces you have offered your Wife and my Siſter; they are of that nature, that I know not whether her innocency deſerve more pity, or your jealouſie contempt and revenge: her death and your conſcience make me as juſtly challenge you, as you have unjuſtly done the Baron of Betanford: *Therefore to morrow at five of the Clock after dinner, at the foot of* Talon-fort, *in the meadow ranked with Walnut-trees, bring either a ſingle Rapier, or Rapier and Ponyard, and I will meet you without Second; the equity of my cauſe, and the unjuſtneſs of yours, make me confident in this hope, that as you loſt*

your

your blood neer Brie-count Robert: *you ſhall now leave your life in the ſight of* Dijon; *Judge how earneſtly I deſire to try the temper of your heart and ſword, ſith already I not only count hours, but minutes.*

De Malleray.

Grand Pre, though newly recovered of his late wounds accepts this Challenge, but not without extreme wonder to ſee *De Malleray* ſo paſſionate and reſolute; he makes choice of ſingle Rapier, & ſo they meet, where, without any other ceremony they throw off their Doublets. and give them to their Chyrurgions, whom they command to ſtay without the next hedge, and not ſtir from thence, till the death of the one proclaim the other victor.

The Sun (that great and glorious Lamp of Heaven) ſwiftly poaſts away from our Horizon to the *Antipodes*, of purpoſe not to ſee, or to be acceſſary to this bloody Tragedy, when our Champions unſheath their Swords. and diſpoſe themſelves to fight, both with judgment and reſolution; *De Malleray* comes up fairly, proffers the firſt thruſt, and gives *Grand Pre* a wound in his left thigh, and in exchange receives another from him in the neck, which he aimed fully at the breaſt, but that he bore it up with his Rapier. *Grand Pre* at the firſt gives back, but ſeeing *De Malleray* inſult and preſſe on him, he reſolutely advanceeth, and runs him thorow the ſide: but the wound was ſo favourable, as though it cauſed much blood, yet it brought no danger. They make a ſtand and take breath, aud ſo they reſolutely to it again: *De Malleray* having hitherto the worſt, doth now reſolve to manage his buſineſs with leſſe violence and more judgement; when *Grand Pre* driving home to him, he wards bravely, and taking time at advantage, thruſts him in the left ſhoulder with a wide and deep wound, but himſelfe is hurt in the left arm with a wound, which ran from his wriſt to his elbow.

By this time their ſhirts are deeply beſprinkled and gored with their b'ood; but this will not appeaſe their courages, they will try again; for they never think enough as long as they can ſtand, and this encounter proves as fortunate for *Grand Pre*. as fatall for *De Malleray*: for he receives a deep wound under his left pap, which carries his life and ſoule from this world to another;

another; ſo as without ſpeaking one word, he falls dead to the ground.

Grand Pre ſeeing *De Mallery* dead, gives thanks to God for his victory, and ſo mounts on horſe-back, and with his Chirurgion poaſts towards *Dole*, a Parliament City of the Free County, belonging to the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, leaving *De Malleray*'s Chyrurgion, not to cure, but to bury his Maſter, or at leaſt to convey his dead body to *Dijon*, for Preſident *Creſſonville* his Father to perform that office.

Who is no ſooner advertiſed of his Sons death, but with tears he gives the Parliament to underſtand thereof, and craves juſtice for the Murther. The Parliament decrees a power to apprehend *Grand Pre*; but he is not deſirous to loſe his head on a Scaffold: for by this time he hath recovered *Dole*, where having ſtayed ſome three moneths, his parents and friends (by the favour of that generous and true-noble Gallant, *Monſieur le Grand*, his Majeſties Lieutenant for the Province of *Burgundy*) procured and ſent him his pardon.

But in this mean time come we to his Siſter *Hautefelia* (the diſgrace of her Sex, and the fire-brand of Hell) who no ſooner underſtood the death of her Husband, and the flight of her Brother, ſhe having hardly the patience to ſee him laid in his grave, and reſolving rather to break her neck with malice, than her heart with ſorrow, being ſure of her Dowry, packs up her Jewels, Plate, and chiefeſt Baggage, and ſo leaves *Dijon*, and goes home to her Father neer *Auxone*, where during the age of her Father and Mother, and the abſence of her Brother, ſhe moſt imperiouſly ſways and commands all.

But this her authority laſteth not long; for now home comes *Grand Pre* from *Dole*, at whoſe return ſhe ſees matters altered, and her greatneſſe and power diminiſhed, and to her grief ſees that ſhe cannot ſo abſolutely domineer as before; and which was far worſe, her Brother in his abſence at *Dole*, having ſmelt and underſtood her malice and inveterate hatred both to *Mermanda*, the Baron of *Betanford*, *De Malleray* her Husband, and likewiſe to himſelf (though nothing ſuſpecting or dreaming of her poyſoning humour) he is ſo far from acknowledging or reſpecting her for his Siſter, as he will neither indure her company or ſight; which ſhe making no ſhew to perceive, but like a Fury of Hell, as ſhe is diſſembling her malice and revenge, ſhe is ſtill conſtant, and perſeveres in her humour of blood and

Murther,

murther, and again hath recourse to her execrable Apothecary *La Fresnay*, and to the Devil her Doctor likewise, to make away her Brother *Grand Pre* with poyson, as he had already *Mermanda* his Wife, and gives him three hundred Crowns to effect it. This damnable Apothecary loving money well, and (as it seems) the Devill better, doth ingage himself speedily to perform it, and wretched Villain as he is, within two moneths he accomplisheth and finisheth it: and so as *Mermanda* ran equall fortune with him in life, he doth the like with her in death, for one deadly Drug, one bloody Sister, and one devilliſh Apothecary gives a miserable and lamentable end to them both.

And now his blood-thirsty Sister *Hautefelia* (the Author of these cruell Murthers and Tragedies) thinking her self freed of all her Enemies, and of all those who stood in the way of her advancement and preferment, she (neither thinking either of her conscience or soul, of heaven or hell) domineers far more than before; yea, builds Castles in the ayr, and flatters her self with this false ambition, that she now must be a Dutchesse, or at least a Countess; but she reckons without God.

We have seen, may we have here glutted our eyes with severall Murthers, whereof we have beheld this wretched Gentlewoman *Hautefelia*, to be the horrible and cruell Author, and this execrable *La Fresnay* to be the bloudy Actor: these crimes of theirs, and the smoke of these their impious and displeasing sacrifices, have pierced the clouds, and ascended the presence God, to sue and draw down vengeance and confusion on their heads; for although Murther be for a time concealed, yet the finger of God will in due time detect and discover it; for he will make inquisition for blood, and will severely and sharply revenge the death of his children.

But Gods Providence and Justice in the discovery thereof, is as different as miraculous; for sometimes he protracts and defers it of purpose, either to mollifie or to harden our hearts, as seems best to his inscrutable will, and divine pleasure; or as may chiefly serve and tend to his glory: yea, sometimes he makes the Murtherer himself as well an instrument to discover, as he hath been an actor to commit murther; yea, and many times he punisheth one sin by and in another, and when the Murtherer sits most secure, and thinks east of it, then he heaps coals of fire on his head and suddenly cuts him off with the revenging sword of his fierce wrath and indignation.

And now that great and ſoveraign Judge of the World, who rides on the Winds in triumph, and hath Heaven for his Throne, and Earth for his Foot-ſtool, will no longer permit *Hautefelia* & *La Freſnay* to go unpuniſhed for theſe their execrable Murthers: for the innocent and dead bodies of *Mermanda* and her Husband *Grand Pre*, out of their Graves cry to him for revenge, which like an impetuous ſtorme, or a terrible thunder-clap, doth in this manner ſuddenly befall and overtake them.

Some ſix weeks after *Grand Pre's* Funeralls were ſolemnized, whereat his Siſter *Hautefelia* (the better to cloak her villany) wept bitterly, and was obſerved to be the chiefeſt Mourner, this helliſh Apothecary *La Freſnay*, having gotten his money ſo eaſily, thought to ſpend it as prodigally: and ſo on a time, being in his cups at a Tavern at *Dijon*, and his brains ſwelling and ſwimming with ſtrong Wine (as Drunkenneſſe is the Bawd and Vſher to other ſins) he ſtealing from the reſt of his company, committed a Rape upon one *Margaret Pivot*, a Girle of 12 years old, being the Vintners Daughter of the Tavern wherein he ſate tipling.

This young Girle with millions of tears, throws her ſelf to the feet of her Parents, and accuſeth *La Freſnay* for the fact, who do the like to thoſe famous Senators of the Court of Parliament: ſo he is apprehended, and being examined, with many vehement and bitter aſſeverations denyeth it: he is adjudged to the Rack, and at the ſecond torment confeſſeth it, and ſo is condemned to be hanged.

Two *Capuchin* Fryers prepare him for his end; they exhort him not to charge and burthen his ſoul with concealing any other crimes, adding, that if he reveal and repent them on earth, God will remit them in heaven: thrſe exhortations of theirs produce good effects; for though he have formerly lived like a Devill, he will now dye like a Chriſtian; and ſo with many tears revealeth, that at the inſtigation of *Hautefelia*, and for the lucre of five hundred Crowns (which at two ſeverall times ſhe gave him) he had poyſoned *Mermanda* and her Husband *Grand Pre*.

All the world is amazed, and the Parliament acquainted herewith, they alter their firſt Sentence, and ſo for his triple villanies condemn *La Freſnay* to be broken alive upon the Wheel, and to languiſh and dye, without being ſtrangled; which in

Dijon

Dijon is accordingly executed to the full ſatisfaction of Juſtice.

A Provoſt likewiſe is forthwith diſpatched from *Dijon* to *Grandmont*'s Houſe, to apprehend his Daughter *Hautefelia*, and God would have it that ſhe was ignorant of *La Freſnay*'s apprehenſion, and more, of her Fathers death. The Provoſt finds her dancing in her Fathers Garden, in company of many Gentlemen and Ladies; he ſets hands on her, and ſo exchangeth her mirth, and her ſongs into tears: ſhe is brought to *Dijon*, and examined by a Preſident, and two Counſellors of the Parliament. She impudently and boldly denies both Murthers; ſaith *La Freſnay* is her mortall and profeſſed Enemy, and therefore not to be believed. But the Devill, who hath ſo long bewitched and deluded her, either will not, or rather now cannot ſave her with this poor evaſion; ſhe is adjudged to the rack, and at the firſt torment confeſſeth it.

The Criminal Judges of this great and illuſtrious Parliament, in deteſtation of theſe her execrable and bloody crimes of Murther, pronounce ſentence on her: ſo, after ſhe had repented her ſins. and prepared her ſelf to dye, her paps are ſeared, and torn off with red hot Pincers. then ſhe is hanged, her body burnt, and her aſhes thrown into the air.

Now to gather ſome profit by reading this Hiſtory, or indeed, rather by the memory of the Hiſtory it ſelf, let us obſerve, nay let us imprint in our hearts and ſouls how buſie the Devill was by ambition, covetouſneſs, malice, and revenge, to ſeduce and perſwade *Hautefelia* and *La Freſnay* to commit theſe Murthers; and alſo how juſt God was in the detection and puniſhment thereof, that the fear of the one may terrifie us from imbracing and attempting the other; to the end, that as they lived in ſin, and dyed in ſhame, ſo we may live in righteouſneſs, and dye in peace, thereby to live in eternal felicity and glory.

HISTORY

HISTORY II.

PISANI and *CHRISTINETA.*

The Contents.

Piſani *betrayeth* Gaſparino *of his Miſtreſs* Chriſtineta. Gaſparino *challengeth* Piſani *for this diſgrace, and kills him in the field, He after continues his ſuit to* Chriſtineta, *ſhe diſſembleth her malice for* Piſani's *death: ſhe appoints* Gaſparino *to meet her in a Garden, and there* Bianco *and* Brindoli *to murther him: they are all three taken and executed for the ſame.*

IF affection be vertuous and conſtant, it ſeldom miſcarries: but ſuch is the frailty of nature, that to be croſſed therein breeds diſcontent, which hath too often proved the ruine of ſome families, which will plainly be diſcerned, if the following hiſtory be peruſed with a ſerious and deliberate conſideration.

In the City of *Pavie*, which belongeth to the Dukedom of *Millain*, even within the memory of many yet living, did inhabit one *Seignior Thomaſo Vituri* a noble Gentleman, having one only daughter, grown now to the maturity of fifteen years of age, whoſe excellencies of beauty, and perfections of mind, made her not only eminent, but the eſteemed *Paragon* of that place. The report whereof brought many young Gallants to viſit, court and ſeek her marriage; amongſt whom *Seignieur Emanuel Gaſparino* of *Cremona*, who acquainting an intimate friend of his called *Seigneiur Ludovicus Piſani* with his intended reſolutions, and deſiring the aſſiſtance of his company therein, which is as ſoon granted as requeſted, they prepare for their journey. They arrive at *Pavia*, are courteouſly and reſpectfully entertained by *Vituri*, eſpecially *Gaſparino*, who having motion'd his ſuit to marry *Chriſtineta*. *Vituri*, like a careful father, takes time to adviſe thereon. During this interval of conſideration *Gaſparino* finds

finds that *Christineta* shews little or no affection to him, though indeed he does, as it were, dote on her beauty, to which end willing to move every stone, he tries all ways to win her love, as Courtship, Balls, Masks and the like. But, still finding her averse and not imagining what farther to do, he concludes with himself, to make use of his friend *Pisani*, to intercede and mediate for him, which he tells him of, who faithfully promiseth, to behave himself as a Friend in this business and to deal effectually with *Christineta*, which having found an opportunity, he really and truly performeth; not leaving any thing untouched, which he thinks may any way advance his friends content and affection. Whereat he finds her passionately perplexed, which having noted with a careless observation, he yet prays her to return a pleasing answer by him, to his friend, and her servant *Gasparino*.

Whereupon after a serious pause, she, confesseth his speeches of his friend to be honourable and true, but that she cannot comply with his suit because she hath fixed her affection on another, but this doth not beat off *Pisani* from the pursuit, yea, he rather so presseth on, that he endeavours to draw *Christineta* to nominate her servant, the which at the present she denyed, but promised, if he would meet her the next day at eight of the clock in the morning, in the *Nunns* Garden at St. *Clare*, she would there inform him both of the person and his name, to which meeting he quickly consents, and so for that time they part. But finding his friend *Gasparino*, he relates to him the very truth of the former passage (save only the intended meeting which he conceals) whereupon *Gasparino* conceiving it labour lost to sue to her any longer, civilly takes his leave of her, and so returns home to *Cremona*. Where we must leave him, to hear the event which the Garden conference will produce,

The time of meeting now come, *Christineta* takes her prayer-book and her waiting-maid, and so goes to the Nunnery, and so to the Garden. Whither, before she hath taken three turns, she sees *Pisani* enter, whereat she blushes, but, he drawing neer, and having given her the good morrow and salute, he tells her that he is come to wait upon her for the performance of her promise, which, after a few modest blushes she doth in these terms. *The person on whom I have settled my affection doth much resemble you, nay in short it is your self* (interpret my meaning and

words

words with honour) *be pleased therefore to admit of* Christineta *for a solicitrix for her self to* Pisani, *but never let* Pisani *henceforward mediate for* Gasparino.

Pisani wonders at this news and knows not how to carry himself in this affair, to reject the Ladies love he thinks discourteous, but to betray his friend he knows dishonourable, whereupon he thus replies, *As I must needs acknowledge the greatness of my Obligation to you for this your* (by me) *unmerited affection, so I must humbly beg your excuse herein, because in being your servant I must prove a traytor to my friend* Gasparino, *which honour forbids me, otherwise I should esteem my self most happy in this honour*: upon which answer they presently part; but being enboldned by love, and not able to bear her passions, within ten days she sends him this Letter to *Cremonæ* where he was at home.

Christineta *to* Pisani.

FInd it not strange that I second my last speech with this my first Letter, and think, that were not my affection entire and constant, I should not thus attempt to reveal it to you in lines, which blush not as my cheeks do when I write them: I should offer too palpable injury to the truth, if I tell you not, that it is impossible for Christineta *to love any but* Pisani, *whom I no sooner saw, but, deeply admired, and dearly affected. Now sith my zeal to you is begun in vertue and shall be continued in honour, it makes me flatter my self with hope that you will not enforce me to dispair: For if I am so happy to be yours, I must be so unfortunate never to be mine own. Judge what your absence is to me, since your presence is my chiefest felicity, which makes me both desire and wish, that you were either in* Pavia *or I in* Cremonæ, *I can prefix and give bounds to my Letter, though not to my affection: Hate not her who loves you dearly, otherwise, whatever you think, your unkindness to me will be meer cruelty.*

Christineta.

The receit of this Letter puts new apprehensions into *Pisani's* thought,

thoughts, making his resolutions as unconstant as his mind was unsetled, yet at last honour over-poysing affection, he returns her these lines.

Pisani *to* Christinetta.

YOu discover to me as much affection, as I should treachery to my friend, either to accept or requite it. I would not stick to say that Pisani *loves* Christineta, *because she deserves to be loved, did not my friendship to* Gasparino *forbid it; for, though your beauty demands the one, yet honesty denies the other. Could time reconcile these difficulties with my reputation, my heart would instantly command my pen to let you know, that I desire to give you hope, and withall that* Pavia *is more pleasing to me then* Cremonæ, *sith* Christineta *lives in it and* Pisani *in her: I was never heretofore cruel to any, neither do I resolve to be unkind to you: for how can I, sith I as truly vow to honour you, as you profess to love me: live you in this assurance, and I will dye in the same.*

Pisaai.

At this Letter gave her some hopes, so fear quickly brings them to nothing, whereupon resolving once more to let him know the ardency of her passions, some fifteen days after, she sends this following.

Christineta *to* Pisani.

I May pass the bounds of Discretion, but will not exceed those of honour, I have learn'd to attain this maxime, that affection which receives end had never beginning: If then I live, I must breath the air of your Love as well as this of my life, sith it is the prime and sole cause thereof, as the Sun is of light: Could you dive as deeply into my heart, as I have into your merits, if Nature do not, Pity would inform you, that you ought to prefer the love of a Lady, before the respect of a Gentleman; especially sith he may carry his heart from you, and I desire to bring and present mine to you. Think

what

what you please either of me, or your self: only give me lea to tell you, that I find, doubt, a step and degree to despai as that is to death. I write rather with tears than ink: you will not live my Saint I must dye your Martyr,

Christineta.

At the receipt of this Letter he is quite conquered, and now, neither thinks of *Gasparino*, or his fidelity or friendship towards him: but casting away all respect towards him, he does homage to the Soveraign of his thoughts: the which he doth in this Letter, which to that purpose he sends her by his Page.

Pisani *to* Christineta.

Your vertue and beauty is enough powerful with me to prevail; but your affection makes me forget my respects to Gasparino, *to remember my love to* Christineta: *and that which gives life to my resolution is this, that it is impossible for him to hate me as much as you love me: and in this hope I both rejoyce and triumph, that you shall not be my Martyr, but my Mistress, and I will be both your Saint and your Servant For, as you desire to live in my favour, so my chiefest ambition is, to dye in your affection. That which heaven maketh me affirm, earth shall not enforce me to deny. I will shortly follow, and second this my Letter, till when you can never so much lament my absence, as I desire your presence. Let this be your true consolation, sith it is my sole delight, and chiefest felicity.*

Pisani.

At the receipt of this Letter, such was the excess of her joy, that she could hardly contain within any bound, imagined the days to be lengthned, and the hours increased, till the arrival of her so much desired and beloved *Pisani*: who now likewise having nothing but affection to *Christineta* in his thoughts, without thinking of his old friend *Gasparino*, he prepares all things ready to go see his new Mistress, *Christineta*.

Being

Being thus assured of the Daughters love, he now honourably, yet secretly, seeks to win the Parents consent; but finds it a task of great difficulty. For after many excuses and delays on their side, and perpetuall sollicitations, and importunities on the other, he at last hath this answer from old *Vituri* the Father, That as yet he hath no intent to marry his Daughter, by reason of her few years, and such other triviall reasons, whereby *Pisani* might know with ease, he had no intent to give him his Daughter. But he like a constant Lover continues his suit, by himself, his parents and kindred; but all to no purpose. For *Vituri* displeased therewith, at last *Christineta* is forbidden his company, and *Pisani* her Fathers house. This vexeth our two Lovers to the heart, to be thus nipped in the bud of their hopes; yet they continue their affections with constancy, and so he for the present retires home, where he is continually studying to bring his desires to effect: at last he thinks, that if *Christineta* can get her Mothers good will, that will procure the Fathers approbation. And so writes to her his thoughts, which she approving and putting in execution, in few days gets the one, who in less then a moneth obtains the other, and now their hopes are revived, and their day of marriage appointed.

But here we must come to speak of *Gasparino*, who notwithstanding all the secrecy in the managing of their affairs between *Pisani* and *Christineta*, yet he hath news thereof, and considering the nature of *Pisani*'s treachery, he is extreamly incensed at him, and vows a sudden and sharp revenge. Having thus his judgement overclouded with passion, he thinks not only himself but his family disparaged in this affront, and therefore, inquiring for *Pisani*, and understanding he was in *Pavia*, inflamed hereat, and taking with him a resolute Gentleman, and one Lackey he hies thither, where being arrived, and being told *Pisani* was at that instant with *Christineta*, he thought once to have gone and killed him in her presence; but altering his mind, he kept him private in his Inne all the day, and the next morning he writes a Challenge, and sends it to him by his confident Kinsman *Sebastiano*, who delivered it accordingly, which *Pisani* receiving and opening finds therein these words,

Gasparino

Gaſparino *to* Piſani.

YOu have given the firſt breach to our friendſhip: for ſith you have treacherouſly bereaved me of my Miſtris, You muſt now both in honour and injuſtice, either take my life, or yield me yours in requital. If you conſider your owne ingratitude, you cannot tax, much leſs condemn this my reſolution: the place, the Weſt end of the Parke; the hour, four or five after dinner; the manner, on foot, with Seconds; the Weapon, if you pleaſe, two ſingle Rapiers, whereof bring you the one, and I the other, and I will be content to take the refuſal, to give the choiſe. If your courage anſwer your infidelity, you will not refuſe to meet me.

Gaſparino.

To which immediately he returns this anſwer by the ſame *Sebaſtiano*. Sir, pray tell *Gaſparino* from me, that my ſelf and ſecond, will with ſingle Rapiers meet him, and his, at the hour and place appointed. *Sebaſtiano* returns with the ſame; and *Piſani* finds out a Gentleman of his acquaintance, and deſires him to be his ſecond, relating the whole buſineſſe to him; *Sfondrato* (for ſo was *Piſani*'s friend named) readily and willingly engageth himſelf, and ſo he bearing the matter very ſecretly, that *Chriſtineta* might not hear thereof, they poaſt away to the Park at the hour, where they find *Gaſparino* and *Sebaſtiano* already appear, ſo alighting from their Horſes, they pull off their ſpurs, cut off the heels of their boots, throw off their doublets, and draw their ſwords.

And here we muſt ſee *Gaſparino* and *Piſani* now engaged in blood, as having given and received ſeverall wounds from, and to, each other. When lo after two breathings, at the third Encounter, *Gaſparino* runs *Piſani* through the body a little below the left pap, where meeting with the *Vena cava* he fell ſtark dead to the ground. *Sebaſtiano* runs to him to congratulate with him for his Victory, but *Sfondrato Piſani*'s Second calls to *Sebaſtiano* to prepare himſelf, which he doth, and ſo with various fortune they fight, till providence reſolving to make both parties equal loſers: after they had three ſeveral times taken breath,

breath, *Sfondrato* ran his Enemy *Sebastiano* through the small of the belly, and so nailed him to the Ground, bearing away his life on the point of his Rapier: which done, and their wounds bound up, *Gasparino* flies for safety to *Parma*, and *Sfondrato* to *Florence*, where for a time we must leave them, and come to *Christineta*, whose tears and grief are infinite for her *Pisani*, yea she tears her hair, and is even frantick, and is resolved not to let the death of her Lover go unrevenged.

And now *Gasparino* having gotten his pardon, returns home, where he begins presently to renew his love to *Christineta*, and to that end first visits her by letters, then by friends, and at last in person. She dissembling her malice, and triumphing in her dissimulation, thinks this both a fit opportunity and object to be revenged on him for the losse of *Pisani* and observing him very earnest in his suit, she appoints him to meet her in the Nuns Garden at sixe of the clock in the morning: and presently thereupon, agrees with two Ruffians, *Bianco* & *Brindoli* for one hundred Duckets to murther him.

Gasparino and *Christineta* are both early up, but with different intents, and so are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*: they all meet, she walkes in publick, they hide themselves in private, when immediately in comes *Gasparino*, and approaching *Christineta* with his hat in his hand to salute her, she utters these words: *Gasparino*, this place I first had conference in with *Pisani*, and here I purpose to have my last with you: At w words the two Ruffians issue out and kill him, but with some noise and resistance. *Christineta* thinking him not dead enough, runs to him, thrusts her handkerchief in his mouth, and with a Stilletto stabs him many times through the body, with this bloody speech. This I sacrifice to the memory of my dear love *Pisani*, and so throwing the body into the Well of the Garden, the Ruffians flye at a Postern, and *Christineta* comes to the Nuns Church.

The Nunns in their Cells hearing the clinking of swords, advertise their Abbesse, who with other company come into the Garden, find the Postern open, and the Allies bloody, but cannot see any body, they suspect Murther, and therefore search all places in the Gardeu, but forget the Well. The Magistrates are acquainted, they cause enquiry to be made among all the Chyrugions, who having new wounds, came to them lately to be cured, *Rhanutio* one of the chief Chirur-

gions, informs them of the ſeverall new wounds of *Bianco* and *Brindoli*: they are ſent for, and examined who wounded them: they ſay they had a quarrell between themſelves, for which they fought, being asked where and when, they anſwer in the Nuns Garden at St. *Clare*, and at ſix in the Morning: which agreeing with the Nuns relation, all was ended.

But now *Gaſparino* is miſſed as not having been at his Lodging in two whole nights, which his Lackey confirming upon his examination, gives a new ſuſpition to the Judges, whereupon and other circumſtances, *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are both impriſoned, examined and put to the Rack, yet confidently and ſtoutly, they confeſs nothing. Yet they are kept in priſon, and a further ſearch ordered in the Garden, wherein at laſt they ſearch the Well, which was neglected before: and in their hooks bring up ſome pieces of wrought black Taffeta: Uhich *Gaſparino*'s Lackey did affirm his Maſter wore when laſt he ſaw him, and ſo ſearching more narrowly, they at laſt bring up the dead body which had thirteen ſeverall wounds, whereupon all conclude *Bianco* and *Brindoli* guilty, neither ſhall *Chriſtineta* eſcape, for a little boy ſtanding by, eſpieth a linnen cloath in his mouth, which being pulled out; was found to be a Cambrick hankerchief with *Chriſtineta*'s name upon it. Vpon this ſhe is apprehended even in the midſt of her pleaſures, and committed cloſe priſoner, upon examination ſhe denies, but adjudged to the Rack confeſſeth, that in revenge of *Piſani*'s death, ſhe had cauſed *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to murther *Gaſparino* as is afore related: for which fact the two Ruffians are condemned first to have their right hands cut off, and then to be hanged, and their bodies thrown into the River Po, and *Chriſtineta* to be firſt hanged, then burned, and her aſhes to be thrown into the Air, which to the ſatisfaction of Juſtice was executed accordingly.

See here the finger of God, if therefore theu wouldeſt ſhun the puniſhment, thou muſt hate the ſin, for the wages of ſin is death.

HISTORY

HISTORY III.

MORTAIGN and *JOSSELINA*.

The Contents.

Mortaign *under promise of marriage, gets* Josselina *with child, and after turning his Love into hatred, causeth his Lackey* La Verdure, *and* La Palma *to murther both her and her young Son;* Isabella's *jealousie to* La Palma *discovers the murther, they are all taken and executed for the same.*

IN *France*, not far from the City of Lyons, neer *Durency* a small Village, dwelt a poor Conntry Farmer, named *Andrew Mollard*, who being a widower, had one only Daughter, very young, named *Josselina* whom he intended for his heir.

In the passing away of some few yeares; the Fath rs wealth increasing, and the Daughtar growing to years, she was by all the Rusticks justly termed *Josselina* the fair. Now within a league of *Mollards* house dwelt a rich Gentleman, who had many Children, of which his eldest was named *Mortaigne*, a hopefull young stripling, and bred under severall great and noble persons of honour. Who having lived some years in *Paris*, was at last desirous to see his Father, whom he now understood to be aged and sickly, as also to be at the Nuptials of one of his Sisters, who was then to be married to a Gentleman of *Auvergne*, to whose house having conducted her, and finding his Father to grow better, he desires to revisit *Paris* But the night before he was to depart, *De Coucye* his Father fell dangerously sicke of a burning Feaver, which quite forbad his journey.

Living thus in the Country, he sports himself abroad with hawking and hunting, when once by chance he sprung a Pheasant, which flying to the next woods, he sends for his Hawk, but could never after set eye on the Pheasant, though he ranged

so far, that he was thirsty, but saw no house, that he might call for Wine, till at length he espied *Mollards* house.

Mortaine seeing a *man walke* in the *Vineyard*, demanded if he might have any Wine there, 'twas answered yea (for he guessed who he was by his face) so he courteously prayed him to come into his house, where being set down, he sends his Daughter *Josselina* for wine, who brings both it and what other homely dainties her Fathers house did afford. *Mortaine* admiring to see so fair a maid, in so obscure a place, is the more deeply strucken with her beauty and vows either to obtain her favour, or lose his life in the acquiring thereof; No sooner are these thoughts in *Mortaignes* head, but lo an opportunity suiting his desires, immediately presents it self, for *Mollard* tells him, he holds a Tenement close by, of his Father, who now sues him for two Herriots, and therefore intreats him for his good word to his Father in his behalf, which he promiseth faithfully, and so thanking *Mollard* for his good Cheer, at that time departed. But he intends suddenly to return, for now he is wholy taken up with the thoughts of *Josselina*, he comes frequently to see her, and gives her many gifts and presents; and all to allure her to his lust, but he yet cannot obtain, for she is chaste and will not hearken to his enticements.

Mortaigne perceiving his labour and cost to be lost, he now resolves to set all at stake, and promise any thing, rather then misse of his aime, and so tells her, that if she will permit him to enjoy his desire, he will marry her, notwithstanding their inequality and difference in estate and fortunes. And this was it that conquered *Josselina*: And now having thus fooled her selfe, and finding that she was with child, which likewise her Father discovered to his extream sorrow and griefe, she adverti seth *Mortaign* thereof, and desires his assistance in this her affliction, who one night steals her away from her Fathers, and sends her ten leagues off from *Dureny* to a poor kinsmans house of his, where she is delivered of a fair young Son.

Caliatha, *Mortaign's* Mother knowing nothing of all these passages, resolves to seek a Wife for her Son, and makes a motion there to Monsieur *De Vassey* the Seneshall of *La Palisse* for his onely Daughter *Madamoyselle La Varina*: the Parents conclude, and upon sight the young folkes agree, so that it is already reported to be a Match, This news star-

tle

tles and terrifies *Iosselina*, who now likewise was disinherited by her Father, having left her nothing. Wherefore now or never she must looke to her self, and so resolves to write *Mortaign* a Letter to put him in minde of promise, and to desire relief for her selfe and Son. Her Letter contained these words.

Josselina *to* Mortaign.

YOu have bereaved me of mine honour, the which I should have esteemed farre dearer and more precious than my life, your promise to make me your Wife, was the onely Lure which drew me to consent to that errour and folly, at the remembrance whereof I grieve with shame, and shame with repentance, especially sith I see you are so farre from performing it, as you hate me instead of loving me; Let the sweetnesse of my youth, and the freshnesse of my beauty judge, whether I have deserved this discourtesie from you; but it is a just punishment for my sin, and now I find too late, though formerly I would not believe, that the fruits of pleasure are bitter, resembling those pills that seem sweet to the palate, but prove poyson to the stomacke, and may all Maidens beware by my example. If you will not advance my fortunes, yet seeke not to make shipwracke of my life, as you have done of my Chastity; you know my Father is dead, and with him all the meanes which in this World I can either hope or expect as well for my owne as your Sons maintenance, except from your self, the which with sighs and teares I beg you to afford us, and if not for love to me, yet for pity to him: If you will not grant me the honour to be a piece of your selfe, yet in nature you cannot deny but your little Son is not only your picture but your image, therefore if you will not affect me for his sake, at least do him for mine, and think that as it will be an extream ingratitude in you, not to give her maintenance, who hath given you a Son, so it will be extream cruelty not to allow that poore babe wherewithall to live, who received both his life and being from you: But

I hope you will prove more naturall to him, and more charitable to my ſelf, otherwiſe reſt aſſured, that ſuch diſreſpect and unkindneſs will never go long either unpitied of Men, or unpuniſhed of God.

Joſſelina.

Having penned this Letter, She thought fit to write another to his Mother *Calintha* to the ſame effect, ſo that I ſhall not tire the Readers patience therewith, only tell you the ſucceſſe thereof. *Mortaign* and his Mother *Calintha* receive them, but he like an unworthy Gentleman triumphs in his ſinne, and mocks at her poverty, and will no way either own or relieve the Childe, and ſo burning his Letter, takes no more notice thereof. And *Calintha*'s malice is ſo great, that ſhe not only refuſeth to relieve them, but commands him that he ſhall not, and wiſheth them both in another World.

At the hearing of this cruell newes, ſhe falls in a ſwoon, and had not ſome accidentall aſſiſtance come in, ſhe had there ended her miſery with her life, but ſhe is reſerved to greater miſeries, for by this time, *Calintha* knows poor *Joſſelina*'s reſidence, and is devilliſhly bent againſt her, that when ſhe leaſt thought thereof, ſhe is in a dark and cold night turned out of her Lodging, and not ſuffered to be in any place of ſhelter, but to make the ground her bed, and the Heavens her covering. In this d ſtreſſed condition ſhe is with her unfortunate babe, wanting all meane and helps, but only that of bew iling her ſad and deplorable Eſtate, wandring in fields, and places unknown, till the morning light diſcovered to her that ſhe was not far from a little Village, which ſhe knew: here to relieve her ſelf and Child, ſhe ſold her cloaths from off her back.

And now caſting in her minde that *Villepont* was but ſeven leagues from *Durency* (whare ſhe was born) but irreſolute whether to ſtay here or go thither, but neceſſity and weakneſſe to travell enforce her to ſtay, and ſo there ſhe contents her ſelfe with a poor little out-chamber, without either chimney or window, yet at length driven by meer neceſſity, ſhe re lates her caſe and condition, yea and threatens to ſend *Mortaign* his Son.

This

This is not carried so secretly, but *Mortaignes* Mistresse *La Varina* hears thereof at *La Palisse*, which makes her withdraw her affection, and her Father his respect: which *Mortaign* perceiving, and imagining truly what might be the cause thereof, namely *Josselina*, that he sweares to destroy both *Josselina* and her Son. But the better to dissemble his intent, he gives order that she and her child be lodged in a better Inn, and sends her word, he hath gotten a Nurse, and provided maintenance for his Son, and that shortly he will send his Lackey for him, but withall bids her be secret herein. *Josselina* rejoyceth hereat, and within three dayes he sends his Lackey *La Verdure* for the Babe, which with many tears and kisses, she delivereth him. *La Verdure*, following his Masters command, is not four leagues from *Villeponte*, but he strangles it, and wrapping it in a linnen cloath, throws it into the River *Lignon* But *Mortaign* ends not here, for being thus rid of his Son, he makes a bargain with *La Palma* (who is *Josselina*'s Host) and his said Lackey *La Verdure*, to stifle the Mother in her bed. Which for two hundred Franks they perform (She not dreaming thereof) and bury her in the Garden. As soon as these Villains had perpetra ed this cruell murther, they both poast away to *Durency*, and th re tell *Mortaign* what they had done, and for the same receive their wages Leave we here *La Palma* and *La Verdure* frolicking and drinking, and making no hast either of them home: And come we to *Mortaign*, who now assuring himself that all Rubs were removed, he goes to *La Palisse*, hoping to finish the match between *La Varina* and himselfe, but his hopes are deceived, for (they fearing that which was indeed fallen out) in plain termes give *Mortaigne* the refusall, so discontented hee returnes home.

La Palma hearing of *Mortaigne's* arrivall, goes home to *Villepont* to his Wife *Isabella*, who being an old Woman, and he a young Man, she jealous of his long stay, especially for that he departed (as she thought) in *Josselina's* company: and so for his first entertainment, She gives him this sa'ute: *La Palma* (quoth she) you were very unkind so soon to leave your Whore *Josselina*, whereat being very much moved, he give her the lie, and called her Whore for speaking it. She continues in h r railing veine, which so provokes him to

impatience, that he gives her a box on the ear, which fel'd her as dead to the ground, which breeds a tumult in the house, whereat neighbours coming in, they lay hold of *La Palma*, deeming his Wife dead, and carry him before the Procurer *Fiscall* of *La Palisse*. who commits him to Prison, and goes to *Isabella* whom he finds recovered, she tells him all had past, as also of his stay at *Durency*, and avers constantly to the Magistrate that if *Josselina* be not her Husbands strumpet, she doth constantly believe he is her murtherer, and saith her maid can say more; *Jaqueta* the maid say's he, and *La Verdure*, *Mortaigns* Lacky, were at midnight in *Josselina*'s Chamber, and that since that she was never heard of.

The Procurer *Fiscall* chargeth him with these points, but he denies that either he or *La Verdure* were in *Josselina*'s Chamber, neither saw her departure nor knew what was become of her, and prayes to be released, but the *Fiscall* thinks it fit the same night to send *La Palma* to *La Palisse* as also *Isabella* and *Jaqueta* his maid for witness, and rides thither himself to sit upon his processe: here he is again examined, but perseveres in his denyal, then he is judged to the Rack, and at the second torment confesseth the whole murther, as is before set forth.

Sergeants are forthwith sent to apprehend *Mortaign* and *La Verdure*, they meet the Lackey, and seize the Master in his bed; The Lackey upon torment confesses likewise *Josselina*'s, and also her Sons murther, *Mortaigne* is examiued, and very penitently confesseth all likewise: whereupon *La Palma* is condemned to be hanged and burnt: *La Verdure* to be broken on the Wheel, and his body thrown into the River Lignon, and *Mortaign* to be broken on the wheel, his body burnt, and his ashes to be thrown into the air, which on a Market day was accordingly executed on the said Malefactors in *La Palisse*. May all maidens learn to preserve their Chastities by *Josselina*'s example. And men by *La Verdure* and *La Palma*, not to be drawn to shed innocent blood for lucre of money. And by *Mortaign* to be lesse inhumane, lascivious and bloody, and to pray for the grace of God to direct them.

HISTORY

HISTORY IIII.

ALSEMERO and *BEATRICE-JOANNA*.

The Contents.

Beatrice-Joanna *to marry* Alsemero *causeth* De Flores *to murther* Alonso Piracquo, *who was a Suter to her.* Alsemero *marries her, and finding* de Flores *and her in Adultery, kills them both.* Thomaso Piracquo *challengeth* Alsemero *for his brothers death.* Alesmero *killeth him in the field treacherously, and is beheaded, and his body thrown into the sea for the same. At his excution he confesseth, that his Wife and* de Flores *murthered* Alonso Piracquo: *their bodies are taken out of their graves, then burnt, and their ashes thrown into the air.*

THere of late dayes dwelt in the City of *Valentia* in *Spain* one *Don Pedro Alsemero*, a noble young Cavalier, and wholly bending his minde to *Naval*, and Sea affairs, wherein, and whereby he gained not only repute and honour, but wealth also and riches in abundance. So that he thinks of nothing but what he hath already thriven by, *Viz.* the Wars, and therefore, the then general peace of his owne Countrey made him turn his thoughts towards *Malta*, (so famous for the many valiant Knights that defend it) but how suddenly are his thoughts diverted from these martiall resolutions, for, being one Morning at his devotion in the Church, he sees a young Gentlewoman neer him, likewise on her knees, by the observance of whose beauty he is ravished, and surprise dwith her love.

Alsemero, after the Masse ended, enquires of a good fellow-Priest, who walked by, what she was, and whether she frequented that Church, and at what hour. The Priest informes

informes him that she is *Don Diego De Vermandero's* Daughter, who was Captain of the Castle of that place, that her name was *Donna Beatrice Joanna*, and that she is every morning at the Church, about the same hour.

The next morning *Alsemero*, is stirring very timely, and hoping to find his Mistress, he goes again to the same Church, where he first and last saw her, where he, the second time, finds her on her knees at her prayers, glad of which opportunity, he kneels near her, and not having patience to hear Mass ended, he interrupted her Devotions with complements, and, in fair and amourous termes, notified his affection to her, vowing to live and dy her most passionately affectionate Servant. *Beatrice-Joanna* blushing at this unaccustomed assault, gave him a check and repulse, but in such termes as befitted both her modesty and the place: But *Alsemero*, resolves not to leave the persuite, and so at the end of service, he desires that she will admit him to wait on her home, which after some modest refusalls, she yet accepts, and so he takes her by the arme, and leads her from the Church to her Coach, and conducts her home to the Castle, where first her self, then the *Captain* her father, thanks him for, his Honour and Curtesie, and, in requitall thereof he shewed him the rarities, and strenght of the Castle, and thus after some discourse and complements between them, he for that time departs and rides home to his lodging. Where we must leave him to his thoughts, and come to speak of *Don Alonso Piracquo*, a rich Gentleman of that City, who was *Alsemero's* unknown Corrivall.

This *Piracquo* being noble in his extract, and having a great and plentifull Estate, and a neat Courtier, passionatly likewise seeks *Beatrice-Joanna* for his Wife, which *Vermandero* the Father approves of which much content but the Daughter is of another mind, and gives him his answer in generall termes; not positively, lest she should seem to sleight or disobey her parents; which rather gives an edge to his affections then a check to his desires: but she is as resolute in her denyal as he in his suit, so that now, his hopes beginning to flagg, he applies himself to her Father, who by this time had notice of *Alsemero's* affection, and withall that his Daughter liked him better then *Pyracquo*, whereat he was displeased, because he had in a manner engaged his promise to *Pyracquo*: and therefore to prevent *Alsemero's* hopes and attempts, he suddenly leaving the Castle to the command

mand of his Son, goes away to *Briamata*, a fair house of his, ten leagues off from *Alicant*, where he concluded to stay till he had finished the match between his Daughter and *Pyracquo*.

At the news of *Beatrice-Joanna's* departure, *Alsemero* is extreamly perplexed and sorrowfull, but she sées there is no remedy, and therefore he must bear as patiently as he may; so now, since he cannot see her, nor may not go to her, he resolves to write, and so providing himself of a confident messenger, he writes to this purpose.

Alsemero *to* Beatrice-Joanna.

AS long as you were in Alicant, *I deemed it a Heaven upon Earth, and being bound for* Malta, *a thousand times blessed that contrary wind which kept me from sailing from you: yea so sweetly did I affect, and so dearly honour your beauty, as I entered into a resolution with my self to end my voyage ere I began, and to begin another which I fear will end me. If you demand or desire to know what this second voyage is, know, fair Mistress, that my thoughts are so honourable, and affections so religious, that it is the seeking of your favour and the obtaining of your self to my wife, whereon not onely my fortunes, but my life depends: But how shall I hope for this honour, or flatter my self with the obtaining of so great a felicity, when I see you have not only left me, but which is worse, as I understand, the City for my sake? Fair* Beatrice-Joanna, *if your cruelty will make me thus miserable, I have no other consolation left me to sweeten the bitterness of my grief and misfortunes, but a confident hope, that death will as speedily deprive me of my dayes, as you have of my joyes.*

Alsemero.

Beatrice-Joanna having received this Letter, and finding therein *Alsemero's* true Affection (which she so much hoped) concludes with her self that it is necessary to answer him, but in what termes she is yet unresolved: when, consulting with affection, and calling modesty to the Councill; she taking pen and ink, writes him this return.

Beatrice

Beatrice-Joanna *to* Alſemero.

AS I have many reaſons to be incredulous to believe, that ſo poor a beauty as mine, ſhould have power to ſtay ſo noble a Cavalier (as your ſelf) from ending ſo honourable a voyage as the firſt, or to perſwade to one ſo ſimple as your Second: ſo I cannot but admire, that you, in your Letter, ſeek me for your wife, when, I preſume, in your heart, you leaſt deſire it: and whereas you alledg, your life and fortunes depend on my favour, I think you write it purpoſely, either to make trial of your own wit, or my indiſcretion, by endeavouring to ſee whither I believe that which exceeds all belief. Now, as it is true that I have left Alicant, *ſo it is as true that I left it not any way to afflict you, but rather to obey my Father: for this, I pray, believe, that although I cannot be kind, yet I will never be cruel to you, live therefore your own friend, and I will never be your Enemy.* Beatrice-Joanna.

This Letter upon ſerious peruſal, giving nothing of deſpair, maketh *Alſemero* gather new courage, and, knowing in himſelf that the giving the Onſet is not the Victory, he calls for paper, and ſeconds his firſt diſcovered love in theſe ſecond lines.

Alſemero *to* Beatrice-Joanna.

YOu have as much reaſon to aſſure your ſelf of my affection, as I to doubt of yours, and if words and Letters, paſſions and vows, are not capable to make you believe the ſincerity of my zeal, and the honour of my affection; what reſteth, but that I could wiſh you could dive as deep into my heart, as that hath into your beauty, to the end you might be both witneſs and judge, if, under Heauen, I deſire any thing ſo much, as, on Earth, to be crowned with the felicity to ſee Beatrice-Joanna *my Wife; but Why ſhould I ſtrive to perſwade that, which you reſolve not to believe, or flatter my ſelf with any hope, ſith I ſee, I muſt be ſo unfortunate to deſpair: I will therefore henceforth ceaſe to write, but never to love:*

and

and since it is impossible for me to live, I will prepare my self to dye, that the World may know, I have lost a most fair Mistress in you, and you a most faithful and constant Servant in me.

Alsemero.

With the perusal hereof she is now conquered, and therefore considering her fathers averseness to this, and *Piracquo*'s importunacy, with his consent on the other side, she thinks fit to signifie to *Alsemero*, her agreement in affection, and withall, that he must endeavour to put a stop to *Piracquo*'s carrier, which she secretly sends him word of, in these words,

Beatrice-Joanna *to* Alsemero.

AS it is not for Earth to resist Heaven, nor for our wills to contradict Gods providence, so I am enforced to acknowledg, that if I ever affected any man, it is your self; for your letters, protestations and vows, but chiefly your merits and the hope, or rather assurance, of your fidelity, hath won my heart from my self to give it you; but there are some important considerations that urge me, to crave your secresie herein, & to request you, as soon as you may with conveniency, to come privately hither to me, for I shall never give content to my thoughts, nor satisfaction to my mind, till I am made joyful with your sight; in the mean time manage this affection of mine with care and discretion, and whiles you resolve to make Alicant *your* Malta *I will expect and attend your coming with much longing and impatience to* Briamata.

Beatrice-Joanna.

How dearly welcom this happy Letter was to him, judge you that are, or have been lovers: wherefore the wind now serving for *Malta* (whither he was bound) for the more plausible excuse of his stay he feigns himself sick, fetcheth back his trunks and so remaineth in *Alicant*, but withall dispatcheth a messenger to his Mistress, to advertise her, that he will not fail to be with her that night at eleven of the clock.

According to which promise *Beatrice-Joanna* provides for his

his coming; he arrives, and *Diaphanta* his Mistresses waiting Gentlewoman, conducts him to her Ladies chamber, where she curteously and respectfully receives him: and after many amorous dalliances and complements, relates *Piracqo*'s importunate suit and her Fathers compliance to his desires to compleat the match: and then shews him the entireness of her affection, casting out some doubtfull speeches, that before *Piracquo* be in another World, there is no hope for him to enjoy her for his wife in this.

Alsemero understands by this half word, what the whole means, and therefore freely proffers himself to his Mistress, protesting, that he will shortly send him a challenge and fight with him: But she will not hear thereof, or admit him on any termes to endanger his person, but prayes him to leave *Alicant* only for a while, and to return to *Valentia*; and for the rest to repose and build upon her affection and constancy: thus parting from her, he returnes to *Alicant*, packs up his bags, and goes home to *Valentia*, within four dayes: such prevalence hath his Ladies Command.

This meeting though private, could not be carried so closely, but that *Vermandero*, *Beatrice Joanna's* Father, is told thereof; whereat he is very angry, but setting on a good face to conceal his bad thoughts, he assures *Piracquo* that he shall finish his desire in a short time; for if his paternall admonitions cannot, his authority shall prevail against his Daughters perverseness: which so far clouds his judgement, that notwithstanding he had word sent him that *Beatrice Joanna* had contracted her self to his Rivall *Alsemero*, whereby his suit was become vain and impossible, yet he will not desist, but rather advances with more violence and zeal. *Beatrice-Joanna* now more then ever troubled with him, resolves now on what she before thought on, namely to make away *Piracquo*, in what manner, and in what rate soever, and at last fixeth upon this execrable invention: There is a gallant young gentleman of the Garrison of the Castle, who followes her Father, that to her knowledge doth dearly affect her, yea, she knowes, that he will not stick at her request to murther *Piracquo*: his name is *Don Antonio de flores*, and him she intends to make her instrument; for wich end, an opportunity is suddenly presented: For *Vermandero* learning of *Alsemero's* departure to *Valentia*, returnes with his Daughter and *Piracquo* to *Alicant*, when presently after their arrivall, she

sends

sends fot *de Flores* and aquaints him with her purpose and desire, making him many promises of kindness, if he will perform it, which he, besotted with her beauty, freely promises with all speed to dispatch, to which end *de Flores* insinuates himself into *Piracquo*'s company, and waiting for his opportunity, he heard *Piracquo* commend the strength of the Castle, *De Flores* catches hereat and tells him that he saw not the strength, for that consisteth in the *Casemates*, that were stor'd with good ordinance to scour the ditches, *Piracquo* desires he may be admitted to see them, *De Flores* tells him, that after dinner (it being then noon) he will wait upon him himself, and shew them to him, whereof he accepts, and after dinner they meet according to appointment; and so go to the Ravelins, Sconces and Bulwarkes, thence by a Postern to the Ditches, and so to the *Casemates*, three whereof they have viewed, and now coming to the last, and entring the same, *de Flores* layes off his rapier, telling *Piracquo* that the descent is narrow and craggy, whereupon *Piracquo* also puts off his, not dreaming of any treachery. They enter the vault of the *Casemate*, *De Flores* opens the door and throwes it back (to hide a sword and ponyard which he before had hidden there on purpose) he stoops and looks through a Port hole; *Piracquo* stoops likewise, and when *De Flores* reaching his hidden sword and ponyard, stabs him therewith brough the back and swiftly redoubling his blowes kills him dead, and buries him there, under the ruins of an old wall.

De Flores having perpetrated this murther, informes *Beatrice-Joanna* thereof, who joyntly with him rejoyces thereat, and, the better to blind the eyes of the World, they cause to be reported, that *Piracquo* was seen go forth of the Castle gate, and that he was seen take boat in the City, and went to take the air of the Sea, as was thought.

By this time *Piracquo* is missed, and no news is to be heard of him, though they send scouts both by Sea and Land, to hearken after the same: whereupon his friends, exceedingly bewailing his loss think he is drowned in the Sea. In the midst of this hurly burly and sorrow, *Beatrice-Joanna* privately sends for *Alsemero*, who after some time, very discreetly, first sends the chiefest of his kindred, and after comes himself in person to seek her in marriage; whereof he make shews in publick. And at length, though with much difficulty, he obtains *Vermandero*'s consent; and thus are *Alsemero* and *Beatrice-Joanna*, solemnly

mar-

married at *Alicant* with much ſtate and bravery.

Scarce have three months paſſed ſince their Nuptials, but *Alſemero* becomes jealous of his wife, and ſo reſtrains her that he will hardly permit her to ſee any man; ſhe is very much nettled at this his diſcourteous uſage of her, and complains to her Father, who ſpeaking thereof to him, he ſuddenly provides a Coach, and ſo carries home his wife to *Valentia*.

Vermandero, willing to hear how matters ſtand between his Daughter and her husband, ſends *De Flores* thither, with Letters to them both, who exceedingly glad of this occaſion, haſtes thither, and finding *Alſemero* abroad, he delivers her Father Letter, when ſhe tels him of her husbands unkindneſs, whereof he taking advantage, revives his old ſuit, ſhe yields to his unlawful deſire, and bids him viſit her often; by this time *Alſemero* is come home, receives his Fathers Letter, and the next day ſends away *De Flores* with returns of Letters to his Father.

De Flores is ſcarce gone but one of his ſpies, a waiting-Gentlewoman of his wives, tels him that there paſt many amourous kiſſes and the like, between *De Flores* and her Miſtreſs, and relates to him whatever ſhe either heard or ſaw, whereat wholly overcharged with paſſion, and rage, he flies to her chamber, and chargeth her with her too much familiarity with him, the which ſhe denies: but his choler rather increaſing then abating hereat, ſhe is reduced to this extream, to palliate her whoredoms ſhe muſt diſcover *Piracquo*'s murther, the which ſhe doth in theſe words. Know, *Alſemero*, that ſith thou wilt enforce me to ſhew thee the true cauſe of my chaſt familiarity with *De Flores*, that I am much bound to him, and thy ſelf more; for he it was, that at my requeſt diſpatched *Piracquo*, without which I could never have enjoyed thee to be my husband, nor thou me for thy wife, and ſo reveals to him the whole circumſtance of that cruel murther, and conjures him to conceal the ſame, vowing to dye a thouſands deaths ere ſhe will defile his bed.

Alſemero, wondring at this news, ſaith little, only he ſtrictly charges his wife, no more to ſee or admit *De Flores* into her company, but ſhe for all this continues her intelligence with him, and by cuſtom grows impudent, for now they in a manner do that publickly which heretofore they were very private in.

Diaphanta informs her maſter of this ſcandal, who ſwears to be revenged, and enjoyneth her to lay wait for the very hour that

De

De Flores arrives from *Alicant*, which she doth; when, instantly pretending a journey into the Country (he very secretly having his Rapier and Ponyard, and a case of Pistolls charged in his pocket, resolving to punish them at once, both for their murther and adultery, seeming to take horse) he gets into his Study which was within his bed-chamber.

Alsemero's back is no sooner turned, but *De Flores* is with his Wife, which he perceives, and hears all the passages, and now they are at their beastly pleasures, when on a sudden, he throws off the door, rusheth in, and finding them on his bed he first dischargeth his Pistols on them, and after stabs them with his Sword and Ponyard, with many grievous wounds, whereof they suddenly dye: This done, he takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Criminall Judge, and reveales what he had done, but conceals *Piracquo*'s murther. The Judge is amazed at it, and finding it to be true, commits *Alsemero* prisoner in one of his owne Chambers, and examines *Diaphanta*, who upon her oath affirms, that she oftentimes saw her dead Mistress and *De Flores* commit adultery, and that she advertised her Master thereof; whereupon, and after a Second examination of *Alsemero*, upon mature deliberation, he is acquitted for the fact, and set at liberty, and the dead bodies buried.

But now we must think of *Don Thomaso Piracquo*, who, as you heard before, advised his Brother to leave off his suit to *Beatrice-Joanna*: and now hearing of all these occurrences, he remembers his dead Brother, and confidently supposeth, that both *Beatrice-Joanna* and *Alsemero* had a hand in the losse of his Brother: and this conceit he cannot wave, and therefore resolves to call him to account for the same, and to that end understanding him to be in *Alicant*, he sends him this challenge.

Thomaso Piracquo *to* Alsemero.

IT is with too much assurance, that I feare Beatrice-Joanna's *vanity, and your rashnesse, have bereaved me of a Brother, whom I ever esteemed dearer then my life: I were unworthy to converse with the World, much lesse to beare the honour and degree of a Gentleman, if I should not seek satisfaction for his death with the hazard of my own*

life, for, if a friend be bound to perform the like courteſie and duty to his friend, how much more a Brother to a Brother? your ſword hath chaſtiſed Beatrice-Joanna's *errour, and I muſt ſee whether mine be reſerved to correct yours. As you are your ſelf, meet me at the foot of* Gliſſeron hill, *to morrow at five in the morning, without ſeconds, and it ſhall be at your choice either to uſe your Sword on horſe-back, or your Rapier on foot.* Tho: Piracquo.

Alſemero accepts the challenge: And they meet at the hour and place appointed. *Piracquo* is firſt in the field, and *Alſemero* ſoon after. They draw, and as they approach, *Alſemero* throws away his Rapier, and with his hat in his hand, tells him, he is ready to joyne with him to revenge his Brothers murther. *Piracquo*, fearing nothing leſſe than treachery, throws away his Rapier, and likewiſe, with his hat in his hand, draws near to him; when *Alſemero*, taking out his Piſtolls, ſhoots the one through his head, and the other through his breaſt, of which two wounds (ſpeaking only theſe words: O villain, O traytor) he fell down dead.

The newes hereof is ſuddenly ſpread abroad, and the treachery and flight of *Alſemero* both known, the criminall Judges advertiſed hereof, ſpeedily ſend after him; when his haſt is ſtopped, for his horſe, ſtumbles and breaks his fore-leg, and *Alſemero* his right arme, with which diſaſters he is amazed, and knowes not what to do: but ſtill reſolved to eſcape if poſſible, ſo throwing off his cloak, he runs as faſt as he can, but all in vain, for lo at laſt he ſpies four come galloping after him, and they quickly ſee him, and now, conſidering with himſelf that he is both a Gentleman and a Souldier, he chooſes rather to loſe his life fighting, than on a Scaffold: he prepares for his defence. but all is not enough, for now the Lords vengeance will ſmite him home, for the Sergeants ſurround him, and after he had in fighting broken his Rapier, he yields himſelf.

Thus he is brought a pitied ſpectacle to *Alicant*, and a priſoner before the criminall Judges, where he accuſeth himſelfe of this murther, and ſo they adjudg him to loſe his head. When being on the Scaffold, he finding no hopes of his life, diſcovers *Don Alonſo Piracquo*'s murther by *De Flores*, as is before related

related, in all its circumstances, but protests his innocency therein, only in concealing it, whereof the Judges having notice, cause his head to be taken off for *Thomaso*, and his body to be thrown into the Sea; for concealing *Alonso*'s murther. And take *De Flores* and *Beatrice-Joanna*'s bodies out their graves, burn them at the place of Execution, and throw their ashes into the ai.

Thus, first or last, we see the justice of God triumphing against this horrid sin, for, though for a time he may forbeare, yet he will not forgive, for *Sera venit, sed certa venit, Vindicta Divina.*

HISTORY V:
ALIBIUS and *MERILLA.*

The Contents.

Alibius *murthereth his Wife* Merilla, *he is discovered first by* Bernardo, *then by his owne Daughter* Emelia, *so he is apprehended and hanged for the fact.*

IN the Parish of *Sprear* not far from *Brescia* in the territories of *Venice*, there dwelt a poor Country man named *Alibius*, of a comely stature and proportion, whose Parents were of an honest fame and reputation.

This *Alibius*, after he had attained the age of five and twenty years, married an honest maiden named *Merilla*, a Farmers Daughter of the same parish, with small means, little wit, and lesse beauty, yet sought by many honest Country swains, for she was known to be wary and provident, and indeed had *Alibius* care but answered her honest simplicity, they might have proved happy.

But *Alibius*, in few years after his marriage, by prodigality and profuseness had so wasted that little he had, that he now began to want, and saw those evill courses he took would bring him to beggery: yet so was his heart hardned, that he still persists in his vicious course of living, whereat his Wife finding fault, had no other hopes of amends, then vile and contemptuous speeches, and reproachful abusive language. Grow-

Growing thus from bad to worse, his poor wife thinks fit to speak to some vertuous friend to deal with him to reform him, but he was so far from liking or taking this wholsome counsel, that he reviled the party who gave it him, and understanding that it proceeded through his wives perswasion, to be revenged of her, he for some months forsakes her company and bed.

Another motive, which as he said made him not love her, was her barrenness: but God to take away this cause (which lay not in her own power to help) and as a punishment (as it afterward proved) sent him a daughter, whom they called *Emilia*. But as before he was discontented for want of a child, so now he hath one, he cannot endure the crying and trouble thereof; nay, as she grows up, he grows unkind to her, yea, every day more and more, both in words and deeds: and lastly to make up his evils compleat, he cavils with his wives wrinkles and finds fault that she is withered and decayed.

Alibius now casting away all fear of God, and goodness; leaves his wife and family, and gets into service, where what he gets, he prodigally spends in whoring and drunkenness, having no regard at all, either to reform the vanity of his thoughts, or to controul his dissolute and dangerous actions. Having thus spent many years in service, and in that time having never visited *Merilla* or *Emilia* and finding himself grown aged and knowing service to be no patrimony, he intends to forsake that kind of life, and so comes for a time to *Brescia* to watch if any occasion presented it self whereby he may raise his fortunes.

He had not lived there long, but he sees so many beauties, as he began to loath his wife *Merilla*, and wish her in another World, Abiding thus in *Brescia* it fell out that he who bore the silver rod, in token of honour and justice, before the Podestate or chief Magistrate of the same City, dyed, and to this Office *Alibius* aspired, and, by making many friends to the Podestate and Senators, he at last obtained it, being worth one hundred Zechins *per ann.* besides his diet. And now, this preferment makes him indeed scorn his wife *Merilla*, so as she must not come neer him, nay he resolves to poyson her, as being a disparagement to him. And to increase this his pride, not long after, an honest Citizen of *Brescia*, of his own name, though nothing of kin, dies, leaving a rich widow named *Philatea*, and makes our *Alibius* (cozened by his hypocrisie) overseer

of

of his will. And now all his thoughts tend to the getting *Philatea*'s favour; so, defacing all goodness and vertue out of his heart, he rides over to *Sprear* to poor *Merilla*, and under colour of tender love, in milke, wine, and rosted apples, he gives her some poyson, but seeing it did not operate as he intended, he purposely picks a quarrell with her, reviles and beats her in a most lamentable manner, and so goes his way and leaves her: And applies himself to *Philatea*, and courts her to grant him unlawfull pleasures, which she not having honesty enough to refuse, yeilds to his iust, which, in a short time, made her shame apparent by the swelling of her belly, which finding, she acquaints *Alibius* therewith, and tells him she must marry one of her Servants, but he minding to make himselfe Master both of her person and wealth, swears now *Merilla* shall not live, to which end, he gets stronger poyson than before, and in a dark night he takes horse in the East suburbs of *Brescia*, and so rides toward *Sprear*, but as he rides by the common place of Execution a mile out of the Towne, his horse stumbles, and falls under him, right against it, and with the fall puts his shoulder out of joynt, (here was a caveat to divert him, but he had not grace to receive it) and arrives at his house, where he findes *Emelia* his Daughter with *Merilla* his Wife, which saved her life at that time, but yet he quarrels with her, reviles and beats her, and so goes his way.

But now *Philatea* again seconds her first matter, and tels him that he now must provide for her safety, and to hide her shame; with which words netled, he now fully concludes *Merilla* must dye, at what rate soever: so having one night waited upon the Podestate to supper, he takes horse a little before the City gates were shut, and having disguised himself that he might not be known, with the poyson in his pocket, he rides to *Sprear*, ties his horse to a tree in an adjacent meadow, and knocks at the door.

Poor *Merilla* was in bed with a little Grand-child of hers named *Pomeria*, which was *Emelia*'s Daughter, whom she sends down to open the door without a candle, *Alibius* enters, goes up stairs into his Wives Chamber, and after some words, gives her a potion with poyson, and forceth it downe her throat, and to make sure work, takes a billet out of the chimney, kills her in her bed, and so hastily rusheth out of the doors.

Pemeria, who before had hidden her ſelf, now lights a candle, aſcends up the chamber and there finds her Grandmother dead in the bed, during which time, *Alibius* takes his horſe and gallops away: *Pomeria* raiſeth the neighbours, who coming and finding the dead body, Chyrurgeons are ſent for, who report ſhe is both poyſoned and beaten to death, they examine the Grandchild, who tells what ſhe knows, but to little purpoſe for the preſent.

By this time news is come to *Breſcia*, at which news *Alibius* mourns and takes on extreamly, and none ſo ready to inquire for the murtherer as himſelf: and becauſe he will take off all ſuſpition, becauſe *Emelia* was ſuſpected, he comforts her, and uſeth her more kindly then ordinary, yea and becomes ſurety for her appearance.

And now time which weareth all things, begins to deface the memory of this murther, and *Alibius* thinking himſelf ſecure, marries *Philatea* for his ſecond Wife, which is the cauſe that ſome curious heads begin to ſuſpect him for *Merilla*'s death, but none dare ſpeak it publickly; when lo God himſelf now brings it out, the manner thus.

Alibius ſends for one *Bernardo* of *Sprear* to come to him, who formerly had been one of his diſſolute companions, and was at that time an aſſociate of *Emelia*'s Husband, and drew to lewd and vicious courſes: this man after his conference with *Alibius*, fell to his drunken humour in *Breſcia*, where, in the midſt of his cups, he ſaid he was a Countryman of *Sprear*, and that he knew *Alibius* as great as he now bore himſelf, and that he murthered his poor wife in the Country, to get this fine one in the City, which he often repeated, but was ſoon after ſent away, and ſince that time was never ſeen in *Breſcia*. But this report remained.

Shortly after this he begins to withdraw his kindneſs from his Daughter *Emilia*, which greatly perplexed her, as knowing in her conſcience that her Father was her Mothers murtherer, ſhe mightily feared, leſt he would diſpatch her likewiſe, which ſhe the more doubted, becauſe her Father had bailed her, but not as yet freed her from her appearance before the Corrigadors of *Sprear*. And here ſhe knows not what to do, as to the diſcovery of the ſaid murther, but at laſt, God prevailing with her conſcience, ſhe goes to the next Corrigador and reveales, that her Father *Alibius* was the murtherer of his wife *Merilla*.

The Corrigador detains *Emilia* in his houſe, and writes to the

Podeſtate

Podestate of *Brescia* hereof, who finding the probabilities and circumstances strong, conclude to impriſon him: he is waiting at the door for the Podestate, when he is sent for in to them; at his first entring his velvet cap, and silver rod are taken from him, and with them his office. He is examined, but with a brazened face seeks with smooth words to palliate and extenuate his crime; but in vain, for they straight commit him close prisoner.

On the Monday, *Emilia* is sent for and brought, and the next day she is examined, where she saith with many tears and sighes these words: *My Father hath often beaten my Mother, and even laid her for dead, and at other times he hath given her poyson, and he it is & no other, that hath now murthered her*, so binding her to give evidence at the great Court of the Province, they dismiss her.

Now the time of his tryall being come, he is conveyed to the Castle to be arraigned, where he stands upon his innocency and justification, but his Indictmēt is made, wherein the murther is set forth in all its circumstances: Witnesses are produced, first his own Daughter *Emilia*, who stands to her former evidence, then two Apothecaries boyes are called, who severally affirm they sold him Ratſ-bane at two several times.

Whereupon the Jury, notwithstanding all his fair pretences, report him guilty of murthering his Wife *Merilla*, so he is remanded to Prison, yet all this cannot work him to confession.

The next day he is brought to receive judgement, which was to be hanged till he were dead.

And now we must see *Alibius* fetched from his Prison, and conveyed to the place of Execution, where at his ascending up the Ladder, his gray beard and comely Countenance moved the spectators to commiseration, then confessing his crime freely, he with tears besought the World to pray for his soul, and wishing them to beware by his example, he dyed penitently, having first cleered his second Wife *Philatea*, from being accessary to the murther of his first wife.

And this was the end of *Alibius*, which may it prove a terror to all people to make them avoid such sinnes, lest they suffer the like punishments

The Second Book.

HIST. VI.

SYPONTUS and *VICTORINA.*

The Contents.

Victorina *causeth* Sypontus *to stab and murther her first Husband* Souranza; *and she her selfe poysoneth* Fassino. *These being both miraculously detected, and the parties thereof convicted, he is beheaded, and she hanged and burnt for the same.*

LUST is a sin which for the most part goes accompanied with other enormities, as having adultery and blood both attendant of her, and hereof this present History is a pregnant example, which though it be mournful and tragical, yet to the advancement of Gods glory in its punishment, happened as followeth.

In *Venice* in the latter years of the Reign of *Leonardo Donato* the Duke thereof, there was a Gentleman a younger Brother, yet neer fifty years of age, named *Seignior Jacomo Beraldi*, who in his youth took to Wife the Daughter of *Seignior Lorenzo Bursso* of *Padua*, by whom he had seven Children, wherewith they thought themselves blest, but this their happinesse lasted not long, for in seven years sixe of their Children dyed, and onely the eldest Daughter named *Dona Victorina* survived.

This young Gentlewoman being now marriageable, and withall rich, noble, and fair, had diverse noble Suitors, amongst whom the most by her esteemed and loved, was one *Seignior Sypontus* a Gentleman of the City, but ennobled rather by his birth then conditions, though otherwise in his person very compleat; between these two was so entire and perfect

perfect an affection, that *Sypontus* resolves to seeke her publique y in marriage, which accordingly, with much zeale, constancy, and affection he performs, and after a years suit and protraction, *Victorina* consents to be his Wife, so as he obtains her Father and Mothers consent: whereupon, in fair and discreet termes, he acquaints *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, her Father and Mother, with his long affection to their Daughter *Victorina*, whom he prayes them to bestow upon him in Marriage. But the old couple not at all pleased with the motion, deny him their consent, but they thanke him for his love and honour, and tell him they have disposed of their Daugh'er otherwise, for the truth is, they thought *Sypontus* to be too poor (as having suffered many and great losses by the *Turkes*) and therefore sought a richer Husband for her. And to that end, bring to her one *Seignior Jovan Baptista Souranza*, a much richer, but likewise a far Elder Gentleman.

Victorina sees him with trouble and disgrace, but he her with affection and liking: which different passions produce different effects; for he seeks to perfect the Match with her Parents, she utterly to break it off, not sparing either intreaties, prayers or teares for the same end; but they are deaf and cruell, for within few dayes they violently enforce her to marry *Souranza*.

But *Victorina* though married to, yet loves not *Souranza*, she thinks him too old for her lusty youth, and so laying aside her honour and honesty; she bends her affections from her Husband, to young *Sypontus*; who though he have her not for his Wife, contents himself with this, that, (to use the Venetian phrase) she is his Courtizana, and he her Enamorato; for they now grow familiar, even beyond all modesty; *Souranza* being no sooner abroad, but *Sypontus* is at home, both defiling his bed, and contaminating his Wives body, with the foul sinne of Adultery. And now indeed she is grown so vicious, that she perfectly hates her Husband, and wishes him every day in another world; wch she often hints to *Sypontus*, but he seems to take no notice thereof. But on a sudden, hearing news of two great losses befallen him in the *Levant Seas*, which amounted in the whole to at least seventy thousand Zecchines (above two thirds of his estate) and knowing *Souranza* to be rich, and himself the master of his Wife, resolves also to make himself master of his estate, by murthering him, and marrying his wife.

At

At the next meeting, the matter is broken between them, and concluded on, so some ten dayes after *Victorina* sends *Sypontus* word, that her Husband is to go to his house of plea sure neer *Padua*, on the bank of the River *Brenta*, where he is only to stay three dayes: he embraces the occasion, and hires two wicked *Gondoleirs* or Watermen, who swear secrecy; the day of his return being come, *Sypontus* takes his Gondola, and hovers in the passage betwixt *Lucifizina* and *Venice* for *Souranza* his arrivall, when lo about five of the clock in the evening (it being Summer) in the mid-way *Sypontus* espies him, when with all possible celerity making towards him, disguised and masked, he enters *Souranza's Gondola*, and with his Ponyard stabs him three severall times to the heart, and so being dead cuts off his nose and Beard (that he might not be known) and throws him into the Sea, and his Waterman after him, that he might tell no tales, and speedily posting home, sends *Victorina* this Letter.

Sypontus *to* Victorina.

FAir and deare Victorina, *I have begun and ended a busines, which infinitely imports thy good, and my content; the party hath now drunk his fill of White and Claret, and is now gone to rest: so a little time I hope, will wipe off thy old teares, and confirme thy new joyes; be as but affectionate as I secret, and as secret as I till death will be affectionate, and thou needest not fear my fortunes, nor doubt thine owne: judge what I would do to enjoy thee, and for thy sake, sith I have undertaken, and already acted a business of this nature: We must refrain each others company, that we may the sooner meet, and imbrace with more content, and less danger.*

Sypontus.

Victorina receives this Letter gladly, and rejoyceth at the news, but the better to hide her malice, she now begins to find fault with her Husbands long stay, which now also his kinred begin to feare: they send a Nephew of his own, one *Seignior Andrew Souranza*, to enquire after him, who brings word that he was come from *Lucifizina* for *Venice* four dayes since. His wife

in

in shew, his friends in realiy, grieve, for they cannot by any means get any news of him, till about some eight daves after, providence guided some Fishermen to the place, where casting out their nets, they bring up the dead body of murthered *Souranza*, well clad, which for their own discharge, they bring to *Venice*, and land it at Saint *Marks* stairs, where it is shown to all passengers, among whom *Andrea Sauranza* the dead mans Nephew before mentioned was one, who viewing it very earnestly, at last he espies a red spot in his neck that he brought into the World with him, and a wart over his eye-lid, he passionately cryes out, that it is the body of his Vncle *Seignior Jovan Baptista Souranza*, which being thus known, is taken home by his friends, wherein they finde three severall wounds: but not knowing whence they might come, he is buryed according to his rank. *Victorina* grieves hereat in especiall, puts on blacks together with her Family, but her selfe in two moneths never goes abroad but to the Church: whereof *Seignior Hieronimo Souranza*, a younger brother to the deceased, having curiously taken notice, and knowing his Sister in Law never truly loved her Husband, he began vehemently to suspect her of this murther, and for the more effectuall discovery thereof, he deales with *Victorina*'s Gentlewoman named *Felicia*, who was likewise his Niece, to know what Gentlemen chiefly frequented her Lady. *Felicia* tells him, that *Sypontus* is many nights with her, and there is much love and familiarity between them. and that he sends her many Letters. Her Uncle conjures her to intercept some of his Letters, which she promised, and effected in a short time, for going to fetch her Lady a new pair of Romish Gloves, she opens an ivory box, wherein she finds the very Letter we have formerly seen and read.

Satisfied therewith, and vowing revenge, he goes to the criminall Judges, and accuseth *Sypontus* and *Victorina* of the murther; they are both commited to prison, but separately. They are both examined, but deny the murther, the next day *Sypontus* his own letter is produced, he still confidently denies the fact and disowns the letter. But fearing the worst, he writes to *Victorina* these lines.

Sypontus

Sypontus *to* Victorina.

IS it poſſible that thy affection to me hath beene all this while feigned? and that thou whom I truſted with all my ſecrets, art now become the onely perſon to betray me? I have hazarded my life for thy ſake, and muſt I be ſo unfortunate to looſe it through thy treachery? When I bore matters with ſuch care and ſecrecy, that no witneſſe whatſoever could be produced againſt me, muſt mine owne Letter, ſafely delivered to thee, be brought forth to convict me of my crime? Is this the reward of my love, and the recompence of my affection? O Victorina, Victorina! *Such is my tender eſteem of thy Youth and beauty, that had I enjoyed a thouſand lives, I would have reputed my ſelfe happy to have loſt them all for thy ſake and ſervice: and having but one, wilt thou be ſo cruell to deprive me thereof? but that my loyalty and affection may ſhine in thy maker, take this for thy comfort, that, as I have ever lived, ſo I will now die thy true Servant and faithful Lover.* Sypontus.

Victorina receives this Letter, and at the reading thereof ſhe diſſolves into tears, to think that *Sypontus* ſhould ſuſpect her fidelity, and therefore to clear that doubt to him, ſhe ſends him this anſwer to his letter.

Victorina *to* Sypontus.

I Were the moſt wretched and ingrateful Lady of the world, yea not deſerving to live or breath, if Victorina *ſhould prove treacherous to* Sypontus, *who hath ſtill been ſo true and kind to her. But believe me dear* Sypontus, *and I ſpeak in the preſence of God, upon perill of my ſoul, that I am as innocent, as that witch, that Devill my maid* Felicia *is guilty of the producing of thy Letter, which I fear will prove thy death, and rejoyce, that in it, it ſhall likewiſe prove mine, for to clear my ſelf of ingratitude and treachery,*

as

as I have lived, so I will die with thee, that as We mutually participated the joyes of life, so we may the torments of death; for although thy Letter accuse me not of my Husband Souranza's *murther, yet that my affection may shine in my loyalty, I will not survive but dye with thee, for I will accuse my self to the Judges, not only as an accessary, but as author of that murther, and this resolution of mine I write thee with tears, and will shortly seal it with blood.*

Victorina.

Sypontus receiving this, is much satisfied, that his Lady is innocent; but when he reads her resolution to dye with him, he condemns himself for taxing her, and vowes no torment shall make him accuse her, but that his death shall proclaim her innocency. And now expecting hourly to be called before his Judges, he thinks fit to signifie his mind to her, which he doth in these words.

Sypontus *to* Victorina.

SWeet Victorina, *thy Letter hath given me so full satisfaction, as I repent me of my rash credulity conceived against thy affection and constancy, and now lay the fault of the discovery of thy Letter, where it is, and ought to be, on* Felicia, *not on thy selfe: It is with a sorrowfull, but true presage, that I foresee my life hastens to her period, for the racke is already prepared for me, the torments whereof I will willingly suffer for thy sake, with much constancy and patience. I will deny mine owne guilt the first time, but not the second, but in my torments and death, I will acquit thee of thine, with as true a resolution, as I hope to finde Heaven. Therefore by all the bonds of love and affection, that ever hath been between us, I pray and conjure thee to change thy resolution, and stand on thine innocence; for if thou desirest to gratifie me with thy last affection at my death, let it be, that* Victorina *will live for* Sypontus *his sake, though* Sypontus *die for hers.*

Sypontus.

The

The Letter is ſcare ſent, but he is called before the Judges, and put to the racke, whoſe torments he endures with admirable conſtancy denying all, but the double torments make him confeſs the letter his, and himſelf guilty, but totally cleers *Victorina*. The Judges are glad of this confeſſion, and for his fault condemne him to loſe his head the next day, between the two columnes at St. *Markes* place. And accordingly the morn being come, he is brought to the Scaffold, where before a multitude of Spectators, he confeſſeth this bloody murther but takes it on his death, that *Victorina* is abſolutely innocent, after which the executioner preſently ſevered his head from his body. Three dayes after the Judges conſult of *Victorina*, and ſo ſend for her, and threaten her with the racke, but ſhe very boldly denies all: whereupon they in open Court acquit and diſcharge her.

Six months are ſcarce paſt, ſince theſe tragical revolutions did happen, but ſhe having forgotten all, throwes of her mourning, and adornes her ſelf with her richeſt jewels and habile and reſolves that ſhe will have a ſecond husband: whom ſhe ments, needs not long to ſeek; for her great wealth and beauty bring her many ſuters, out of all whom ſhe picks one *Signeior Ludovicus Faſſino*, a neat and handſome young Gentleman, and withall rich and nobly born, to be the man. He obſerving her affection, ſeeks, courts, and wins her, which her parents underſtanding and knowing him to be vicious and debaucht, they ſeek to divert their Daughter, but in vain, for before full ten dayes acquaintance, ſhe marries him.

But a moneth is hardly paſt ſince the Nuptials, but he begins to leave his wife, and follow his old courſe of whoring, ſo that now ſhe is become a married widow, whereat inwardly fretting to be thus abuſed, her jealouſie making inquiry finds the Lady *Calenare* to be the loadſtone that attracts him from her; at which ſhe ſtorms, and when her husband comes home, for the ſame with injurious words ſhe reviles him, but finding this to do no good. ſhe vows to be revenged, and that his life ſhall pay dearly for his abuſing her, and ſo concludes with her ſelf ſecretly to poyſon him: and for that purpoſe ſends for an Apothecary named *Auguſtino*, to whom ſhe offereth thee hundred Zecchines to undertake and perform it; But he very honeſtly refuſeth her, and cordially perſwades her to better thoughts of heart, but ſhe perſiſting in her bloody

intent

intent, seeing he will not be wrought upon to do it, purposes to do it her self, and so procures poyson from a strange Emperick, and waites opportunity to administer it; which *Fassino's* dissolute life shortly presenteth, for coming home sick, and complaining thereof to his wife *Victorina*, he takes his bed, and prayes her to make him some comfortable broth for his stomach, at which news she exults, and for the better concealing her wickedness, she commands her maid *Felicia* to make the same broath, (intending thereby to be revenged of her also, for discovery of *Sypontus* Letter) and while she is busie in boyling the same, *Victorina* goes to her closet and fetcheth the poyson, whereof she (having sent *Felicia* from the fire) throwes two parts into the broth, and keeps a third by her still. Innocent *Felicia* knowing nothing hereof, gives the broth to *Fassino*, which he sups up, this was in the morning; In the *interim* hereof, *Victorina* goes to her maids chamber, takes the remaining poyson, layes it into *Felicia's* trunck, and so speeds her away. By this time the poyson operates with *Fassino*, he calls for his wife and tells her, he feareth *Felicia* hath poysoned him with the broth, and desires her to send for his friends, who quickly coming, and finding him ready to expire, aske the cause, *Victorina* cries out that her maid *Felicia* had that morning poysoned him with some broth, which dying *Fassino* likewise averrs; hereupon *Felicia* is apprehended, she is amazed, weeps, and cries out, knowing her self innocent, but, doubting this proceeded from her Mistresse. But now *Fassino* dyes, and the criminal Judges advertised thereof, come to his house the next day, and upon examination find all probablities of *Felicia's* guilt, who is upon this hurryed away to prison.

The Iudges go away to their tribunal, send for *Felicia* and examine her, she confesseth the broth, but denyes the poyson, and withall tells them she is afraid, this is a device of her Mistress, they aske her if *Victorina* touched the broth, she saith, not to her knowledge; they remand *Felicia* to prison, go again to *Fassino's* house, secure *Victorina*, search all her closets, boxes, trunkes and caskets, but find nothing, they go to *Felicia's* chamber, search her trunke and therein find the poyson: Now it is on all hands taken for granted that *Felicia* was guilty, yet she denies it, notwithstanding which she is by the Iudges condemned to be hanged, the next morning

at

at St. *Markes* place. At which time ſhe is brought to the place of Execution, and aſcending the Ladder, ſhe proteſts her innocency in this matter, and that ſhe knowes nothing of the poyſon, but imagines her Lady *Victorina* is not innocent, and ſo forgiving all the World, ſhe prepares her ſelfe to dye; when, lo, by the providence of GOD, the Apothecary *Auguſtino* (formerly mentioned) lands at Saint *Markes* ſtairs, who ſeeing a young Gentlewoman ready to be executed, he demanded who ſhe was, and her crime, he is told the whole circumſtance, then remembring *Victorina's* former tempting him to the ſame murther, he confidently believes the Miſtreſs guilty, and the condemned maid innocent: wherefore haſting away to the Officers, he requeſteth them to ſtay the Execution for a little time, becauſe he hath ſomething to ſay concerning *Faſſinoes* murther.

The Executioner is commanded to forbear, and *Auguſtino* immediately in diſcreet manner, informs the Judges of the manner, time, and place, where *Victorina* ſeduced him to poyſon *Faſſino*, which himſelfe refuſed and diſſwaded her from.

The Judges admiring at this diſcovery, remand *Felicia* to priſon, and ſend to apprehend *Victorina*, who being ſuddenly taken, is aſtoniſhed, and confronted with *Auguſtino* (who now makes good his former allegation) after denyall, being adjudged to the Racke, ſhe acquits *Felicia*, and acknowledgeth her ſelfe guiltty, both of her firſt and ſecond Husbands death; upon which confeſſion innocent *Felicia* is preſently freed, and *Victorina* condemned the next morning to be hanged and burnt at St. *Markes* place, which was performed accordingly; ſhe ſhewing her ſelfe very penitent for her ſaid crimes, and wiſhing, hat her example may be a Caveat to forewarn others from the like errours, and ſo conſequ:ntly from the like puniſhments.

HIST. VII.

HISTORY VII.

ANTONIO and *BERINTHIA*.

The Contents.

Catalina *causeth her waiting-maid* Anſilva, *two ſeverall times to attempt to poyſon her owne ſiſter* Berinthia, *wherein failing, ſhe afterward makes an Emperick, termed* Sarmiata *to poyſon her maid* Anſilva. Catalina *is killed with a Thunderbolt, and* Sarmiata *hanged for poyſoning* Anſilva; Antonio *ſteals away* Berinthia *with her own conſent, whereupon her brother* Sebaſtiano *fights with him, and kils him in a Duell.* Berinthia *in revenge murthereth her brother* Sebaſtiano, *ſhe is adjudged to be immured between two walls, and there languiſhing dies.*

IN *Avero* a City of *Portugal* there dwelt a Noble man, named *Don Jaſper de Vilarezo*, great both by blood and revenues, who intermarried with *Dona Alphanta*, the Marqueſſe of *Denia*'s Niece, a Lady extraordinarily fair, and perfectly vertuous, who had iſſue one Son, *Don Sebaſtiano*, and two daughters named, *Dona Catalina*, and *Dona Berinthia*, neither of them wanting their Parents care for their noble and good education. So that now growing to be capable of marriage, many Cavaliers of *Avero*, become ſuitors to them, yea the chiefeſt Cities of *Portugal* ſend their ſons, but his age deeming them too young, puts them all off with honourable excuſes, as not yet intending to marry his daughters.

Sebaſtiano being abroad, becomes intimately acquainted with *Don Antonio de Rivere* of the City of *Elvas*, and chiefe Gentleman to the Duke of *Braganſa*. And that he might perpetuate this their familiarity, he offers him his eldeſt Siſter in marriage, and prayes him to ride over to ſee her.

Don Antonio thankfully liſtneth to him, accepteth his proffer, and prepares for his journey to *Avero*, where now we may ſuppoſe him, together with *Sebaſtiano*, arrived, honourably attended;

he presently visits *Vilarezo*, by whom he is respectfully entertained, where he sees both the sisters: But likes the younger named *Berinthia*, to whom in amorous terms he reveals his love, which she courteously giveth ear to, and to be short accepts. And now so powerful is his affection, that not brooking delays, he finds out her father and mother, and demands of them their daughter *Berinthia* in marriage. *Vilarezo* thanketh him, and offers him his eldest, *Antonio* answers, he requests the youngest, the father replies, *Catalina* shall be first served; whereupon they part.

Antonio continues his suite, and so doth *Sebastiano* for him, but to no purpose, the father is resolute to match *Catalina* first, which forceth *Antonio* to this shift, namely, to comply seemingly with *Catalina*, though *Berinthia* were the mark he aim'd at. But at length having no pretence of stay any longer, he takes his leave which makes *Berinthia* sad. But before his departure, after thanks given for his entertainment, he again prays them not to reject his suit for *Berinthia*, which they return to him for *Catalina*. And thus after some complements ended they part. And in this recess he makes it his only comfort to converse with his *Berinthia* by Letter, which he doth in this manner.

Antonio *to* Berinthia.

SWeet Berinthia, *wert thou as courteous as fair, thou wouldest rest as confident of my affections, as I do of thy beauty, and then as much rejoyce in that, as I triumph in this: but as my tongue lately wanted power, so now doth my art to inform thee, how dearly I love thy beauty, and honour thy vertues, so as could thy thoughts pry into mine, or my heart be so happy to dictate to thine, those should know, and this see, that* Antonio *is ambitious of no other earthly felicity, then either to live thy husband or dye thy martyr. Think with thy self, how far thou undervalu'st my zeal, when I will despair of loving* Catalina, *and yet cannot hope that* Berinthia *will affect me: tis only therefore in thee (sweet Lady) either to crown my joyes by thy consent, or to immortalize my torments by thy refusal. Be pleased therefore, (fair* Berinthia*) to signifie me thy resolution, that I may know my doom and*

and prepare my self either to wed thee, or my grave.

Antonio.

This Letter was sent by *Diego* his Page, (who for his Masters sake is willing to counterfeit love to *Anselva*, the Lady *Catalina*'s Gentlewoman, for the more cleanly conveying his letters) who delivers it to *Berinthia*, who receiveth it with infinite content and joy. In the mean time he delivers his Masters letters to *Vilarezo* in his behalf, and in favour of his suit to *Anselva*; thus having stayed some time he is desirous to depart, and *Berinthia* willing to give *Antonio* some satisfaction, returns these lines to him in answer,

Berinthia *to* Antonio.

HAd I not been more courteous to thee, then I am fair to my self, thou hadst not tasted so much of my affection, nor I so many of my fathers frowns; and although thy tongue and pen have acquainted me with thy rich zeal to my poor merits; yet judge with thy self, whether it be fit for me to requite thee with observance, or him that gave my being with disobedience: As I desire not to have thee die my martyr, so my Father will not permit thee to live my Husband, and yet as it is out of my own power to remedy the first, so it is not impossible for time to compass the last, not that I resolve to give thee too much hope, rather that I aim to take away some of thy despair; to the end I may find thee as constant in thy affection, as thou me sincere in my constancy. My Sisters jealousie of me, and my Fathers distaste of thee, invite thee to manage this favour of mine with as much secrecy as circumspection.

Berinthia.

This Letter she gives with a present to *Diego* to return to his Master, who having his dispatch, takes his leave of *Anselva* with promises to see her in three weeks; and so speeds away, and delivers both to his Master, who received them with infinite affection, the contents whereof breeds such a confusion in his thoughts, that he cannot resolve what to do: therefore, for the

more privacy of his thoughts, he ſuddenly retires, from his emploiment and the Court, to his owne houſe at *Elvas*, purpoſely to be neer *Avero*, that he might looſe no opportunity to proſecute his affection.

Scarce hath he been at home two dayes, ere he ſends *Diego* with another Letter to *Berinthia*: *Anſilva* welcomes *Diego*, whom he hath no ſooner ſaluted, but he ſeeks *Berinthia*, finds her and delivers his Letter, wherein ſhe findeth theſe words,

Antonio *to* Berinthia.

IT is impoſſible for my pen to expreſſe the joyes my heart received at the reading of thy Letter, and as I diſpraiſe not the obedience to thy Father, ſo I infinitely prize thy affection to me, a thouſand times I kiſſed thy lines, and as often bleſt the hand that wrote them: and although they gave me hope, yet theſe hopes have brought me doubt, and that doubt feare: not that thou loveſt me, for that were to diſparage my judgement, in ſeeking to prophane thy affection, but that thou wilt not pleaſe to accept of my promiſe, and to return me thine: wherein, if thou weigh the fervency of my love, I hope thou wilt the incredulity of my feare; for till I am ſo happy not only to hope, but to aſſure my ſelfe, that Berinthia *will be* Antonio's, *as* Antonio *is already* Berinthia's, *I muſt needs feare, and therefore cannot truly rejoce. I have left* Lisbone *to reſide at* Elvas; *therefore (faire and deare Lady) I beſeech thee deſtinate me, diſpoſe my ſervice and command both I long to enjoy the felicity of thy preſence, for I take heaven to witneſſe, thy abſence is my hell on earth.*

Antonio.

Berinthia having read this, is exceedingly pleaſed, and will no longer hold him in ſuſpence, and therefore reſolves to ſend him her heart and conſent in her next. But this calme muſt have a ſtorme, *Catalina* is ſuſpitious of *Diego*, that he ſeemes what he is not, and manageth *Antonio*'s love to her Siſter, ſhe works *Anſilva* to try him, but he is faithfull, and will tell

tell nothing. When behold an accident discovers the whole truth: for on a Sunday morning, *Berinthia* having left her chamber & gone into the Garden; *Catalina* goes into her chamber to see for a little book lately lent her to read, but not finding it where she expected, she seeks it in the pocket of her gown which she wore the day before, and there instead thereof unexpectedly finds *Antonio*'s last letter: whereat being troubled, she takes it away, and shews it to her father, who angry at the same, checks *Berinthia*, and restrains her of her liberty: which her sister *Catalina*, heightens, nay rather then lose *Antonio*, whom she also loves, she concludes to poyson *Berinthia*, to which end she hires *Ansilva* with a hundred duckets, and promise of as much more, who assures her to perform it, wherefore by an unknown messenger she sends for poyson, which is instantly brought her in a small gally-pot, and she resolves the same night to make use of it; but before night *Diego* seeks out *Ansilva*, and finds her in a close bower in the garden, whom he salutes and courts, when on a sudden his nose fell on bleeding, and having bloodied his own handkerchief, *Ansilva* hastily taking hers out of her pocket, therewith drew out the gally-pot, which *Diego*'s spaniel licking up, immediately swelled and dyed before them: they are both amazed, but especially *Ansilva*, who knows not what excuse to make, for *Diego* presseth her to know for whom this poyson was prepared; her uncertain answers make him more inquisitive, so that he prevails, and she tells him, that her mistress *Catalina* had hired her therewith to poyson *Berinthia*.

Diego no sooner knows this, but, under colour of stopping his blood, he gets away and informs *Berinthia* thereof, praying her to be careful of her self and life, and desires her to write, for next morning he will to his master to tell him thereof. And so at his appointed time, pretending his Father had sent for him, he hies away with his news and *Berinthia*'s letter to *Elvas*.

Here must we at present leave him, and come to *Catalina*, who urges *Ansilva* to the performance of her promise, which she again assures her the performance of in three days; and for the effecting thereof she provides a second poysoned potion. In the interim *Diego* comes to *Elvas*, and hastily delivers his master *Berinthia*'s letter, which he found to speak these words.

Berinthia to Antonio.

MY Sisters Catalina's malice is so extreme; for my affection to thee, as she degenerateth not only from grace but nature, and seeks to bereave me of my life: This bearer, thy Page, whom, I pray, love for my sake, sith he under God, hath now preserved me for thine, will more fully and particularly acquaint thee with the manner thereof. So sith there is no safety for me in my fathers house, into whose protection shall I throw my self but into thine, of whose sincere affection I am so confident, as I rest assured thou wilt show thy self in preserving my life with mine honor. It is no point of disobedience in me to my Father, but of dear respect to my own life, and therefore to thee, for, and by, whom I live, that makes me so earnestly desire thy help and sight, sith the first will lead me from despair, and the second to hope and joy, both to content, till Fear and Love makes the Hours years, and minutes moneths. Berinthia.

Antonio understanding this, posts away his Page, to Berinthia with this letter.

Antonio to Berinthia.

AS the Sun breaking forth of an obscure cloud, shines the clearer, so doth thy true affection to me, in that damnable malice of thy silver Catalina to thee for my sake: having therefore first thanked God for thy miraculous preservation, so my Pages fidelity in the discovery of it shall neither be forgotten nor unrequited. I will never rest till I assist thee, which I will not fail to do on monday night at twelve of the clock, when I will wait at the postern of thy Fathers arbour, where let the light of thy candle be my signet, and the report of my Pistoll, thine. I am throwing away my pen, were it not tell thee, that my sword shall protect thy life, and mine honour preserve thine, Diego who brought me the news of thy danger, shall attend thee, in thy sight, he being the bearer hereof. So farewel till we meet.

Antonio.

Diego

Diego flies with this Letter, and delivers it to *Berinthia*, who packing up the chiefest of her apparel and jewels, prepares against the time appointed, when in the *interim*. *Catalina* persisting in her malice, the very same night of her flight, sends *Ansilva* under pretence of kindness to *Berinthia* (pretending to go to bed) with a sweet posset, telling her, her Lady had drunk one half and sent her the other. But she being forewarned, is fore-armed, so accepting thereof, and setting it down, she prays *Ansilva* to fetch her prayer book and gloves out of her Sisters chamber, and during her absence she pours it out into a bason in her closet, and instead thereof (having washed the cup) puts Almond milk therein, which at *Ansilva*'s return, she takes and drinks up before her, and withal gives her the good night and sends her away. *Catalina* demands if the business be dispatched, she answers, yes. About an hour after this, *Diego* comes secretly to *Berinthias* Chamber, to advise of her flight, she tells him of the potion, he startles, but at last joyntly agree to try it on *Catalina*'s Parot, which was then in her chamber: they do so; the bird immediately swells and dies: they wonder at *Catalina*'s malice, praise God for his mercy, throw the rest of the poyson away, and lay the dead parot on the table, waiting now with impatience for *Antonio*'s arrival, when lo she hears his Pistol, *Diego* takes up the trunk and secretly goes away, and *Berinthia* follows him through the first court to the garden, thence to the Postern, where *Antonio* meets her and conveys her to his Coach, which hastes away to *Elvas* with all possible speed, where we must leave them for the present, and come back to *Avero*.

Catalina the next morning hopes to hear some pitiful out-cries for *Berinthia*'s death, but she is deceived, whereat she admires, and according to custom, her maid *Ansilva* and her self, about ten a clock went up to *Berinthia*'s Chamber, whom they find not, only *Catalina*, instead of her Sister, finds her parot dead on the table: They look fearfully on one another, but hearing that *Diego* was also gone, they agree that *Berinthia* is fled. *Catalina* gives the Alarum and tels her Father, Mother and Brother hereof, who making inquiry, find that she was conveyed away by *Antonio*. *Vilarezo* and *Sebastiano* stormes hereat, and consult what to do. They send a messenger to see, who returns, and assures them that *Berinthia* is with *Antonio*. *Vilarezo* being sick of the gout, sends *Sebastiano* with six resolute Gentlemen, to draw

reaſon of *Antonio* for the affront, and to bring back *Berinthia* by o nmeans or other. *Sebaſtiano* arrives, layes before him the affront, and tells him, that his Father and himſelf are reſolved to have *Berinthia* again at what price ſoever, and ſo fairly demands her. *Antonio* anſwers and denies to deliver *Berinthia*, and for reaſon tells him the two attempts of *Catalina* to poyſon her; and therefore he reſolves to protect her from the live dangers for the future in his Caſtle: where we muſt leake her to ſpeak of *Catalina*, who finding her treachery to *Berinthia* revealed, (by her Fathers examination of her to that point) and knowing *Anſilva* might make good the ſuſpition againſt her, ſhe thinks it now high time to make her away, for the effecting, whereof *Catalina* ſends for an Emperick, one *Pedro Sarmiata*, and bargains with him for a hundred duckets to poyſon *Anſilva*, which he undertakes, and in few dayesby in'ufing poyſons into ſome potions adminiſtred to her ſh e dies. While this acting at *Avero*. by *Catalina*, her Brother is preparing for the like, though ſomwhat more honourably at *Elvas*, who having received order from his Father, either by law or the ſword to bring home *Berinthia*, ſends *Villandras* his Couſen to *Antonio* for his laſt reſolution, which was as before; *Sebaſtiano* minding his honour and reputation ſolely, reſolves to regain his Siſter by armes, and ſo making choice of *Villandras* for his Second, the next morning he ſends him to *Antonio's* Caſtle with this enſuing challenge.

Sebaſtiano *to* Antonio.

I Muſt either return my Siſter Berinthia *to* Avero, *or loſe my life here at* Elvas, *for I had rather dye, then ſee her diſhonour, ſith hers, is mine: neither do I firſt infringe or violate the bonds of our familiarity, in regard thou art both the Author and the cauſe thereof, wherefore, of two things reſolve on one, either to morrow morning at ſix of the clock render me my Siſter* Berinthia, *or elſe at that hour, meet me on foot with thy Second in the ſquare green meadow, under thine own Caſtle, where the choicte of two ſingle rapiers ſhall attend thee, if thou ar honourable, thou will grant my firſt, if generous not deny my ſecend requeſt.*

Sebaſtiano.

Antonio

Antonio receives and accepts hereof, and chuſing a neer Kinſman of his, named *Don Belaſco* for his Second, they privately meet at the appointed time and place, whither they are no ſooner come, but they throw off their doublets and draw, and at the third cloſe *Sebaſtiano* runs him through the body near the heart, whereat firſt ſtaggering, he ſoon after fell down dead, and as it were in the turning of a hand, the like fate attends *Bellaſco*. This combat is quickly divulged, and notice of the ſame given to the criminall Judges, who in favour of money and friends, remit *Sebaſtiano* and *Villandras*, and give them their pardons, which they have no ſooner gotten, but *Sebaſtiano* comes to *Antonio's* Caſtle-gate and demands *Berinthia*; which is utterly denyed: he ſeeks aid of the Judges, who grant him an armed force, wherewith he forces the Caſtle, and takes his Siſter away (in the midſt of her tears and mourning for her dear *Antonio*) who refuſeth all comfort, and cannot look upon her Brother, but with an eye of indignation and revenge, which ſhe vowes one time or other to take of him. Thus *Berinthia* is by force againſt her will brought home, where her ſiſter *Catalina*, confeſſeth privately her former malice to her, in ſeeking reconciliation we muſt leave them.

Anſilva had a Siſter named *Iſabella*, which was to be married, who invites the Ladies, *Catalina* and *Berinthia* to her wedding, *Berinthia's* ſorrowes makes her ſtay at home, but *Catalina* takes Coach to go thither, when behold ſhe was in the way a ſudden tempeſt ariſes, and a terrible thunderbolt pierceth her through the breaſt, and almoſt kills her in her Coach, at the fiight hereof her waiting maids and Coachman returns home wirh her, who is put to bed, where finding ſhe cannot live, ſhe confeſſeth, that ſhe twice attempted to poyſon her Siſter *Berinthia* by her waiting maid *Anſilva*, and ſince that, that ſhe had hired one *Sarmiata* to poyſon the ſaid *Anſilva*, which he performed, whereof ſhe heartily repented and ſo dyed. The criminall Judges are acquainted hereof, who decree order and power to apprehend *Sarmiata* who was at *Iſabella's* wedding, whither by this time the news of *Catalina's* ſudden death is arrived, which amazes *Sarmiata* who endeavours to eſcape: But the houſe being beleaguered with Officers, he is taken going forth. and

committed close prisoner : In the afternoon being examined and put to the Rack, he confesseth all the circumstances of the murther, for which next morning he was hanged right against *Vilarezo* his house, on a gibbet purposely erected.

Return we now to *Berinthia*, who hating her brother *Sebastiano* for killing her husband *Antonio*, swears his death; for the doing whereof she provides her self of a sharp long knife, and about ten dayes after her Sisters death, early in a morning, with the knife hidden in her sleeve, and a Lute in her hand, she comes to *Sebastiano's* Chamber, and findes him sleeping, which as soone as she perceives, she layes down her Lute, takes her knife. and with it cuts his throat, so as he could neither cry nor speak ; and giving him seven severall wounds through the body, leaves him there and retires to her chamber : But not so secretly, but she is seen by *Philippo* her dead Brothers Page entring her chamber. *Philippo* goes up to his Master, finds him murthered in his bed, and thereupon cries out. The noise calls all the house together, who search for the murtherer, but finding none, the Page saith he fears it is *Berinthia*, they enquire of her, she denyes her knowledge in any thing of it : her Chamber is searched and trunks, and nothing harmfull, or offensive weapon found, yet the Judges must be certified hereof, who presently come to the house, and hearing *Philippo's* words, and weighing other circumstances they suppose her guilty, and commit her to prison. The next morning she is examined, and persists in her denyall; thereupon before she is put to the Rack, it is thought fit once more to search her Chamber, where they pry into all places and things there, yea into her very close stool, where at last they find *Berinthia's* bloody gown, and in it wrapt up the murthering knife, which brought before the Judges and shewn : at the sight of the same she confesseth the whole murther, and beggeth mercy of her Judges, who notwithstanding condemn her to be hanged in the publick market place.

But by the mediation of her friends with much difficulty, her sentence is altered, and she is condemned to be immured up betwixt two walls, and there with a slender dyet to end the remainder of her dayes, and this sentence was speedily put in execution, where in a short time the yellow jaundies, and a burning feaver shorten her days.

Thus was misery and shame the attendants of that family,

and

and all indeed by the fathers perverſneſs: May all parents be warned hereby not to think to bind up affection by force: and may all children pray for grace to withſtand the Devil, though urged by the rigour of their reſtraint to the contrary.

HISTORY VIII:

BELVILE and *LAURIETA*.

The Contents.

Belvile *treacherouſly murthereth* Poligny *in the ſtreet*, Laurieta Poligny's *miſtreſs betrayeth* Belvile *to her Chamber, and there, in revenge ſhoots him: when aſſiſted by her waiting-maid* Lucilla *they give him many wounds with a ponyard and murther him.* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake and* Laurieta *taken, hanged and burnt for the ſame.*

IN *Avignon* a City of *France* there dwelt a young Gentlewoman of about twenty years of age, called *Madamoſelle Laurieta*, by the death of her parents left to her ſelf, being more fair then rich, and endued with many excellent qualities and perfections, but all were ſullied with one Vice namely unchaſtity. Whereto ſhe gave her ſelf over, but eſpecially with one *Mounſieur de Belvile*, who had more wealth and money then either wit or grace, and was ſo ſotted in *Laurieta*'s love that he ſpends his time wholly in courting and entertaining her; however ſhe is advertiſed, that he is not content to enjoy her, but that he brags of her favours, yea and hath let fall ſome ſpeeches tending to her diſhonour. Whereof the next time of meeting ſhe tels him, and after a ſharp check, forbids and baniſheth him her company, but he perſevers in his love, which *Lauritea* minding, and judging his innocency by his conſtancy, ſhe readmits him into her favour, with proteſtation of ſevere revenge if ever he offended again in the like nature.

About

About this time comes to *Avignion* one *Mounſieur de Poligny*, a brave young Gentleman, who no ſooner ſees *Laurieta*, but he is enamoured with her, ſalutes and courts her, but not in the way of honour or marriage, but to make her his curtezan, but ſhe is averſe and deaf to his requeſts, whereat he grows penſive, and beats his wits, how he may attain to enjoy her: when lo an unexpected occaſion preſents it ſelf to him in this manner.

Madamoyſelle La Palaiſeire, a rich young Gentlewoman living in *Avignion*, ſeeing *Poligny* dance, falls in love with him, whereof he receives ſo many ſecret ſigns, as he cannot be ignorant of the ſame, but he ſlights her for *Laurieta*, yet ſhe is ſo blinded with Love, that knowing *Laurieta* was the cauſe of *Poligni*'s diſdain to her, ſhe reſolves with the firſt opportunity to acquaint him that *Belvile* was *Laurieta*'s Servant, and ſhe his Miſtreſs, which not long after having a fit time, ſhe doth, which ſo nettles him to the heart, that he cannot reſt till aſcertained of the truth thereof, which he finds no means or perſons ſo able to do, as *Lucilla*, *Laurieta*'s waiting-maid; her he wins with gold and ſhe reveals all, confirming *Palaiſeires* words, that *Belvile* was her ſole favorite; yet for ſome words dropt lately from him againſt her honour, he was like to have been diſcarded. *Poligny* underſtanding, and withall being told this that *Belvile* was but a coward, he concludes to work on him, and ſo inſinuates into *Belviles* company, and becomes familiar with him, ſo as there are not greater conſorts and companions then they, *Poligny* now waiting his time makes a party at *Tennis* with *Belvile* for a collation and beats him, and ſo taking two Gentlemen *La Fontain* and *Borels* with them, they go to the Tavern, where they are very merry and *Poligny* telling *Belvile* he was ſorry for his loſs, invites him to ſee the City of *Orange*, where he will repay him in a dinner. The invitation is accepted, and the next morn they all four take horſe for *Orange*. Where having viewed that antient City, with all the remarkable objects and monuments therein, they go to their Inn, fall to their Viands, and after dinner waſh them down with ſtore of Wine. And now *Poligny* lays his bait, O! quoth he how happy are the Gentlemen of *Italie* to us of *France*, for after dinner they go every one to his Courtizan without controul, I know not, ſaid *La Fontain*, but I believe *Avignon* has good-

good-fellow wenches as well as *Italy*. Yea, quoth *Belvile* I am sure for Jewes and Curtezans, it may be compared with any City of *Italy*; For from the Lady to the Kitchin-maid all are tractable. Nay said *Borells*, except still our holy Sisters the Nunns. Not I, quoth *Belvile*, nor my Mistress neither, and so names *Laurieta*. *Poligny* hath now what he sought for, so their mirth ended, they return to *Avignion*, where he cannot rest till he have informed her of *Belviles* folly: which next morning by his Lackey he doth in this manner.

Poligny *to* Laurieta.

IT is out of sincere affection to thee, not of malice to Belvile *that I presume to signify thee, how lately in my presence at* Orange, *his tongue let fall some words that tended to thy dishonour: whereof I know it is not onely the part, but the duty of a true Gentleman, to be rather curious in preserving, than any way ingratefull in the revealing thereof. If thou wilt not approve my zeale, yet thou hast all the reason in the World to pardon my presumption: and to make my Letter reall, what my pen affirms to* Laurieta, *my Sword is ready to confirm to* Belvile,

Poligny.

Laurieta receives this Letter, with grief, Choler, and astonishment, and having returned many thanks to *Poligny* for his courtesie by his Page, sends for *Belvile*, who is no sooner come to her, but she chargeth him with the scandall delivered by him at *Orenge* in presence of *Poligny*, and others, against her honour and chastity, wherewith she fell into such a rage, that she would there have stabb'd him, had she not been diverted by her Waiting-maid *Lucilla*; he is startled at her passionate carriage, forswears and denies the words, and vowes his innocency, she, to convince him, produceth *Polignie's* Letter, but he still denies it, but she will not be satisfied, unlesse he vindicate her honour against *Poligny* in a Duell, which, rather driven by necessity than courage, he undertakes, and some three dayes after, sends him by his Lackey this challenge,

Belvile

Belvile *to* Poligny.

THy malice and treachery to me is as odious as remarkable; for while I sought to cherish thy friēdship, it hath bin thy ambition to betray mine, in sowing discord betwixt the Lady thou waitest of & my self, upon the point of her honour, for whose defence I owe not only my service, but life; therefore, since I have bin the undeserved object of thy malice, finde it not strange, that I justly repute thee the cause of my envy, which can receive no other satisfactiō, but that to morrow at 5. in the morning, thou meet me, without Seconds on the bridg by the iron stump, with thy single rapier, where I will attend thee with another, of which two take thou the choice, and give me the refusall. Belvile.

Poligny receives this challenge with admiration at his resolution, and bids the Lackey tell his Mr. he will not fail to meet him at the hour and place appointed. The morning is now come, and *Belvile* with very unwilling steps is come to the Bridge, and soon after comes *Poligny*, so preparing themselves, and having drawn their weapons, they joyn with resolution and fury; but after the receit of two wounds, *Belvile* throws off his sword, prays *Poligny* to desist, for he holds himself satisfied, and desires his life, which *Poligny* grants him, and so they part: *Poligny* going to his chamber, and *Belvile* to the Chyrurgeons. The newes of this combate is spread abroad by two Souldiers who had seen them fighting: she sends to *Belvile* to know the truth, he will not be spoken with, then she resolves to send to *Poligny*, but is prevented, for he in person comes to her Chamber, where, after a complemental salute, he tels her, that he had given *Belvile* two wounds for her sake, and his life for his own, whereat she rejoyceth. and here bogin their affections.

While thus *Poligny* triumphs in *Laurieta's* affection, *La Pelaseire* is grieved for his losse, that she cannot gain him, and *Belvile* vows to redeem his honour with *Polignies* life, which *La Palaiseire* understanding by some words she heard, out of her tender love to him, she reveals it to him in this ensuing Letter.

La

La Paliseire *to* Poligny.

TO testifie now the constancy of my affection with inke, as I have formerly the fervency thereof with tears, thou hast some cause to fear, and I cause to doubt, that Belvile *hath some dangerous project to put in execution against thy life, and as I reveal it to thee out of care, so look thou prevent it by discretion, lest he bereave thee of thy life, as thou hast him of his* Laurieta. *I do not presume to send thee this advice out of any irregular ambition to purchase thy favour, but onely to let thee know, that my affection can shine through the clouds of thy disdain. Regard therefore thine own safety, albeit thou wilt not respect my content, and although thou wilt not afford me the honour to be thy Mistress, yet I will take the resolution to live and dye thine hand maid.* La Palaiseire.

Poligny receives this Letter with laughter at her affection, for he is so besotted on *Laurieta*, that he minds nothing else; yet upon second thoughts he thinks to return thanks to *La Paliseire*, which he doth after a slight manner, and so growes careless of himself, not minding her advice: but *Belvile* is more watchfull in his malice. For understanding that he comes often very late from *Laurieta*, he resolves to run him through with his Rapier, as he issueth forth of her house: and the better to hide his villany, he goes from *Avignon* and pretends to the City of *Aix* in *Provence*, but after six dayes returning with none but his Lackey in disguise, he passeth the gates, and goes to *Laurieta's* door, and there stands with his Rapier drawn, (being informed that *Poligny* was there;) about one of the clock in the night *Poligny* comes out, and is no sooner in the Street, but *Belvile* meets him, and runs him through, and suddenly doubling his blow, kills him dead, which done he runs to Horse, and by the same gate he entered (for money) he goes out to *Orenge*, and thence to *Aix* the next day. By this time the Neighbour-hood takes allarm, and findes the murthered body, which the Criminall Judges, upon notice thereof, coming to view, know to be Monsieur

Poligny;

Poligny; they make a ſtrict and diligent ſearch, but cannot find the murtherer.

But *Laurieta* is ſatisfied in her thoughts, and deeply, ſwears, that nothing ſhall ſatisfie her for *Poligny*'s death, but *Belviles* blood, who, conſcious of his own guilt, flies from *Aix* to *Lyons*, and thence to *Paris*, where he thought to ſecure himſelf in the multitude of people thither reſorting, and there reſiding: And in that place he falls to his old ſins of Adultery and Whoredom, which in a ſhort time ſo drain his purſe, that he loaths *Paris*, and will return to *Avignion*. And he is the rather induced to it, by a freſh remembrance of *Laurieta*, whom he prefers before all the beauties of *Paris*, and ſo he is reſolute to ſend one of his Lackeys to *Avignion*, partly for money, but chiefly to deliver a letter to *Laurieta*, which he doth, wherein were contained theſe lines.

Belvile *to* Laurieta.

IF Poligny *had as truly reſpected me, as I dearly loved thee, thou hadſt not ſo ſoon caſt me out of thy favour, nor God him ſo ſuddenly out of the World, and, though he dyed mine enemy, yet in deſpight of his malice and death, I will live his friend. And if thou lovedſt him, as I think thou didſt, I wiſh I might fight with his murtherer for his own ſake, & kill him for thine. What or what not I have performed for thy ſake, is beſt known to my ſelf, ſince thou diſdaineſt to know it, but if thou wilt pleaſe to abandon thy diſdain, then my affection and the truth will inform thee, that I have ever conſtantly reſolved to dye thy ſervant, though thou have ſworn never to live my Miſtreſs; ſo that could I but as happily regain thy affection and favour, as I unjuſtly loſt it,* Belvile *would quickly leave* Paris *to ſee* Avignion, *and abandon all the beauties of the World to do homage to fair and ſweet* Laurieta.

Belvile.

She rejoyceth at the receipt hereof to his Lackey, but laughs in her ſleeve to ſee him thus beſotted to his ruine, (which ſhe hath purpoſed) and to keep him ſtill in darkneſs, ſhe ſends him a preſent, and this Letter in return of his by his own Lackey.

Laurieta

Laurieta *to* Belvile.

AS I acknowledge I loved Poligny, *so I confess I never hated thee, and, if his treacherous insinuation were too prevalent with my credulity, attribute it to my indiscretion, not inconstancy: for if he dyed thine enemy, let it suffice that I live thine hand-maid. I am so far from disdaining, as I infinitely desire to know what thou hast done for my sake, that I may requite thy love with kisses, and make my thankes wipe off the conceit of my ingratitude, as for my affection, it was never lost to thee, nor shall ever be found but of thee. To conclude, I wish our little* Avignion *were thy great* Paris: *And, if thy love be as firme as mine, let my* Belvile *hasten to see his* Laurieta, *who hath vowed to rejoyce more a thousand times at his return, than ever she grieved at* Polignies *death.*

Laurieta.

The receit and perusal of this Letter spur him forward in his desires, so that he speeds to *Avignion*, and the very first night of his arrivall visits her, who embraceth him with an extraordinary seeming affection, and prayeth him to visit her often, so they part. The next day he comes to her again, when she prayes him to tell her what he hath done for her sake, he swearing her to secresie tells her, that it was he who killed *Poligny* in manner afore-mentioned: she observes he alwayes carries a pistoll about him, and askes him the reason, he tells her, 'tis in his owne defence. So they part again, he having gotten a promise of further favour the next day after dinner. In the mean time she ruminates of nought but his death, and the meanes to effect it, which she concludes to be his owne pistoll: and now full resolved, she deals with her waiting-maid *Lucilla*, and with gold, gains her consent to assist her, and then bids her be sure to have a good Ponyard ready in case they need it, which *Lucilla* gets ready.

The time is now come, and *Belvile* has no sooner dined, but he comes on horseback with his two Lackeyes to her door,

and going up ſtairs ſhe meets him, aſſuring him of her love and readineſſe to pleaſure him, only ſhe deſires him to ſend away his Lackeyes, which he ſtepping aſide to do, *Laurieta* ſteps to her maid, and bids her ſtand cloſe to her with the ponyard; *Belvile* returns, and ready to return (as he thought) into a withdrawing chamber, layes his piſtoll on the table, which *Laurieta* takes up, and enquires if it be charged, and how to ſhoot it off; he ſhews her: ſo ſhe is deſirous to ſhoot it off, and prayes him to look out at the window for a mark; he ſtooping to look out, *Laurieta*, having the Piſtol ready bent in her hand, ſhoots into the reins of his back. at which ſtaggering, *Lucilla* ſteps up, and with the Ponyard gives him five or ſix wounds through the body, ſo as he falls dead at their feet: which done, they drag his body down ſtairs into a low Cellar, where they bury him in his clothes, and pile billets over him. The Lackeys of *Belvile* ſtay till night with his horſe; but not ſeeing him to come, they go to *Laurieta's* houſe to enquire for him. She anſwers them, that he ſtayed not an hour with her ere he went away, and that ſhe had not ſeen him ſince; thy expect him two or three dayes, but not hearing of him, acquaint ſome Gentlemen his Friends, who go with them, and demand him of *Laurieta*, ſhe anſwers as before; but they are ſuſpicious of her, and acquaint the Criminal Judges, who after examination of ſeveral parties, commit her to priſon: where about three weeks after, virtuous *La Palaſeire* viſits her, to whom in diſcourſe among other things *Laurieta* told her, that her ſelf was as innocent of *Belviles* death, as ſhe was of *Polignies*, which words being overheard, were inſtantly carried to the Judges, who thereupon apprehend *La Palaiſeire*, whoſe innocency making her undaunted, ſhe upon examination relates all that ſhe knew, as before herein related: whereupon, with commendation thy acquit her. And now newes is brought to *Laurieta* to priſon. that *Lucilla* her waiting maid is ſecretly fled, which cauſeth more ſuſpition in the Judges, who ſet all the Citie and Countrey for her apprehenſion; ſo that now *Laurieta* is in deſpair, as thinking it impoſſible ſhe ſhould eſcape: but ſee the judgement of God! for as ſhe fled by night from *Avignon* to *Orenge* ſhe was drown'd. and the next morning found dead, between the two Cities in the ſame Lakes; which news revives *Laurieta*, for now ſhe knowes, ſhe

cannot

cannot accuse her. But this slight adding a probability to *Laurieta*'s crime, she is judged to the Rack, the torments whereof she endures with patience and constancy, stoutly denying her fact and maintaining her innocency, which makes her Judges to acquit her the week following, if they heard nothing to the contrary in the mean time; whereat she grows proud, and builds castles in the Ayre.

But lo here an accident. *Laurieta* being indebted to her Landlord a whole years rent, and three hundred Livers in money which he had lent her, and finding no hopes of getting either, lets out that part of his house which she held of him, to the Dean of *Carpentras* (who was come that winter to sojourn in *Avignion* for his healths sake) and for his satisfaction, sells her houshold stuff, even to the billets in her Cellar: upon the removal of the last whereof, they finde the earth hath lately been opened to the proportion of a grave, whereof the servants telling their Master, he instantly believes, that undoubtedly *Laurieta* had killed *Belvile*, and buried him there; wherewith he acquaints the Judges, who hast thither, and causing the new opened earth to be removed, they finde the murthered body of *Belvile* in his clothes; And now resting confident that *Laurieta* and her maid were guilty, they privately convey *Belviles* body the prison, and there expose it to her sight, roughly charging her with the murder of it: But she nothing terrified, denies it stoutly. Her Judges command to have her paps seared off with hot burning Pincers, to draw out the truth; whereat amazed, and seeing the torment ready to be inflicted, with tears in her eyes, throwing her self on her knees confesseth, that she and *Lucilla* were the murtherers of *Belvile*; whereupon she is presently condemned, first to be hanged, then burnt, in the same street right against her Lodging; and that *Lucilla*'s dead body should be taken out of the grave, and burned with hers, which the next day after dinner was done according to order.

And this was the end of Lust, Whoredome and Revenge; for never will the divine Providence pardon such crimes. Let every good Christian then learn to observe that Rule of the Apostle, to *keep their vessel in holinesse*, so may their lives be happy, and their deaths blessed.

HISTORY XI:

CASTELNOVO and *PERINA.*

The Contents.

Jacomo de Castelnovo *lustfully falls in love with his daughter in law* Perina, *his own sons Wife, whom to enjoy, he causeth* Jerantha, *first to poyson his own Lady* Fidelia, *& then his son* Francisco: *in revenge whereof,* Perina *murthers him in his bed.* Jerantha *ready to dye in travell, confesseth her two murthers, for which she is hanged and burnt.* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetuall imprisonment, where she dies.*

OF late and fresh memory beyond the Alps, there was a rich and noble Gentleman named *Seignieur Antonio de Asconero*, who by his Wife lately deceased had two children, a son called *Seignieur Alexandro*, and a Daughter known by the name of the Lady *Perina*, the son altogether beloved, and the daughter wholly sleighted, by her Father: she bears her fathers frowns with an admirable patience; he building too much on his fathers love, debauched himselfe, gets a surfeit at a banquet, which cast him into a pestilent fever, and that in three dayes, into his grave.

Perina is now the sole surviving daughter and heir, yet this altereth not her fathers disrespect, for he still looks on her with disdain and envy, which brings her to melancholy, and that to sickness, which being resented by her kindred, an Aunt of hers termed the Lady *Dominica*, so works with her brother in law *Asconeto*, that he is content his daughter *Perina* should reside and dwell with her, whereat the Aunt is glad, but the Niece overjoyed.

Being now thus setled, her Aunt hath a Daughter named *Dona Bertha* to be marryed to one *Seignieur Bartholomeo Spelassi* of *Nice*, who, the day of Nuptials being come, arrives at the Lady *Dominica*'s house nobly attended; at which solemnity

Perin

Perina is appointed to conduct the Bridegroom to the Church; and one *Francisco de Castlenovo* an eminent Cavalier, was selected for the same ceremony to the Bride, which Gentleman was a Native of *Nice*, a Knight of *Malta*, and Son and Heir to Seignieur *Jacomo Castlenovo* a very ancient and rich Baron of Savoy. At this marriage *Francisco de Castlenovo* coming acquainted with *Perina*, and hearing that her descent and quality answered his, he intends to seek her in marriage: in pursuance of which intent he takes an opportunity to reveal his deep affection to her, and during the whole time of his stay, which was 15. dayes, he never left courting her, till he had obtained her affection and consent to be his Wife.

Castlenovo acquaints the Lady *Dominica*, and desires her best assistance to her Brother *Arcneto*, which she promiseth, and forthwith attempteth, and himself seconds her: the Father is so willing to be rid of his Daughter on any termes, that he persently gives his consent, whereat he posts away to *Nice* to his own Father *Jacomo*, and returning likewise speedily with his consented, *Perina* and *Castlenovo* are almost as soon married as *Spelassi* and *Bertha* though with less pomp,

Castlenovo having brought home his fair and dear Spouse *Perina* to *Nice*, shee is honourably welcomed by *Jacomo* the Father, with infinite feasting and mirth, whereat the young people rejoyce, and thinke themselves in Heaven. But old *Castlenovo* being aged sixty and eight yeares, forgets his duty both to GOD and himselfe, and lusts after his young Daughter in Law *Perina* And the better to draw her to his lure, he is wonderfully courteous and affable to her, whereat her selfe and Husband very much rejoyce. But, not daring to acquaint her with his beastly desires, while her Husband is at home: he incites him to go to the Wars, to expell the Spanyards out of *Piedmont*, adding, that his honour and the service of his Prince and Country called him to the field. His son not suspecting his Fathers treachery, notwithstanding his Wives intreaties and tears, is resolute to leave her for three or four moneths, and accordingly, fitting his train, horses and Armes, he goes to the Camp, where we for the present leave him.

Old *Castlenovo* (his sonne gone) now fits himselfe, like a young wooer is still with *Perina*, and ever and anon kissing her, which

which though she think it too much, yet a fathers name made it passe for currant. But the Lady *Fidelia* seeing her old Husbands humour, began to fear the worst, and indeed thinks he hath lustful thoughts, at which she both admires and grieves, admiring that his age should be so sottish, and grieving that no respect of heaven, conscience or hell, could allay his bestiall heat: but managing her griefs with discretion, one day with tears in her eyes, she very secretly checks him for these lascivious thoughts towards their daughter in law *Perina*.

Nipped herewith, instead of growing better, he growes worse, and seeing she stood in the way to hinder his bestiality, he vowes he will soon remove her out of this world into another, to which end, after many various ruminations, he at last concludes to poyson her, and he believes no instrument so fitting to be made use of, as her own waiting Gentlewoman *Jerantha*, which he moves to her, and she in regard of former kindnesse between them, and for five hundred Duckets, undertakes, and by infusing poyson into white broath, which one morning she made for her, within eight dayes gave her virtuous Lady a dispatch into another world; the old Lecher her Husband inwardly rejoyceth, but in outward shew he is exceedingly afflicted, and dejected, and in a very honourable manner, causeth her to be interred.

While this Tragedy is acted at *Nice*, Peace is mediated and concluded between *Spain* and *Savoy*; the Wars thus ended, home comes our young *Castlenovo*, where he is entertained with mourning for his Mother; but his Father grieving inwardly at his return, and knowing 'twas impossible for him to obtain his aim, while his Son was at home, he bends all his wit to find out some honourable pretext to send him away. In a short time two severall employments present themselves, the choice of which he offers to his son, either to go to *France* with the Prince *Major*, who was short to espouse the Kings second sister: or else to go to *Malta* to get a pension during his life. The son and his Wife like that of *France*, for diverse reasons, but the father prefers that of *Malta*, whereto in a filial obedience he submits.

So all things prepared and ready for his voyage, after many tears and dear embraces he takes leave of his beloved Wife *Perina*, and embarks upon a French galley bound for *Malta*, where we are forced again to leave him, and return to old *Castlenovo*.

This

This filthy old Lecher now assures himself that either by fair or foul means he will have his pleasure of his daughter in Law *Perina*, and to win upon her, he gives her the sole Government of his house; when fifteen dayes being scarce past, finding her in her Chamber playing on her Lute, after some pauses, coughes and kisses, he vomiteth forth his fervent affection and desire, at which she is so vexed and enraged, that throwing away her Lute, she very hastily and cholerickly abandoneth his presence and her chamber, but he will not leave her, but in every walk, garden, and room, haunts her as her ghost, meaning to gain by importunity what he cou'd not by perswasion, but she is inflexible, and infinitely grieved at his wicked perseverance, but how to quench the fire of his lust, she knows not, she hath no friend to retire or make her moan to, she lives only by this hope that her Letter may procure her Husbands speedy return, for the obtaining whereof she writes to him these few lines.

Perina *to* Castlenovo.

Although mine eyes and heart can better weep and sigh for mine afflictions, than my pen depaint them, yet I should infinitely wrong thee in my self, and my self in thee, if I inform thee not by this my Letter, that my affection deserves, and mine honour requires thy speedy retnrn to me; I would unlock thee this mistery, & make it more obvious to the eye of thine understanding, but that mine owne modesty and anothers shame command my pen to silence herein. And again, my tears so confusedly and mournfully interrupt my sighes, they my tears, and both my pen, as although I have the will, yet I want the power to enlarge to thee. Onely my dear Castlenovo, *if ever thy* Perina *were dear to thee, make her happy with thy sight, who deems her self not only miserable, but accursed in thy absence. For till* Nice *be thy* Malta, *Heaven may, Earth cannot rejoyce*

Perina.

This Letter she sends by an intimate friend of her Husbands,

called *Seignieur Benedetto Sabia*, who in a short time comes to *Malta*, where he delivers *Castlonovo* his Wives Letter and Token, at the newes whereof he is troubled, but construing it only to be a fetch of his Wives affection to call him home, and loth to abandon his hopes of preferment in the Island, which the Grand Master hath now promised him, he returnes *Sabia* to *Nice*, with a rich Emerald Ring, and letter in these words.

Castlenovo *to* Perina.

MY Dear and fair Perina, *thy sighes and tears the more afflict me, in respect I am ignorant whence they proceed, or what occasioned them: 'Tis true, thy affection deserves my return, and the preservation of thine honour not only may require, but command it, but I am assured of that, and so confident of this, that I know thou wilt carry the first to thy grave, and the second to Heaven. So, if any one since my departure hath fallen in love with thee, thou must not find it strange, much less grieve thereat, sith the excellency of thy beauty hath power, not only to captivate one; but many, yea the consideration thereof should rather rejoyce than grieve thee, since whatsoever he be, the shame in the end will remain his, and the glory thine. But dear and sweet Lady, I think thine honour is only the pretext, & thy affection the cause, so earnestly to desire my return, whereunto I would willingly consent, but that the daily expectance of my preferment must a little longer detain me here: only this is my resolution, and I pray let it be thy assurance, I will dispatch my affairs here with all possible expedition, and shall never think my self happy, till I reimbark from* Malta, *and land at* Nice.

Castlenovo.

As this Letter was a comfort, so the reading thereof proved unpleasant because she was thereby ascertained of her Husbands stay, which was the greatest affliction she ever underwent; for now she knows not what to do, or which way to turn her self, the fear of her Father in lawes wicked obsti-

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nacy, making her more than miserable, and indeeed her fear was not causeleſſe; for, perſiſting in his impious intent, and ſeeing he cannot by intreaties, or fair means prevail, he now adds threats to his requeſts, and proteſts that force ſhall compel, what perſwaſions cannot intreat; with which deportment being terribly affrighted, (as not accuſtomed thereto) as well to preſerve her life as her honour, ſhe begins to provide for her ſafety, and ſo determineth to leave *Nice*, and to flye to her own unkind Father *Arconeto*; and to aſſiſt her in her eſcape, ſhe makes choice of *Sabia*, (her Husbands friend, and her Meſſenger to him) upon whoſe faith and her own vertues ſhe dares relye; ſhe prayes his help, he conſents, ſo ſhe preparing her apparell, and he her train, they in a dark night take horſe, and with great expedition paſſe the *Alpes*, and recover her Father *Arconetoe's* houſe, where, upon conſideration of all the former paſſages, ſhe growes ſickly, which makes her once more reſolve to ſend *Sabia* to *Malta* with a ſecond Letter to her Husband, which ſhe penneth in this form.

Perina *to* Caſtlenovo.

SIth thou wilt not leave Malta, *to ſee* Nice *for my ſake, I have left* Nice *to live, or rather to dye at my Fathers in St.* John de Mauriene *for thine. 'Tis true, my affection hath deſired thy return, which thou haſt not granted me. 'Tis as true, that one, to whom nature hath given a prime and ſingular intereſt in thee, and thee in him, hath ſought the defloration of mine honour, which my heart and duty have denyed him: Thou art confident of my affection to thee, if thine had been ſo faithfull and fervent to my ſelf, neither Sea nor Land had had any power to ſeparate us. If any preferment be dearer to thee than my life, ſtay in* Malta, *or if my life be dearer than it, than return to* St. John de Mauriene, *where thou mayſt find me, for in* Nice *I will not be found of thee. Hadſt thou not purpoſely miſtaken the cauſe for the pretext in my importunity for thy return, I would have digeſted it with far more content, and leſſe affliction: but ſith neither my affection nor honour to effect it, at leaſt let the regard of my life, ſith that will not ac-*

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accompany me, if thou any longer abſent thy ſelf from me: make therefore haſt to ſee thy Perina, *if ever thou thinke to ſee her again; and let her bear this one content to her grave, that ſhe may diſcloſe thee a ſecret, which but to thy ſelf, ſhe will conceal from all the World.*

Perina.

While *Sabia* is haſting to *Malta*, let us ſee what old *Caſtlenovo* doth, he ſees his Daughter in Law fled, and his owne diſgrace thereby approaching, for he is ſure, ſhe will diſcover his villany, and he is as ſure that his ſon will be enraged hereat, ſo that here he begins to look on his errour, but is ignorant how to amend it, in which perplexity paſſe we him, to go after *Sabia*, who by this time is gotten to *Malta*, where he delivers young *Caſtlenovo* his Wives letter, the reading whereof ſtings him to the heart, for he cannot imagine who in his Fathers houſe ſhould be ſo impudently laſcivious, to ſeek to blemiſh his honour, in that of his Ladies: Wherefore, with all expedition he provides for his departure from *Malta*, but yet ſends *Sabia* away before him, to proclaim his coming, and accordingly in two dayes after he followes, and in ſhort time arrives at Saint *John De Mauriene*, where at meeting, the joyes of both parties are unexpreſſible: but when he knew, that it was his own Father that ſought to undermine his honour, he was beyond all meaſure amazed, as conſidering the horrour of the thought, much more of the deed, in a ſtranger: but a Father to deviate ſo far from grace, as by inceſt to ſeek the diſhonour of his own Son, was a crime hardly imaginable, and ſo he agrees to reſide at St. *John De Mauriene*, with *Arconeto* his wives Father. But old *Caſtlenovo*, now hearing of his Sons return from *Malta*, and knowing what a ſcandall the divulging of his luſt, and his Sons abſence would procure and ingender him, he reſolves to confeſſe his crime, and ſo by the mediation of a perſwaſive Letter, to endeavour to reclaim them home to *Nice*, when calling for pen and paper, he writes theſe few enſuing lines, and ſends them to his Son by a Gentlewoman of his.

Castlenovo *to his Son* Castlenovo.

I Am as glad of thy arrivall from Malta, *as sorrowfull for thy absence from* Nice, *and sith to deny, is to redouble our errours, I will not go further then my self to find the cause thereof, since I know that my lascivious and graceless attempt against the honour of thy chast Lady, hath drawn thee to this resolution, because now I write it to my future comfort, as much as I conceived it to my former shame, that grace hath vanquished nature, and Religion lust in me: So as I am at present, not only sorrowful, but repentant for that crime of mine, which I no more remember, but with horrour, nor thinke of but with detestation: My soul hath made my peace with God, and my heart desires to recontract it, both with thy self and her; and, as I hope he will forget it, so I beseech you both to forgive it me, being ready to confirm this my reconciliation, as well with my tongue as pen: Wherefore, sith thou art the sole prop of my age, and comfort of my life, make me not so unfortunate, to be taxed with the scandall of my shame, and thy absence; but bring back thy Lady with thee: for here I professe before Heaven and Earth, that I will henceforth as much honour her for her chastity, as heretofore I lasciviously sought to betray and violate it.* Castlenovo.

This Letter works both upon the Son and the Daughter in Law, so as their discretions hush up the businesse in silence, and within eight dayes they return to *Nice*, where by old *Castlenovo* they are courteously welcomed, and he to make good his promise, with tears in his eyes, acknowledges his former misdemeanour, and so they are reconciled. But alas! This Sun shine will quickly be clouded, for the old Dotard no sooner sees, and reviewes the Lady *Perina*'s beauty, but with the dog to his vomit, he returns to his lust: and because he knows he cannot attain his hopes as long as his Son lives, he sets down as a positive resolve, that he will poyson him, and send him after his Mother. And makes use of the same hellish

agent

agent *Jerantha*, who for five hundred Duckets, and to become a Lady, undertakes it, and within lesse than six dayes performs it.

At the sight of this sudden death of young *Castlenovo*, *Perina* is ready to dye for grief, she tears her hair, and bewrayes all the deplorable demonstrations of sorrow that can be imagined, the old man doth the same, but hypocritically, which cannot so blinde the young Lady *Perina*, but she vehemently suspecteth he hath a hand in his sons death, and that *Jerantha* is likewise accessary, and so concludes, that if he were guilty of her Husbands death, he would renew his suit to her; and (according to her suspition) within a moneth or two after the sonne was laid in his untimely grave, this old lustfull Wretch doth again begin his lustfull sollicitations; whereto she seemes not to be so averse as before (that she might thereby the better act her intended revenge upon him) and at last, after many importunate and impudent temptations, she at last very feignedly seems to yield to him, and so between them they agree the match, and appoint the time, place, and hour, which being come, and *Castlenovo* in his bed, waiting with impatience for *Perina*'s coming, she softly enters his Chamber in her day attire, with a Pisa Ponyard close in her sleeve, when bolting the door after her, and approaching his bed, and seeing his breast open, she draws out her ponyard, and stabbing him at the heart with many blows, kills him stark dead, without giving him leave to speak a word, only he gave a shreek or two: which being overheard by the servants, they ascend to the Chamber, and find *Perina* coming forth with the bloody ponyard in her hand, for which fact she is presently taken and imprisoned, and two dayes after arraigned, where she freely confessed it, alledging for reason her suspition, that he and *Jerantha* had murthered both her Mother in law and Husband; but this being nothing to her fact, she is condemned to be hanged, from which sentence she appeals to the Senate at *Chambry*, and thereupon she is conveyed thither, where the former sentence is moderated: so she is to have her right hand cut off, and to suffer perpetuall imprisoument in *Nice*, where, in a short time she (having been very penitent) dieth of a Consumption.

Come we lastly to *Jerantha*, who being great with Child by her old Mr. *Castlenovo*, with the fear and apprehension of her

danger

danger flyes, and secretly gets to a friends house, where she falls into the sharp and bitter pangs of travell for child, which are so grievous, that her self, her Midwife, and all the women near her, judge it impossible for her to escape death; whereupon thinking on nothing less than life, she begins to repent, and confesseth both her adultery and the the two murthers, after which she is safely delivered of a son.

For these her beastly and bloody crimes she is the second day after committed to prison, and the third, hanged and burnt at *Nice*, and her ashes thrown into the air.

Thus we see Gods justice still meets with Murther. O that we may read this History with fear, and profit thereby in reformation, that dying to sin, and living to righteousnesse, we may peaceably dye in this world, and gloriously live and reigne in that to come.

HIST. X.

STURIO and *PAULINA*.

The Contents.

Bertolini *seeks* Paulina *in marriage*, *but she loves* Sturio, Brellati *sollicites her in* Bertolini's *behalf*, *but cannot prevail. Whereupon* Bertolini *railes against both*, *for which* Brellati *challengeth him*, *but is killed in the Duell.* Sturio *seeks her in marriage*, *but his father will not consent*, *and so conveys him away*, *whereat* Paulina *dies for sorrow.* Sturio *finds* Bertolini, *challengeth*, *fights*, *& gives him his life*, *for which kindness he afterwards shoots him out at a window*, *for which murther he is taken*, *his hands cut off*, *and he beheaded.*

IN

IN the City of *Rome* were two noble young Gentlemen, the one named *Seignieur John Baptista Bertolini*, the other *Seignieur Leonardo Brellati*. *Brellati* had a sister fair and young, named *Paulina*, of the age of eighteen years, and her *Bertolini* hath chosen for his Mistress. And, as his wealth made him confident, so he in amorous and honourable terms, by himself, promises, and presents, as also by his Parents seeks her in marriage, but he is not so full of hopes, as she of disdain; for her affection being otherwise setled, she resolves with her selfe never to match him.

But he not willing to give off at the first repulse, relates his affection to *Paulina* to *Brellati* her brother, as also with his attempt and her repulse, and therefore intrreats him by all their friendship, to become his Oratour, and Advocate in his behalf, which *Brellati* promiseth, and so like a true friend, begins to deal effectually with her, whereto in down-right terms she prayes her brother to inform *Bertolini*, that she had otherwise engaged her affection, and therefore desired him to seek another Mistress; he craves the name of her servant, she swears him to secrecy, and tells him *Seignieur Paulo Sturio*, where with satisfied he leaves his sister, and delivers his friend *Bertolini* her definitive answer, whereat he is so enraged, that he abruptly departs from him, and the next day walking in Cardinal *Farnesi* his Galleries, in presence of four or five Gentlemen who asked for his consort *Brellati*, he cholerickly answered, that he was a base and beggarly Gentleman, and that his sister *Paulina* was a lascivious and dissembling strumpet. These words were not lost, but are carried the same night to *Brellati*, by some of the company; which he takes very passionately, but chiefly because his sisters honour was so nearly concerned. And so neither of them intend to bear or digest it, in which resolution the next day he goes to *Bertolinis* fathers house, and inquires for his son, the Father directs *Brellati* to him into the Garden, where he enters, and meets *Bertolini* with his hat in his hand, and prayes him to exempt the Garden of his servants, because he hath a secret to impart to him. *Bertolini* commands them away, when straight *Brellati* chargeth him with the former words, whereat *Bertolini* enraged saith, that the words were his, and that, what his tongue had affirmed, his sword should be ready to make good and and justify, whereon they cover,

and

and so abruptly part. *Paulina* having heard of her brothers going, waited carefully his return to know the issue, which he told her in generall terms, should shortly prove to her honour and his content, and praying her not to be troubled, he goes to his Chamber, and there writes this challenge.

Brellati *to* Bertolini.

THy scandalous reports, like thy self are so base, and I and my sister so honourably descended and bred, as I doubt not but the disgrace & disparagement which thou hast unjustly offered, will as justly fall and retort on thy selfe. And to the end thou mayest find, that my sword is purposely reserved to correct and chastise thy tongue, as thou art a Roman and a Gentleman, meet me single to morrow at five in the morne, without Port populi, *in the next field behind Cardinall* Borromeo's *Palace, and there I will give thee the choice of two single Rapiers and Ponyards, and gladly accept of the refusall, to draw reason of thee for those wrongs wherewith thou hast injuriously and maliciously traduced us: and to write thee the truth, as I desire, so I can receive no other satisfaction but this, whereunto thy malice invites, and my honour obligeth me.*

Brellati.

This being delivered, and received by *Bertolini*, he returns this answer, *Tell* Seignieur Brellati *that I will not feare to meet him according to his desire and appointment.* According to this result, the morning now come, they are both come into the Field only with their Chyrurgions, when presently throwing off their doublets, they draw, and at the third encounter, *Brellati's* foot slipping, *Bertolini* took the advantage thereof, and ran him through the body, whereof he presently dyed; Thus *Bertolini* with his Chirurgion. by a contrary way comes into the City, and he privately husheth himselfe up in a friends house near to his Fathers.

The newes of the Duell and the event thereof is quickly spread abroad, whereat *Paulina* and her Father both grieve,

and

and macerate themſelves; to the mitigation whereof, and as well to right her honour, as to revenge *Brellati's* death. *Paulus Sturio* proffereth both his ſervice and life, but all will not ſerve to wipe away *Paulina's* tears; whom, notwithſtanding all the former diſadvantages, he is become ſo fooliſhly ſottiſh as to ſeek anew for his Wife. But the noiſe of a ſudden ſearch to be made for him, makes him in a Capuchins habit ſteal out of the City, get poſt horſes, and ſo away to go to *Palermo*.

Now *Sturio* begins to make his private affection publique, and ſo ſeeks to her friends to marry her, but his Father hearing thereof, privately, and of a ſudden, ſends him out of *Rome* to *Naples*, and thence ſhippeth him to the Iſland of *Caprea*, to the guard and keeping of *Alphonſus Driſſa* Captain of the ſame, with charge not to permit him to return for a whole year without expreſs order.

Theſe afflictions (to loſe her brother, and her Lover, and to ſuffer in her honour) coming to *Paulina* one in the neck of another, ſo overwhelm her, that ſhe begins to be extream ſick, weak, and faint, at which time ſhe receives a Letter from *Sturio*, and ſending him another in anſwer, within twenty dayes after, as a female Love-Martyr, dies at *Rome*.

Old *Sturio* rejoyceth hereat, and with all expedition diſpatcheth a ſervant to *Caprea* with a Letter, to ſignifie this news to his ſon, and withall to recall him. But he at the reading of the newes of her death, torments himſelfe beyond meaſure, yea, is ſo immoderate in his ſorrow, that he thinkes of nothing but *Bertolini's* killing her brother *Brellati*, and his Fathers unkind baniſhing him from *Rome* to *Caprea*, till at length he revives himſelfe with this vow, namely, to revenge both. And the better to effect the one, he will not go home, but poſt to *Sicily*. there to finde out *Bertolini* and to fight with him. And finding a *Neopolitan* Galley bound from *Caprea* to *Sicily*, he ſecretly imbarques him therein, and lands at *Palermo*, where the firſt night lying private in his Inne, and by inquiry hearing that *Bertolini* was in the City, the next morning by his Lackey he ſends him this challenge.

Sturio

Sturio *to* Bertolini.

HAving killed my dear Paulina *in the scandal of her honour, and the death of her brother* Brellati, *my afflictions and sorrows to survive her, make me contemn my owne life, to seek thine, to which purpose I have left* Caprea *to finde* Sicily, *and in it thy self. Wherefore as thou art* Bertolini, *faile not to meet me this Evening betwixt five and sixe a Cleck, in the next medow behind the* Carthusians *Monastery; where my self assisted only with a Chirurgion and the choice of two single Rapiers, will expect and attend thee. Thy Generosity invites thee, and my affection and honour obligeth me, to be the only guests of this bloody banquet.*

Sturio.

Bertolini receives this Challenge, but not very willingly, yet he bade the Lackey tell his Maiter from him, that he would not fail to meet him, to give him his welcome to *Palermo*. The hour is now come, and both our young Gentlemen are in the fields, where giving their horses to their Chyrurgions, they draw. And at three severall passes, *Sturio* gives *Bertolini* three deep wounds, without receiving the least scar or touch from him, whereat *Bertolini's* heart failing, he throws away his Rapier, confesseth the scandall of *Paulina*, and begs pardon and remission. *Sturio's* revenge is not satisfied herewith, yet, his noble spirit disdaining a base act, gives *Bertolini* his life, so they sheath up their swords, and come together to the City. The newesof this Duell is gotten to *Rome* before either of them, (though *Sturio* makes hast thither) and *Bertolini*, (having his pardon for killing *Brellati*) comes not long after, whereof the Nobility and Gentry there speak variously, but generally all applaud *Sturio's* affection and humanity, but taunt at *Bertolini* for his cowardly begging and receiving his life: which dishonour as he cannot relish or digest, so he knows not how to repair it, for he dares not fight with him again in the field, kill him in his bed he cannot, because he can have no admittance to him, and to pistol him in the street is dangerous, because of his many followers, therefore he resolves to shoot him from a Window with a Petronell as he

paſſeth the ſtreet, and underſtanding that *Sturio* uſed to go to his morning Maſs at the Engliſh Colledge, he provides both himſelf and his Petronell charged with a brace of bullets, and ſo on a *Munday* Morning, putting himſelf into an unknown houſe, betwixt the ſaid Colledge and the Palace of *Farneſi*, having his cock bent, and ſeeing *Sturio* coming in the ſtreet, upon his prancing barbary horſe and foot cloth; he lets flye at him, and hit ſo right as both the bullets pierce the trunk of his breaſt, with which wounds he tumbles off from his horſe dead to the ground, onely uttering two or three lamentable groans.

The report of the piece, and the ſmoak at the window diſcovers the houſe, whither going in, in a chamber they finde the Gun, but the ſhooter fled upon a ſwift Spaniſh Gennet, by the back door the people of the houſe affirming they neither knew the Gentlemen, nor durſt ſtop him. Thus is he eſcaped with full hopes to go clear away: as he gallopped through *Campo del Fuogo*, at the further end thereof, behold two Bricklayers, building of a houſe, upon a Scaffold two ſtories high, both the ſcaffold and Bricklayers fell down on him and his horſe. as they paſſed, and beat him to the ground; but the newes of the murther was not yet come thus far; ſo his feare haſtening him, he gets up, calls for his horſe and ſpurs away, but he is not ridden far, ere his Jennet fell and put his ſhoulder out of joynt, ſo that he could not riſe with his Maſter; who grived hereat, takes him to his own heels, and flies toward *Nero's* Tower, and there in the ruines of diverſe ſtupendious buildings he hides himſelf, but within half an hour he is found out, known, taken, and inſtantly impriſoned. And the ſecond morning after, is brought before his Judges, to whom he freely confeſſeth the fact, and craves mercy, but they for expiation of his crime, firſt adjudge his two hands to be cut off, before the houſe where he ſhot at *Sturio*, and afterwards to be beheaded at the common place of Execution, his head to be ſet upon a pole over St. *John De Laterans* gate, and his body to be thrown into *Tyber*, which the next day was accordingly executed, in the preſence of many thouſand people.

May this example of *Bartolini's* crime, and the juſtneſs of his puniſhment, make us leſs bloody and more compaſſionate to our Chriſtian brethrer, and more pious toward God, of whom we all bear the living image and true and lively Character.

HIST.

HISTORY XI:

DE SALEZ and *LA HAY.*

The Contents.

De Salez *killeth* Vaumartin *in a Duell*, La Hay *cauſeth* Michael *to poyſon* La Frange, De Salez *loves* La Hay, *and becauſe his Father* Argentier *will not conſent that he marry her, he ſtifles him in his bed, then marries her. She turns ſtrumpet, & cuts his throat, as he dies he accuſeth her of his murther, and himſelf of his Fathers, ſo his dead body is hanged to the Gallowes and burnt*, La Hay *confeſſeth that, and the poyſoning of* La Frange *by her means, ſhe hath her right hand cut off, and then is burnt, and* Michael *broken on the Wheel, and his body thrown into the River.*

IN *Tholouſe* a Parliament City of *France*, lived a Councellour, learned Monſieur *De Argentier*, a Widower, having one onely Son, called *De Salez*, two and twenty years old, and wholly given to the Wars, which Martiall humour being unpleaſing to his Fathers quiet diſpoſition, he endeavours to divert him therefrom by the choice of noble, fair, rich and vertuous Ladies out of whom to ſelect one for his Wife, but recommended one to him chiefly, *Viz La Frange*, the only child of Monſieur *De Clugny*, very young, but by nature of a miſhapen body, yet moſt compleat in the perfections of her minde, *De Salez* will not hearken hereto, notwithſtanding *Argentier* finding opportunity with *De Clugny*, breaks the matter to him, who willingly hears him, and after this, many conſultations are had between the Parents, and at laſt, agreeing on all conditions, they appointed a ſolemn meeting for their Children, which produces ſeveral effects, namely, *La Frange* falls in love with *De Salez*, but he on the contrary no way likes her.

Now we muſt know there was a Nobleman, called the Baron of *Vaumartin*, who, to repair the debaucheries of his youth, ſought the ſame *La Frange* earneſtly in marriage, but more in regard of her wealth, then out of pure affection, which *De*

Clugny the Father underſtanding, with many verball compliments puts him off, and ſo likewiſe doth *La Bruge* her ſelf, of whoſe affection to *De Sales*, he by this time hath full notice, yet will not he deſiſt, but with all coſt, care and curioſity courts her. So leaving him to his vain ſuit, let us carry our obſervation to *de Salez*, who hath in *Thoulouſe* found one *Monſieur de Soulange*, who hath only three daughters all marriageable, known by the names of *De Maiſy*, *La Preverte* and *La Hay*, and famed for their beauties through the whole City, and yet the youngeſt, *La Hay* the Phenix of all.

To this *de Soulanges* houſe the beauties of his three daughters, but eſpecially that of *La Hay*, invites many young Gentlemen, and moſt eminent Citizens, who there in Courting, and other amorous dalliances ſpend their time; inſomuch that *La Hay* finding the greateſt griſt come to her mill, layes hold on the opportunity, and (laying aſide all modeſty grace and goodneſſe) to ſome few for love, but unto moſt for money, ſhe proſtituted her body, not caring to whom, ſo that her purſe might be thereby filled, yet ſo cautious was ſhe therein, that though ſhe were a profeſſed Courtezan, yet ſhe will in publick ſeem an unſpotted Virgin; and to that end ſwears all to conceal her favours, who ever they were on whom ſhe beſtowed them.

Now amongſt the reſt of theſe laſcivious Gallants and enamorato's in comes *De Salez*, who is ſo ſurfeited with her delicate complexion, that he is alwaies waiting on her, and with his beſt art and policy layes cloſe ſeige to her chaſtity, but ſuch is her ſubtility, that knowing he loved her; ſo was the only ſon of one of the richeſt Conſellours in the City, ſhe reſolves to get him for her huſband, and ſo bears her ſelf wonderfull modeſt and coy, yea as a Saint to him, and all his coſts, pains and oratory are vain, for ſhe will not by any means be won to conſent to his luſtfull deſires: Thus in diſcourſe, entertainments and ſollicitation, ſpending a great deal of time, and finding her all that while to bear her ſelf infinitely chaſt and modeſt, he is ſo extremly beſotted with her love, that on a Sunday finding her in her chamber alone, rich apparelled to add a luſtre to her beauty, and the more eaſily to entice him, having now wholly loſt his judgement, he tells her that he is ready to accept her for his wife; proteſting that he

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is desirous to be husband to none but her self, with which words *La Hay* making him a respectfull courtesie, vowes that she loves no man in the world but himself, and that she will not only be his faithfull wife, but his observant handmaid. And so they great each other with thanks and kisses. But knowing the great difference between his parents and hers; and intending to make sure work, she draws him to give her a diamond in token of marriage, and in exchange returns him a small gold bracelet, and yet not thinking this enough, she takes pen and paper, and writes him a fair promise (in nature of an contract) and to make it more firm, sets her name to it, and delivers it him: at which wholy blinded with his passion and love, and attributing it to the fervency of her affection, not cunning policy, he rashly writes another to the same effect, and cutting his finger, sets his name thereto with his own bloed and giving it to her, prays her only to be secret herein for a while, because of his father, which she grants and so for that time they part.

But this folly of *De Salez*, and subtilty of *La Hay*, is not managed with such privacy, but that *Argentier* his father hath notice thereof, who considering the difference between *Soulanges* mean extraction and poverty, and his own nobility and wealth, he hastily sends for his son, tells him the same, and acquaints him that *La Hay* was a strumpet, swearing that, if he will not leave her and marry *La Frange*, he will wholy disinherit him, and never repute him for his son.

But *De Salez* is so resolute in his folly, that he contemns his fathers counsel, whereof his father hath perfect intelligence, and also now hath *La Frange*, who is infinitely mournfull and afflicted thereat, and will not be comforted, although the Baron of *Vaumartin* by all means endeavours it: When still perceiving that his labour was vain, and his debts and creditours grown clamorous, and fixing his mind by some means or other to gain her, which he saw, was not likely as long as *De Salez* lived, to whom she had wholy devoted her self, he concludes within his own heart to make him away, and pondering that they were both noble, he therefore will kill him nobly, and so by his Lackey *La Rose* he sends him this challenge.

Vaumartin *to* De Salez.

IF thou seek the cause of my malice, thou mayest finde it in the Lady La Franges *affection to thee, and hatred to my self. Wherefore hold it not strange that I now command pen, to invite thee and thy sword to meet me to morrow on horseback, without seconds, betwixt five and sixe in the morning, behind the* Jacobins *Garden; love and valour thou knowest are never capable of much expostulation, as desirous rather to be tryed in action, than seen in words: Could that sweet Lady have affected me more, or thee less, we might have proved as true friends, as now our reputations conjure us either to live or die Honourable enemies.*

Vaumartin.

De Salez having received and read this Challenge, wonders at it, and considering that he neither regarded *La Frange*, nor her affection. and thinking it a folly to fight without cause, he sends him this answer by his own Lackey.

De Salez *to* Vaumartin.

I Have seen many Challenges, but none of the nature of thine now sent me, for the grounds thereof are unjust, false, or both; for bring but the eyes of thy judgement, and not of thy passion, to be the Iudge between us, and thou shalt both see and find, that I not only disdain the Lady La Franges *love, but her self, sith I appertain to another, and she shall never to me. In this truth I shew thee my heart; which if it will not satisfie thy malice, then know that my weake valour is neither capable, nor desirous of further expostulation; for either single, or with seconds, either on foot or horseback, I will still be ready to give reasons to those who will not receive any, but their own: And in this resolution of mine, I know I shall either live with reputation, or dye with Honour*

De Salez.

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The receipt of this makes him the more inſolent, for he thinks it proceeds from cowardiſe, therefore with all ſpeed he ſends his Lackey with this reply.

Vaumartin *to* De Salez.

THy anſwer gives me no ſatisfaction, ſince I know that to deny thy affection to the Lady La Frange, *is to deny the light of the Sun; neither are the grounds of my challenge tither unjuſt or falſe, as you would make me believe: for being ignorant who is thy Miſtreſs, I know thou reſolveſt to make no Lady of the World thy Wife but* La Frange, *ſo as I cannot rightly define, whether thy proceeding with me be more ſubtle or malicious. Wherefore, ſince thy friendſhip is falſe to me, I muſt, nay I will ſee if thy valour will prove true to thy ſelf, and whether the effects of thy ſword be as great in ſubſtance, as thy pen depaints them in ſhew and oſtentation; ſo my challenge is ſtill my reſolution, and the performance thereof muſt be mine, except thou reſolve to live with as much infamy, as the concluſion of thy Letter doth promiſe thou art ready to dye with reputation and honour.*

Vaumartin.

Upon the receipt and reading hereof, he calleth the Lackey that brought it, and ſaith to him, *Tell thy Maſter, that if I live, I will not fail to break-faſt with him timely in the morning, according to his expectation.* And ſo ſends him away.

The morning now approaching, our two reſolute Champipions bravely mounted, with each his Chyrurgion, are at the aſſigned place of Rendezvouz. Where they no ſooner ſee each other, but they put ſpurs to their horſes and meet furiouſly, and at the third or fourth cloſe, *De Salez* runs *Vaumartin* through the body, of which wound firſt dropping his ſword, then his body falls from his horſe ſtark dead. So away *De Salez* gallops to the next Village to dreſſe his wounds, and thence provides by flight for his ſafety.

All rejoyce at the good ſucceſſe of *De Salez*, whoſe fa-

ther, and other friends all seek to procure his pardon, which at last with very great difficulty is obtained, & he returns home, where he is no sooner arrived, but he wholly spends his time with *LA HAY*, whereat his Father *Argentier* renewes his Choler and Threats. But here he is prevented, for the Lords of the Councel, having received informations against the body of the Court of Parliament at *Tholouse*, commands them to send Deputies to answer the said Charge. Whereupon they elect two Presidents, and four Councellours, for that purpose, among whom *Argentier* is one, and no excuse will or can exempt him, but he must go to *Paris*. And after some discourses between *De Clugny* and *Argentier*, and *Argentier* and his son, they take leave of each other. And so away goeth old *Argentier* to *Paris*: but in the midway writes to his son this Letter, and sends it to him.

Argentier *to* De Salez.

IT is out of a fatherly, and religious care of thy good, that I now send thee these lines: For thy youth cannot see that which my age knowes, how many miseries attend Vice, and how many blessings wait on vertue. If La Frange *be not fair, yet she is not contemptible, if therefore thou wilt leave a Saint to marry a strumpet,* then take La Hay, *and forsake* La Frange; *but if thou wilt forsake a strumpet to marry a saint, then take* La Frange, *and leave* La Hay, *for, look what difference there is between their births, thou shalt find ten times more between the chastity of the one, and the levity of the other. If thou espouse the first, thou shalt finde content and honour, if the second, shame and repentance. This Letter shall serve as a witness, betwixt God, my selfe, and thee, that, if thou perform me not thy promise and oath, I will deny thee my blessing, and deprive thee of my lands.* Argentier.

De Salez is infinitely grieved at this Letter, because it disgraceth his Mistress, and is so little able to hide it, that *La Hay* perceives it, and is very desirous to know the reason thereof, but cannot, when, behold *De Salez* one day slumbring, and

La

La Hay diving into his pockets, she finds his Fathers (aforesaid) Letter, which she knew by the direction; which she retires to another Chamber to read: and having perused the Contents with Choler, she comes to *De Salez* with the Letter in her hand, and shewing it him, calls Heaven and Earth to witnesse her innocency, and the wrong done her by his Father, with many passionate speeches, which he hearing, seeks to appease her with fair words; but she will not be satisfied, unless he tell her what his oath and promise was to his Father, mentioned in the said Letter; which he vainly and foolishly reveals to her, adding withall, that a little time shall cancell the same: and before two moneths he will marry her, wherewith she seems to be contented. But nothing lesse, for being doubtful of the worst, that the Father may so with reason prevail with the Son, as to win him to leave her for *La Frange*; She therefore like an impious wretch, resolves to remove her out of the way, and to that purpose finds out by enquiry an Italian Emperick, called *Bernardo Michaell*, for whom she sends, and in the Church meets with him, where she proposeth him the poysoning of *La Frange*, Daughter to President *Clugny*, and promiseth him three hundred Crowns of the Sun to perform it, one in hand, and the other when the businesse is done, whereto *Michael* consents, takes the money, and in ten dayes promiseth performance, and so they part.

Michael thus hired, goes to *De Clugnie's* house, insinuates into his acquaintance, and offers his skill to reform the body of the young Lady his Daughter, who was very crooked, and renders many plausible reasons to induce him to believe it. And after consultation had with diverse other Physitians and Chyrurgeons, he resolves to employ him, and gives him an hundred double pistols in hand to attempt it, with promise of as much more when he had performed it.

Michael thus employd, betakes himself to his business, & outwardly applies plaisters and searcloths, and inwardly pills and potions, wherein he infuseth deadly poyson, which he assuredly knows will within ten days send her into another World, and thereupon he secretly repairs to *La Hay*, and bids her provide the rest of his money. And herein this Devil was not deceived, for just as the tenth day was expired, the young Lady dies, to the unspeakable grief of her good old Father; but *Michael* fearing no colours, sends for *La Hay*, & demãds his mony, w^h she willingly

gives

gives him with many thanks, when again ſwearing ſecreſie, they take leave and part.

Michel is hardly at home, ere apprehended upon ſuſpicion for poyſoning *La Frange*, whereof *La Hay* hearing, to prevent diſcovery or blabbing, by a friend of his, ſhe ſends him an *hundred* crowns more, and promiſeth him a rich Diamond, which ſo wrought upon him, that being put to the Rack, he even outbraves his torments, and ſo is acquitted.

De Salez now reſolves to go to *Paris* to get his Fathers good will to marry *La Hay*, but the old Man to prevent the ſame, buyes a Captains place for him, and likewiſe deals with one Monſieur *De Brianſon* for his daughter *De Pleſſes*, to marry his ſon *De Salez*, which the Parents agree upon, and upon this, *Argentier* ſends for his ſon to *Tholouſe*, who was ready to go thither before he had received the Letter, and he immediately taking his leave of *La Hay*; poſteth thither, where he is no ſooner arrived, but he bords his father for his conſent, that he may marry *La Hay*. but he is exceedingly incenſed, and vowes he had rather ſee him buried, bidding him withall utterly forſake *La Hay*, becauſe he had not only procured him a Captains place, but alſo a fair Gentlewoman for his Wife: whereto *De Salez* obſtinately gives denyall, either to accept of the one, or ſee the other; whereat the Father enragdd, threatens to diſ-inherit him, and ſo goes his way. *De Salez* is as mad on the other ſide, and ſwears rather to diſpatch his Father, than leave his Lady *La Hay*, and henceforth watcheth an opportunity to effect his wicked purpoſe, which ſhortly after happened thus: One night after ſupper, he hears his Father complain he is not well, and commanding his Clerk early the next morning to carry his water to Doctor *Salepin* a famous man, whoſe Chamber was far off: This *De Salez* thinks a fit time to diſpatch his Father. Now the morning come, and the Clerk gone with the water, *De Salez* ſteals into his Fathers Chamber, and finding him ſleeping, draws near to the bed, and ſtifles his Father betwixt two pillows; ſo ſhutting the door, down he goes, and ſo ſpeedily haſts to Saint *Honories* gate, and thence to St. *Clow*.

Now the Clerk returning from the Phyſician, enters his Maſters Chamber, and finds him dead, and almoſt cold in his bed, at which ſight he cries out, and the boyſe brings up the Maſter of the houſe, who vowes, that he ſaw none in the houſe

of

or chamber, and that his son departed as soon as himself. They search the body, and find it no way wounded, so that they believe some Ague carried him away. And of the same minde, upon examination of all circumstances, is the Lieutenant Criminal. Thus, without further enquiry or doubt, the dead body is very nobly and decently interred by his son *De Salez*, with exteriour shew of extream grief and sorrow.

De Salez having done and performed the Funerall, within eight dayes leaves *Paris*, and returns to *Tholouse*, where the old man is very much wanted and lamented, only *La Hay* triumphs thereat, and *De Salez* himself is so senseless, that within six weeks he leaves off his blacks, and in gaudy apparel solemnly marries *LA HAY*, which the whole Citie wonders at.

Three moneths are hardly past since their marriage, ere he finds that his Wives Adulteries had made him a Knight of the Forked Order; to prevent, or at least hide which, he requests, and perswades her, then complains to her Father; but nothing prevails: yea now she is grown so impudent, that she scorns her Husband, and plays the whore before his face with open doors. Whereupon he resolves to divorce himself from her, and asks advice how to do the same; which coming to her knowledge, she vows, not to lose her share in his estate, which was very great; and therefore, like a right whore as she was, will prevent him that would prevent her, and send him to his death that would divorce her. To which end, watching a time when most of her servants were gone abroad to the Vintage, she steals into her Husbands chamber, and finding him soundly sleeping, goes to his bed, and drawing forth a Razor from her sleeve, steps to him, and cuts his throat; where throwing the knife, and her outward Taffata gown into the house of Office, she secretly gets to the Church: but she had not so fully cut his throat-bole, but that he could both crye and groan which overheard by two of his Servants, they hastily run up, and hear him (to the best of his power) utter these fearfull speeches. *That strumpet my wife hath killed me. O that she-Devil my wife hath murthered me.* The servants cry out at the window, which brings in the neighbours, who send for his Confessor, and the Lieutenant Criminal, to both whom he saith the same words. And then raising himself up in his bed, confesseth the stifling of his Father, and instantly dies. Search is presently made

made for *La Hay*, whom at last they finde in the Dominican Fryers Church at a Sermon, whence they drag her to prison, and charge her with her Husbands murther, which being put to the Rack, she straight confesseth. Whereupon they condemn *De Salez* his dead body to be hang'd at the common Gallows by the heels, and then to be burnt, *La Hay* to be hanged, then burnt. So she is remanded to prison, and Divines sent to her, who so work upon her conscience, that she confesseth she had hired *Michael* for 300 crowns to poyson *La Frange*; of which the Judges being advertised, they alter her sentence, and judge her to have her right hand cut off, then to be burned alive, both which sentences the next day were executed accordingly.

But *Michael* assoon as he heard of *La Hay's* imprisonment, fled disguised in a Fryers habit, but by the care of the Parliament is found out, and brought to *Tholouse*, where, for poysoning *La Frange* he is adjudged to be broken on the Wheel, there to remain till he be dead, and then his body to be thrown into the River *Garroon*; which the same day was executed on him, who, as he lived an Atheist, so he dyed impenitently, saying only this, Because the world had so much to say to him, he would say nothing to the world, but bade the Executioner dispatch him.

Let this History be a lesson for all people not only to detest these foul sins in themselves, but abhor and hate them in others.

HIST. XII.

ALBEMARE and *CLARA*.

The Contents.

Albemare *causeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano, *and he after marrieth* Clara. *He causeth his man* Valerio *to poyson* Pedro *in prison, and by a letter which* Leonardo *sent him*, Clara *perceiveth that he was the cause of* Baretano's *murther, for which both he*, Valerio, *and* Leonardo *are all hanged.*

IN

IN the rich and populous City of *Millain* sometime was resident an ancient Nobleman termed *Seignieur Leonardo Capello*, who had intermarried with a Spanish Lady named *Dona Maria De Castiana*, whose happy Nuptials and Marriage bed was blest with one only child, a Daughter, called *Dona Clara*, a Lady so compleatly beautiful and perfectly vertuous, that to give her her due, and no more, she could not be parallel'd by any young Lady of *Lombardy* or *Italy*, nor equaliz'd by any but her self.

The fame of these noble, both interiour and exteriour endowments, draw diverse of the best and chiefest Gallants, both of the City and the Countrey, to Court and seek her in Marriage, but neither her Parents or self, are so much importun'd by any, as by *Seignieur Giovanni Albemare*, a Gentleman well descended, rich, and of twenty five years of age, and so in all outward appearance a fit and correspondent Match; but her affection is transported from him, because setled on another Gentleman, younger than he named *Seignieur Alphonsus Baretano*, whose lately deceased Father had left him sole Heir to many rich Lands and Possessions, but they are so intangled with Debts and Mortgages, that they prove a hinderance to his Fortunes. Thus we see *Albemare* and *Baretano* are become Rivals in their affection to *Clara*, whom both of them affect, but they differ in the meanes, and progresse of their resolutions how to obtain her, for *Baretano* courts the Daughter before the Parents, but *Albemare* sues to the Parents before the Daughter, which makes them approve of *Albemare*, but sleight *Baretano*, which they signifie to their Daughter, by an undervaluing both himselfe and his estate. *Clara* prepared to receive such speeches, very modestly answers, that, as she is confident of *Baretano's* affection to her, so that she equally tenders him, that if her will be not contradicted by theirs, it will be her only joy to have him for her Husband. *Capello* and *Castiana* seeing their Daughter tyed so to her own will, think it more requisite to revert her reasons by fair means, than refell them by force, they as then leave her to her thoughts, but advise *Albemare* to proceed, and make on his suit to her. To which end, armed both by their authority and his own affection, he follows and sollicites her in all places with all care, cost, art, and industry. But shee lookes haggard and averse upon

on him, giving him either such generall answers, or cold entertainment, that he hath more reason to despair, than hope to obtain her. Whereof he informs her parents, they add threats to their perswasions, but all to little or no purpose.

For whiles *Albemare* thus in publick seeks *Clara*, *Baretano* doth no lesse in private, and though with lesse shew, yet with greater hopes, for he finds, that as she hath given him heart, so she likewise intends to bestow on him her person: And this is the sole desire of both, and this only is their chief delight. This their familiary is again reported to her Father and Mother, which inwardly grieves them, and the more, because now our two young Lovers *Baretano* and *Clara* resolve, that he shall publickly motion her parents for her in marriage, which he in a very orderly decorum performeth; but they give him so cold entertainment, that they not only deny him their Daughter, but also forbid him their house: Yet doth not this prove a sufficient cooling card, to make them retire, but rather makes them advance in the progresse of their chast affections, for in despight of her parents malice and jealousie, when they are sleeping in their beds, *Clara* is many times waking and walking with *Baretano* in the Garden: Neither can they long keep this so close, but some spying pickthanks give intelligence thereof, which makes them suddenly and privately send away their Daughter from *Millain* to *Modena* by Coach, there to be mewed up with the Lady *Emilia* her Aunt, attended only by her waiting Gentlewoman *Adriana*, and accompanied by *Albemare*.

Clara seeing her self thus banished from her *Baretano*, mourns and laments wonderfully, and no lesse doth he, yet knowing there was some comfort left if he might but hear from her, he, though the accesse were difficult to her, yet by subtle and secret messengers doth convey diverse Letters to her, wherewith I shall not here trouble the Reader, because every Lover hath his singular passion; yet let me say thus much, they were certainly as full of affection as words, and manifested the full and dear love between them. Now while *Baretano* thus entertains *Clara* with Letters, *Albemare* sues to her with words, whereto her averseneſſe makes him jealous of some correspondency that was privately held by her with him, but she endeavours by all meanes possible to conceale, which makes him the more diligent in his enquiries, when lo an unexpected accident discovers the whole matter. For we must know

know that *Clara*, to avoid *Albemare's* company, she most an end past away the irksomnesse of her time in walking in her Aunts Gardens and little park, whose walls were the limits wherein her liberty was confined, in which Park was a very curious walk, ranked on each side with Sycamoors, and at the end thereof a close o'reshadowed bower; hither she repaired one fair day, with a book in her hand, a book wherein to read and delude the time; but that which she most delighted her self in, was to read her *Baretano's* Letters, with the perusall whereof she is wrapt into a passionate extasy of joy; in the middest whereof hearing a voice, she looked out and perceived *Albemare* coming to the same place, and not far off; whereat starting up, she hastily folds up her Letters, and clapping them (as she thought) into the pocket of her gown, calls her maid, and goes away purposely to avoid him. However he means to go to the bower, when coming to the foot of the stairs, he finds two Letters of *Baretano's* to *Clara* (which it seems slipt out of her handkerchief, as she was putting it into her pocket.) These he takes up, and reads, which makes him like one lunatick, but at last recalling his wits, he goes home and shewes them to the Lady *Emilia*, her Aunt, who promises to give notice thereof the next day to her father and mother at *Millain*. And by this time *Clara* misseth her Letters, sends her maid to seek them, but they are not, whereupon she concludes, that *Albemare* hath them, at which for grief and anger she fains her self sick, and so presently betakes her self to her bed, the like doth *Albemare*, but sleeps not, only fumes with revenge against *Baretano*, whom he vows to fight with, to which end in the morning he acquaints *Emilia* with his intended journey, and the same he doth to *Clara*, demanding if she would command him any service, which she denying, away he goes to horse, having one only servant with him.

Albemare being now come to St. *Remy*, a little Town fifteen miles from *Millain*, he means to dine there, and afterwards during the heat of the day to repose and rest himself: which he doth, and some hours after bids his horse be made ready, and asks his Host, if any Gentlemen were in the house that were riding for *Millain*. Who tells him that there was one *Seignieur Baretano*, who about two hours after would ride thither. *Albemare* enquires what kind of man he is, the Host describes and shewes him out of a Window, walking in the Garden. *Albe-*

mare

mare enquires what kinde of man he is, the Hoſt deſcribes, and ſhews him out a window, walking in the garden. *Albemare* ſees and knowes him, ask what attendance he had; the Hoſt replyes, Now he hath none, but uſually three or four; when having learned thus much, he baſely reſolves in a diſguiſe to ſet upon him in the High-way: and becauſe he will have no witneſſe in his baſeneſs, he ſends his man to *Millain* before him, then goes into the Town, and gets a Viſor, preſently takes horſe, and lurks on the rode behinde a Grove (ſome three miles from the Town) to attend *Baretano's* coming, who not long after, arrives to the place where *Albemare* lurked, who ruſhing forth with his Rapier drawn, runs *Baretano* into the right Arm, who felt the wound ere he ſaw his enemy. At firſt he ſtartles: but thinking by his Vizor that he was a Thief, he proffered him all his money, butwithall told him, he did it not out of cowardiſe, but becauſe he was lately affianced to a young Lady, whoſe affection was ſuch to him, as either the loſſe or preſervation of his life would be that of hers. *Albemare* galled to the heart with this anſwer, is ſo inraged, that he cries, No villain, it is not thy Gold, but thy Life which I ſeek; and ſtraining himſelf at theſe words to run *Baretano* thorow, the ſtring of the Vizor brake, and he appeared to be (as he was) *Albemare:* whereupon *Baretano* draws, and defends himſelf with much courage and gallantry; when the Count of *Martinge* paſſing that way in his Coach, and ſeeing them fighting, cauſeth to drive to them, and ſo parts them; but takes them into his Coach, and ſo bringing them within the gates of *Millain*, leaves them: They both conceal themſelves till their wounds are ſecured, at which time *Albemare* viſits *Capello* and *Caſtiana*, and reports to them their Daughters health, as alſo her averſeneſſe to him, and withall ſhews them *Baretano's* Letters which he had found: which at firſt troubles them; but at laſt they bid him not to deſpair, for he only ſhall be their Son in Law.

But this is no ſatisfaction to him, who conſidering that *Clara* was only *Baretano's*, he reſolves to diſpatch him into another world, that he might gain her in this; whereon ſtill pondring, he one day ſees *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, two *Braves* of the Caſtle of *Pavia*, whom he deems to be inſtruments fit for his purpoſe, he ſends his man *Valerio* to call them to him, they come, he aequaints them with his deſire; about ten dayes after

after to murther *Baretano* in the street by night, and to give it out that it was done by some of the *Spanyards* of the *Vice-Roys* Guard: for which service he will give an hundred Duckatoons in hand, and leave one hundred more in *Valerio's* hand for them, the greedinesse after which makes them (first swearing secresie) to promise in all respects to perform his desire; thus having agreed, within four or five dayes he returnes to *MODENA*, (but not so soone as the newes of his fight with *BARETANO* the particulars whereof shee hath intelligence,) and presently upon his arrivall he first salutes the Aunt *EMILIA*, then her Niece *CLARA*, and delivers her her Parents Letters, which having read, she gives him this sharp answer. *My Father and Mother command me to love thee? but how can I, since upon the high-way, thou basely and treacherously attempteast to kill my deare* Baretano, *whom I love a thousand times dearer than the whole World?* and so in Choler flings away from him, whereat he stormes and rages, thus they severally passe their times in discontent, till now the fatall newes of *Baretano's* death arrives. For *PEDRO* and *LEONARDO* according to their promise, cruelly assault and murther innocent *Baretano* in the streets of *Millain* by night, with no lesse than seven severall wounds, and so gave out, as was formerly concluded, the same night going to *Valerio*, who gives them the rest of their money, *Baretano's* untimely end is much bewailed, only *Capello* and *Castiana* rejoyce, assuring themselves that *Albemare* shall now quickly be their Sonne in Law. And about four dayes after, they advertise their Daughter CLARA, their Sister *Emilia*, and *Albemare* thereof by a Gentleman; who they purposely send to bring *Clara* and *Albemare* to *Millain*: but this newes so astonisheth *Clara*, that she throwes off her attire, tears her haire, and falls into a swooning, even to the hazard of her life: and no sooner is she a little come to her senses, but she would have stabbed her selfe too with a knife, had she not been prevented by her Aunt; when again falling into passion, she vows, that if she knew his Murtherers, she would tear out their hearts, and in this passion she continued, refusing comfort above ten dayes, when at last being over-perswaded by some Divines, she permits her selfe to be conveyed home to *Millain*, where she solitarly

remains a mourner; but time begets neglect, and that makes her begin to forget the memory of *Baretano*, and to look more pleasingly on *Albemare*, who still had continued his suit with great constancy and affection. And the twelve moneths (*Clara's* vowed time of mourning) are scarce past, but vanquished with *Albemare's* sighes, Letters, and presents, and her Parents powerfull perswasions; she consents, and with great joy, pomp, and bravery, is in *Millain* married to *Albemare.*

A yeare and a quarter is hardly past since their marriage, but *Albemare's* hot love begins to grow cold, and his lustfull eyes and thoughts carries him abroad to Courtezans, which makes her so inwardly discontented, that her beauty decayes, and she wisheth her selfe dead a thousand times; in which condition we must leave her, and come to *Pedro*, who having spent *Albemares* money prodigally and lewdly, and his wants thereby encreasing, he to his former murther adds theft, by robbing a Jewellers shop of diverse uncut Saphirs and Emraulds, and other rich Commodities, but being taken in the fact, he is sent to prison: And now remembring *Albemare*, early in the morning he sends for *Valerio*, and bids him tell his Master, that if he will not procure his pardon, he on the Ladder will declare *BARETANO'S* murther; *Albemare* is allarm'd at this report, and to secure himselfe will heap sinne upon sinne, and so resolves to poyson *Pedro* in prison: but to prevent his blabbing in the mean while, he sends his man *Valerio* back to the prison to him, to assure him his pardon shall be procured, whereat *PEDRO* exults, notwithstanding which faire promise, in the forenoon he is arraigned for the same Theft, and being apparently convicted, he is adjudged to be hanged the next morning. But yet his hopes are not quite dead, because of *Albemare's* promise, who hearing of his sudden Condemnation and Execution, that night sends *VALERIO* to the Prison to him with two bottles of Wine, & he tells him the Pardon is granted, and wants nothing but the Vice-Royes hand to signe to it, which his Master is promised also. But the Wine in one of the bottles is mixed with strong and deadly poyson, whereof *Valerio* having made *Pedro* to drink twice or thrice, he takes leave of him for that night; Now the next morning early the Jayler came to his Chamber

Chamber, to bid him prepare for his Execution, he finds him dead and cold in his bed, yet for examples sake he is hanged by the heels in his shirt at the appointed place of Execution.

And now *Albemare* thinks himselfe secure, when immediately he is set upon by the other assassinate *Leonardo*, who being thrown into prison by his Creditors and having no hopes of freedome but his purse, he sends to him either to lend or give him fifty Duckatoons, but *Albemare* not minding it, burns the letter.

Leonardo having waited fifteen dayes for an answer, and receiving none, he is enraged to see himself thus slighted, wherefore having used intreaties, he now resolves to touch him to the quick, which he doth in these lines.

Leonardo *to* Albemare.

IF my first Letter prevailed not with thee for the loane or gift of fifty Duckatoons, to free me from this my miserable imprisonment, I make no doubt, but this my second will, for, being a Souldier I give thee to understand, that I hold it farre more generous to hang than starve, sith as a Halter is only the beginning of my friends sorrowes, so likewise it will be the end of my owne miseries; yea, if thou speedily furnish and accomplish not my request, although it cost me my life, I will no longer conger conceal how thou diddest hire Pedro *and my selfe for two hundred Duckatoons, to kill* Seignieur Baretano, *which at thy request we performed. Thinke then how near my secrecy concerns thy life sith when I suffer death, I know thou hast but a short time to survive me, therefore thank thy selfe if thy ingratitude turn my affection into contempt, and that into revenge and malice.* Leonardo.

This Letter he sends by a select Messenger, who not finding *Albemare* at home, after tedious waiting, gives it to *Valerio*, and prayes him safely to deliver it to his Master, whose ill husbandry and bad company keeping him out all night,

and *Valerio* called forth about earneſt buſineſſe, he placeth the Letter upon a Cup-board neer his Maſters ſtudy, and ſo departs.

Now *Albemare* kept a man-fool, who indeed was ſo naturally peeviſh, as not *Millain*, hardly *Italy* could match him for ſimplicity. This fool ſaw *Valerio* put the Letter on the Cupboord, and *Valerio's* back is no ſooner turned, but the fool climbs up and reaches the Letter, which both in the Hall and Yard he toſſes and dandles in his hand. *Clara* coming from *Veſpers*, ſees it, and asks how he came by it? He continuing to play with it, anſwers: That it was his Letter, and that GOD had ſent it to him; which words *Clara* weighing, and conſidering the perſon from whom they came, ſhe imagined there was ſomething in it more then ordinary, when ſnatching it from him, and ſeeing it directed to her Husband, She opened it, and finding in the concluſion thereof, that *ALBEMARE* had cauſed *BARETANO* to be murthered, ſhe could not contain her ſelfe for ſorrow, but burſt into extremity of paſſion, afflicting her ſelfe in an extraordinary manner, and not knowing what courſe to take, at length ſhe calls for her Coach, and goes directly to *Baretano's* Vncle, and with ſighes and teares, ſhewes him the Letter, he reads it, and then admiring at *CLARA'S* Chriſtian zeal, he ſends for the Preſident Criminal, to whom hee delivers the Letter, and prayes him to examine *Clara* thereon, which he gravely doth, then goes with her to her houſe, and queſtions the Fool where he had the Letter, who ſimply taking the Judge by the hand, and bringing him to the Cup-boord, tells him. Here God ſent the Letter, and here I found it. *Valerio* is examined, who ſaith he took the Letter from a ſtranger, and left it there for his Maſter. Preſently *Albemare* is ſought, and apprehended in bed with a Courtezan. He is charged with *Baretano's* murther, but denies it, yet when *Leonardo's* Letter is read to him, he confeſſeth the whole circumſtance, and for the ſame is condemned to be hanged the next morning, at the common place of Execution. *Albemare* underſtanding how the diſcovery was wrought, vows to cry quittance with him, and to ſome Divines that were ſent to him, reveals how he had cauſed his man *Valerio* to poyſon *Pedro* in priſon, the night before he was to be executed, the like he alſo affirmed upon the ladder to the people, and ſo he was hanged, and his body cut down, is burnt, and the aſhes thrown into the air.

Now

Now are *Leonardo* and *Valerio* arraigned, and condemned to be hanged for their severall murthers; which was executed on them accordingly. After all which varieties of fortune, *Clara* retires her self into the *Nunnery* of the *Annunciation*, where she long lived a pensive and sorrowfull sister.

HIST. XIII.

DE MERSON and *LA VASSELAY*.

The Contents.

La Vasselay *poysoneth her waiting-maid* Gratiana, *because she is jealous that her Husband* De Merson *loves her. Whereupon he lives from her. In revenge whereof, she causeth his man* La Villete *to murther him in a wood, and then marries him in requital.* La Villete *a yeare after riding through the same Wood, his horse falls with him, and almost kills him, when he confesseth the murther of* de Merson, *and accuseth his Wife* La Vasselay *to be the cause thereof. So for these murthers he is hanged, and she burnt alive.*

IN the City of *Mans* in the Reigne of *Lewis* the XIII. King of *France*, there dwelt a Gentlewoman aged threescore and three years, termed *La Vasselay*, well descended, and a rich Widow, who had buried her first Husband twenty five years before, and her second within six moneths, and was now ready for a third: And her birth and wealth invite many old Widowers to seek her in marriage, but she will have none of them, but casting off her blacks, she decks her selfe in gay apparell, powders her hair and paints her face, and all to get some young Gallant to her Husband.

Now during the time that this old Woman so vainly behaved her selfe, home comes a young Gentleman named *Monsieur de Merson* from his travels in *Italy*, where he so little profited, that forgetting all generous exercises, he delighteth in

nothing so much as to pass his time with Courtezans, and so returned loaden only with debts. When immediately upon his arrival, to make himself be taken notice of, he flaunts it in brave apparel, and frequents all solemn feasts and meetings. His Father observing his vanity, and being sensible of his prodigality, checks him, and bids him look to payment of his own debts, for that he will not meddle with them; which taking ill at his fathers hands, he rashly packs up his baggage, leaves his house, rides to *Mons*, and there resolves to pass his time that Winter, hoping there to find some other rich wife, who should redeem his credit and repair his desperate fortunes. Which happened according to his desires, for he weares rich clothes, whereby and the comlinesse of his person, he is soon known and take notice of, but especially by our old Widdow *La Vasselay*, who falls so deeply in love with him, that she could willingly part with half her wealth to get him for her husband. Yea such is her vanity and immodesty, that she will seek him for her husband, and neither mind his youth, prodigality, smalness of means and hopes, vice or debts, nor the scandal she expoſeth her self to for matching with so young a Gentleman, to whom for age she might be grandmother, but layes all these and other considerations aside, and employes one *Monsieur de Pruneau* to be her Agent to *de Merson* for that purpose, whose wisdome seeing the great disparity between them, and considering the many miseries that usually attend such prepostrous marriages, he like a true friend and an honest man, useth many reasons to divert her ill-grounded affection from *de Merson*, to some elder person whose years might better agree and sympathize with hers. But when he sees he spends his time and breath in vain, he gives way to her, and promiseth his best endeavour in her behalf. To which end he finds *de Merson*, acquaints him with *La Vasselay's* affection, layes before him the nobleness of her discent, the greatness of her estate, and the excellency of her vertues, and withal that she is not so old as is supposed, loving him above all men, and desiring the honour of his company to her house.

De Merson, knowing the very truth both of her age and estate before; thanks *de Pruneau* for his pains, and *La Vasselay* for her love, and prayes him to tell her, that he will sup

with

with her the night following at her houſe, and thus they part.

De Pruneau returns with this pleaſing anſwer to *La Vaſſelay*, to whom he alſo extols and praiſeth *De Merſon*, and ſo bids her prepare her ſupper, and her ſelf to entertain him the next night, which was ſo pleaſing to her, that ſhe leaves no coſt unſpared to make him welcome.

De Merſon having conſulted with himſelf, according to his promiſe, comes the next night both to viſit and ſup with *La Vaſſelay*, who having purpoſely deckt her ſelf in youthfull apparel, receives him with all demonſtrations of joy and affection: At his firſt arrival he gives her two or three kiſſes, where ſupper being ſerved in, her affection was again diſcovered in the curioſity and bounty thereof. Supper ended and the cloth taken away, they fall to diſcourſe: *De Merſon* kindly and familiarly taking his new old Miſtreſs in his armes, which makes her beyond herſelf, both merry and joyful; having thus paſſed ſome hours, they very lovingly part, he having firſt three dayes reſpit to reſolve. Two of which he ſpends in ſurveying and peruſing the writings of her Dowry, Leaſes of her Lands and Houſes, bonds and bills of debts due to her, and finds her eſtate really worth 6000 *Franks* Yearly, and her moveables at leaſt eighteen thouſand more, whereupon the third day he publickly contracts himſelf with her; and within eight dayes after privately marries her. But two months are ſcarce paſt, ere *De Merſon* begins to repent his match, aud growes quite out of love with his old wife, ſo that he bears himſelf ſtrangely to her, and is ſeldom, or never at home with her, but always ranging abroad, which makes her wiſh ſhe had been dead, when ſhe ſo unfortunately married.

Now to find out the particular object of *La Vaſſelay's* jealouſie, we muſt know that ſhe hath a proper young Gentlewoman to attend her, about eighteen year of age, named *Gratiana*, who was were lovely and fair, and with this maiden ſhe fears her husband is more familiar than either modeſty or vertue will permit, and hath no reaſon to induce her to his thought beſides her own jealouſie, which makes her become confident that her husbād lies oftener with *Gratiana* than

than with her ſelfe, which ſhe vowes ſhe will not tolerate; to which end, and to colour her treachery, one day looking ſtedfaſtly in her face, ſhe tells her, ſhe had need to be let blood to prevent a Fever. whereto *Gratiana* innocently conſents, ſo one *Rennee* an Apothecary is ſent for, whom ſhe bids to draw from her at leaſt ſixteen ounces of blood, he ſaith that to take ſo much may endanger her life, ſhe anſwereth, 'twas ſo ordered by a Doctor, whereupon he opens a vein, and when he had near taken ſo much, poor heartleſſe *Gratiana* faints twice in a chair, they being hardly able either to refreſh or keep life in her.

Gratiana doth not once dream of this her Miſtreſſes treacherous letting her blood, but rather thanks her for her care of her health. But the very next day *De Merſon* dining at home, and ſeeing *Gratiana* look ſo pale, he asks his Wife what ailes her Gentlewoman to look ſo ill, which ſhe puts off with a feigned excuſe; but here confirming her jealouſie, ſhe now concludes her Husbands diſhoneſty with her, which ſhe vows ſharply to revenge, and puts in practice in this manner.

Her Husband riding one day abroad with other Gentlemen to hunt Wolves, ſhe under pretence of buſineſſe, calls *Gratiana* into her inner Chamber, and bolting the door, charges her of diſhoneſty with her Maſter *De Merſon*: *Gratiana* vows and ſwears with teares, that it is a falſe Accuſation, and that ſhe never had ſo much as an unchaſt thought toward her Maſter. But this ſatisfies not *La Vaſſelay*, for preſently calling in her Chamber-maid and Cook-maid, ſhe makes them ſtrip poor *Gratiana* to the waſte, and binde her hand and foot to the bed-poſt, then having turned them forth of the chamber, ſhe with a great burchen Rod fetches off the skin from her arms back and ſhoulders and is not ſatisfied till ſhe have ſpent three rods and quite tired her ſelfe, when calling in her two maids, ſhe bids them unbind her, and help on her clothes.

Gratiana, the better to get a remedy for theſe wrongs, diſſembles them, and ſo providing her ſelfe ſecretly of a horſe and a man, ſhe ſteals away and comes home to her Father. *La Vaſſelay* vexes at her departure, as fearing it would produce a ſtorm from *Monſieur de Bremay*, *Gratiana's* Father, and *De Merſon* her owne Husband, which prove both according to her thoughts, for her Husband underſtanding thereof, is juſtly

enraged.

enraged, calling her Devill, and telling her that if she sought not means to recall her, that he would forthwith leave her: when seeing her selfe in this streight, she feigns her self repentant, and by *La Villete* a Gentleman of her Husbands, sends her a wronght black Taffata for a Gown, and crimson Damask for a Petticoat, and a bracelet of Pearl, and accompanieth all with a Letter to *De Bremay*, which contained these words.

La Vasselay *to* De Bremay.

HAaving vindicated truth from error, and converted jealousie into judgement, I finde that I have wronged thy Gratiana, *whereat I grieve with contrition and sorrow with repentance, sith my Husbands Vows and Oaths have fully cleared her honour and chastity, which my foolish incredulity and feare rashly attempted both to ecclipse and disparage; in which regard, praying her to forgive, and thy selfe to forget that wrong, I earnestly desire her speedy return by this Bearer, and yee both shall see that I never formerly hated her so much as henceforth I will both love and honour her. I have now sent her some small tokens of my love, and ere long she shall find greater effects and testimonies thereof, knowing her to be as chast as fair; in this* De Bremay *I request her to rest confident, that as she is now thy Daughter by nature, so she shall be henceforth mine by adoption.*

La Vasselay.

De Bremay having received this Letter, and his Daughter *Gratiana* these kind Tokens from her Mistress; his choler and her grief is soon defaced and blown away, so he well satisfied and she content, he sends her back by *La Villete* to *La Vasselay*, who in all outward shew, receives and welcomes her with many expressions of love, and demonstrations of joy, thereby to please her Husband, who is indeed satisfied therewith, so as now all three parties seem to be reconciled; but alas! There is nothing lesse, for within three moneths after *Gratiana's* return, *La Vasselay's* old jealousie breaks forth with

with more violence and impetuosity, for now if *De Merson* do but look on her, she swears them guilty of adultery, which passion so overclouds her judgement, that she vowes vengeance for the same. To which end providing her selfe of strong poyson, and catching at the very first opportunity, as soon as ever *Gratiana* found her selfe not well, under colour of much care, makes her some white-broath, into which infusing the said poyson, she gives it her, which within six dayes causeth her with much languishing to die.

De Merson hearing of *Gratiana's* death, doubts that his wives jealousie hath occasioned it, which he so confidently believes, that he fears his owne safety, and therefore resolves to leave her, and the better to curb and vexe her, he packs up all her Bonds, Bills, Leases and Conveyances, as also all her Money, Plate, Jewels, and richest houshold-stuff, and bidding the Tenants not to dare to pay her any Rent, he allowing her only a bare maintenance, on a sudden he takes horse, and rides home to his Fathers, from whence all his wives prayers and tears are not able to reclaim him.

La Vasselay seeing her Husbands unkindnesse, is almost ready to die for meer grief and sorrow, but how to remedy it she knows not, she sees her selfe left by all her friends, and to the laughter of her enemies, so that she hath no hope left to comfort her in these calamities; but to seek a reconciliation with her Husband, which she endeavours to effect by Letters, and so about a moneth after his departure sends him these lines.

La Vasselay *to* De Merson.

SInce at thy request I both recanted my jealousie to thy selfe, and repented my cruelty to my maid Gratiana, *what have I committed or done, that should deserve this thy ingratefull departure? for having made a most exact scrutiny in my thoughts and soule, either of them assure me, that the freenesse and fervency of my affection to thee deserved a farre more courteous requitall. If any have given thee any sinister or false impressions either of my selfe or actions, if thy affection to me will not deface them, at least let thy pity. Return then my sweet and dear Husband, and*

what

what errours or faults ſoever thou ſayeſt I have committed, I will not only redeem them with kiſſes but tears.

La Vaſſelay.

De Merſon having received this Letter, rather rejoyceth at, than commiſerates his Wives eſtate and ſorrows, yea it works ſuch poor effects in his affection, that he ſo ſlights her and her memory, that once he thought to have anſwered her Letter with ſilence; but then doubting he ſhould again be ſerved with the like, to ſave her that labour, he returns her this ſharp and bitter anſwer.

De Merſon *to* La Vaſſelay.

IT is thy errour, not my abſence, which hath changed thy joyes into ſorrows, and my ſight will be but a poor content for thee to bear to thy grave, ſith as a Chriſtian thou ſhouldeſt delight to ſee none but thy Saviour, nor be ambitious to live in any armes but his. That I am thy Husband I grant, but yet I feare thy heart knows I have farre more reaſon for my departure, than thou to deſire my return. And if thou wilt yet know more, pray God thou didſt not bedew Gratiana's *grave both with her tears and blood; for hadſt thou not been cruell, yea inhumane to her, I would never have been unkind to thee. And to conclude, live as happy, as I fear her death will make thee die miſerable.*

De Merſon.

This Letter nips her to the heart, for therein finding his ſuſpition of her for *Gratiana's* death, ſhe begins to feare him, and therefore to take off that danger, and ſecure her own life, ſhe changeth her love to him into hatred, and reſolves to cauſe him to be murthered. And among all perſons ſhe picks out *La Villete* his owne ſervant, as the fitteſt inſtrument; ſo ſending for him, ſwears him to ſecreſie, and then making a long invective againſt her Husband, proffers him a thouſand Crownes if he will undertake to murther him, which at the firſt time he poſitively denies; but upon a ſecond meeting

ſhe

ſhe renews her propoſition to him, and tells him, that if he will murther his maſter, ſhe within ſix months will marry him, which ſo draws him to the lure, that he ſwears to her to effect it.

Now it happened that ſhortly after *De Merſon* went to a general hunting, from whence coming home, in the midſt of a great wood *La Villete* riding behind his maſter, ſhoots him through the reins with a brace of piſtol bullets, which makes him inſtantly fall dead from his horſe to the ground, and minding to give it out that he was killed by thieves, he ſhoots through his own hat, cuts himſelf o're the hand, breaks his rapier, takes his Maſters purſe and watch out of his pocket, and then tying his feet with one cord, & with a ſlight one binding himſelf with his arms behind him to a tree, he cries out upon thieves that had killed his maſter, when ſoon after three Gentlemen travelling that way, find him out by his cries, to whom he relates the robbery and murther of his Maſter, as he had afore deſigned; which the Gentlemen ſeeing, cut his cord, and help to convey the dead corps to the next Village, from whence *Villete* ſorrowfully carries him home, where his mournful Father with infinite grief buries him.

La Vaſſelay receives the news from *Villete* with a ſhew of great grief outwardly, but with inward joy, and according to agreement, within ſhort time makes good her promiſe to him, by marrying with him, which by all is much wondred at, and breeds a ſuſpition that there was ſomething more in it than was yet known, which in due time God will both detect and puniſh. The manner thus·

Theſe two bloody wretches, *La Villete* and *La Vaſſelay* having been now married about eight months, and he deeply in law with *De Merſon* his Father for ſome lands and writings, which he detained from him, he one day takes an occaſion to ride over to *Manfrelles* houſe to talk of the differences, and lighting into ſome Merchants company by the way, his horſe on a Sudden firſt begins to run backward, then ſideling in deſpight of ſwitch and ſpur, and at laſt ſtands on end on his hinder legs, and falls quite back with him, and almoſt breaks the trunk of his body in pieces, which fall and bruiſe hardly affording him ability to ſpeak, and he finding death approach, he then and there doth confeſs, that his wife *La Vaſſelay* had cauſed him to murther his

Ma·

Maſter *De Merſon*, which he indeed had performed at her deſire.

The Merchants which were in his company convey him to an Inn in St *Georges*, and fearing he would dye under their hands, they ſend poſt to the *Preſidial* Court of *Mans*, who ſpeedily command *La Villete* to be brought thither alive or dead; he is brought thither alive, where he again confeſſeth the murther, in manner and form aforeſaid, and accuſeth *La Vaſſelay* to be the ſole inſtigatour thereof. Whereupon ſhe is apprehended and impriſoned, whereof *De Bremay* having notice, comes to *Mans* and accuſeth her for the death of his Daughter *Gratiana*. Her judges upon this double accuſation adjudge her to the rack, where at the firſt torment ſhe confeſſeth her ſelf ſole actor in the firſt, and Author in the ſecond murther, for which heynous crimes they condemn *Le Villete* to be hanged, and *La Vaſſelay* to be burned alive the next day, which at the common place of execution is executed in the preſence, and to the content of all the people of that City, who rejoyce and glorifie God for ſuch their deſerved puniſhments.

HISTORY XIIII:

BENEVENTE *and his bloody* Daughters.

The Contents.

Fidelia *and* Cæleſtina *cauſe* Carpi *and* Monteleon *with their two Lackeys* Lorenzo *and* Anſelmo *to murther their Father Captain* Benevente: Monteleon *and his Lackey* Anſelmo *are drowned*, Fidelia *hangs her ſelf*, Lorenzo *is hanged for a robbery, and on the Gallows confeſſeth* Benevente's *murther*, Carpi *hath his right hand cut off; then is beheaded*, Cæleſtina *is beheaded, and her body burnt.*

In

IN *Otranto* a City of *Apulia* in *Italy*, there dwelt an ancient rich and valiant Gentleman termed Captain *Benevente*, who by his deceased Lady had left him two Daughters and a Son, he, named *Seigneur Ricardo Alcascero*, they two, the Ladies, *Fidelia* and *Cælestina*: *Alscasero* lives altogether at *Naples* with the spanish Viceroy: *Fidelia* and *Cælestina* are at home with their Father, that his care might provide them good husbands. This Captain *Benevente* was beloved and honoured by all the Nobliity of *Apulia* so that his house was held as an Academy for all Martiall excercises, so that the beauty of his Daughters could not in such resort be long either unseen or uncourted, whereby in short time they are both of them sought in marriage by many Barons and Gentlemen as well at home as abroad. But the Father will not hear of any such motion, whereat they grieve and repine. And considering with themselves the severity of their Father to them, in crossing their desires of marriage, they think though themselves cannot, yet their Brother may prevail with their Father, to which end they consult together, and so by a confident friend of theirs, send to him to *Naples* this letter.

Fidelia *and* Cælestina *to* Alcasero.

DEspairing of our Fathers resolution to marry us, we have no other refuge but to thy self and thy love, in requesting thee powerfully to sollicite him therein, that he may not prefer his gold before our content, neither could our thoughts perswade us either to employ or acquaint any other but thy self with these our desires; for his severity is such toward us, that although we are sought in marriage by divers Cavaliers our superiours, yet he will not permit us to be seen, much less to be wedded of any. Ioyn thy power to our prayers, and we doubt not to be as happy in a Brother as we fear we shall see our selves miserable in a Father, and as thou canst not forget our descent and blood, so we zealously pray thee to remember, if not our beauty, our youth. Fidelia Cælestina

Upon the receipt of this Letter *Alcasero* comes to *Otranto* and deals

deals effectually with his Father, who answers, that he hath provideded the Baron of *Carpi* for *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Monteleon* for *Cælestina*, and that in fifteen dayes they are to come to see them, whereat all three rejoyce; within the time appointed these two Noble men come, and are assoon misliked, *Carpi* being crook-backed, and *Montelion* lame of one leg. *Beneuente* receives and entertains them nobly, and tells his Daughters plainly, that they shall marry these and none others. They are pressed by their Father, and importuned by the two Noble-men to finish and confirme the Contracts, which they both in particular and generall terms deny, and apply themselves anew to their Brother for helpe, who endeavours and labours for them with zeale, but so ineffectually, that he can get no other answer, but that they must and shall marry them, and onely them. They seeing him thus resolvedly bent, do begin to hate him; and at length *Fidelia* breaks it to her Sister, that she had rather die than be married to one she cannot affect and that since he is so resolute, she had rather see him laid in his grave, than her selfe in *Carpi's* bed, *Cælestina* agrees in the same opinion, adding withall, that the sooner their Fatheir is dispatched, the better, and thus they conclude he shall dye. But as to the manner, after many Consultations, they thinke it most safe to engage *Carpi* and *Montelion* to effect it, to which end they now change the Scene, and so pretend to love, where before they hated; which so pleaseth the two Noblemen, that they with much urgency importune them to marriage, but they tell them it is impossible as long as their Father liveth; for though he seem to make them their Husbands, yet that he intends nothing lesse, having given them expresse command not to love them. The Noble-men are taken in the trap, and never consider the treachery of these deceitful and bloody-minded Ladies, but joyntly engage themselves in a short time to free them from their Father. Captain *Beneuente* is many times accustomed after dinner to ride to his Vineyard, and now and then to a neighbouring Village: *Carpi* and *Monteleon* take their two Lackeys *Lornezo* and *Anselmo* with them, assoon as they know the Captain to be abroad onely accompanyed with one *Fiamento*. They disguise themselves and watch for him at the corner of a wood, where, upon his approach they all rush out upon him,

and

and with their ſwords and piſtols kill them both dead to the ground, then take up the dead bodies, carry them to an adjacent hill, and ſo throw them into a deep quarry full of thick buſhes and brambles. Then conſulting of their flight, *Carpi* takes poſt for *Naples*, and *Monteleon* with his Lackey hyes to *Brunduſium*, for which purpoſe having gotten two Gennets and ridden about twelve miles, *Montelions* horſe falls under him dead, which doth ſomewhat amaze him, but making a vertue of neceſſity, he rides his boyes horſe, and makes him follow on foot through narrow lanes and by-wayes, whither his fear directed him, and at length neer the Village *Blanquettelle* he meets with a ſwift Ford paſſable only with horſes, which conſtrains him to take up his Lackey *Anſelmo* behind him, but being in the midſt of the water, the horſe ſtumbles ſo ſuddenly, that not having time to help themſelves, they are both drowned.

By this time *Benevente* and his man *Fiamento* are wanting and not to be heard of. The daughters lay all the Country to purchaſe news of their father, and advertiſe *Alcaſero* at *Naples* of his being miſſing. And after five dayes ſearch, and no tidings, they ſuſpect he is murthered, and by *Fiamento*, becauſe he alone was with him, and alſo not to be found, but they are miſtaken; for as ſome neer neighbour Gentlemen are hunting a ſtagg near *Alpiata*, which being with a long purſute tired, runs for ſhelter into the (beforementioned) Quarry, where the dead bodies of *Benevente* and his man were thrown; the Gentlemen hunters follow to kill their prey the ſtag, where caſting aſide their heads, they ſee two dead bodies which the Crows had pitifully mangled, when approaching to diſcern them, by their cloths they know them to be *Benevente* and *Fiamento*; they ſend to *Otranto* to *Alcaſero* the news, he comes, ſees and knows the dead-bodies, the whole company grieves, and help to convey the dead bodies to *Otranto* in a Coach, they are buried the ſame night with as much decency as the ſhort time would allow; and the diſcovery left to God to detect the murtherers. Now the morrow after the burial, *Alcaſero* and his ſiſters have information that *Montelion* and his Lackey *Anſelmo* are drowned, whereat the ſiſters triumph. But *Alcaſero* thinks it ſtrange that *Carpi* comes not to condole

dole with him for his Father. and to renew his suit to his sister, which makes him begin to be suspicious, but *Carpi* in two moneths having heard nothing of the premisses, sends a Lackey to *Otranto* to *Fidelia*, with a Letter in these words,

Carpi *to* Fidelia.

THere are some reasons that stay me for not coming to Otranto, *which what they are, none can better imagine than thy selfe: When thy sorrows are overblown, I will come to thee; having given thee so true and real a proof of my affection, as thou shouldest offer me palpable injustice to doubt thereof: for what greater testimony canst thou futurely expect, than to believe I will ever prefer thy love before my owne life. I pray signifie to me, how thy brother stands affected, thy answer shall have many kisses, and I will ever both honour and bless that hand that writ it.*

Carpi.

The Lackey comes to *Otranto*, and finds out *Fidelia*, to whom he delivers his Masters Letter, and requesteth an answer. *Fidelia* receives the one and promiseth the other; but the reading thereof breeds a great alteration, for now she begins to despair, and hate all company, she is afraid of her own shadow, and thinks every house will fall upon her, this makes her forsake devotion, to look fearfull and gastly, in which condition at the importunity of *Carpi's* Lackey, she writes and returns this answer.

Fidelia *to* Carpi.

MY Fathers death hath altered my disposition, for I am wholly addicted to mourning, not to marriage: I pray trouble not thy selfe to come to Otranto, *for the best comfort I can receive is, that it is impossible for me to receive any: I never doubted of thy affection, neither will give thee just cause to feare mine: if this will not suffice, rest assured that I have resolved either to marry thee or my grave.*

How my brother ſtands affected is a thing difficult for me to underſtand or know, ſith I am only his ſiſter, not his Secretary, but in all outward appearance, I thinke he neither loves thee for my ſake, nor my ſelf for thine. Live thou as happy as I fear I ſhall die miſerable.

Fidelia.

Having ſent away this Letter, ſhe is now again diſtracted in her thoughts, which her brother, kinsfolk, and friends perceive, and endeavour to comfort her by good counſell, but ſhe can neither take nor follow any: In a word, ſhe growes weary both of the world and her life, and now would kiſſe any hand that would kill her, having her Fathers murther alwayes in her minde, which made her fix her heart to diſpatch her ſelfe, in what manner and at what rate ſoever: ſhe takes poyſon but that works not, ſhe ſeeks her knife and penknife, but finds neither, only ſhe takes her ſilk garter, goes to her chamber, bolts the door after her, and faſtening it to the teſter of the bed, there hangs her ſelf.

Dinner being now to be ſerved in & all things ready, *Alcaſero* and *Cœleſtina* call for their ſiſter *Fidelia*, but cannot hear of her; ſhe goes to her chamber, and brings word that the key is on the outſide of the door bolted within, yet ſhe anſwers not. The door is broken, where *Alcaſero* entring, ſees his ſiſter *Fidelia* hanging to the bedſtead dead, and her body cole black and infinitely ſtinking, at which ſight they are affrighted, but at laſt take her down and bury her.

But now to ſpeak ſomething of *Carpi*, he no ſooner receives *Fidelia's* Letter; but though he wonders at the contents, yet he means once more to try, and ſo ſeconds his firſt with this enſuing letter.

Carpi *to* Fidelia.

WEre thy requeſt not my law, I would ſee Fidelia *to comfort her; but ſince I am forbidden, what other remedy have I than patience. If thou weigh matters aright, I have more occaſion of ſorrow than thy ſelf, and yet I am far from deſpairing. Endeavour to love thy ſelf, and*

and so shalt thou draw felicity out of affliction, and I security out of danger. I hope thy Brother will not follow thy Fathers steps, his affection to thee shall be mine to himselfe. Let thy second Letter give me halfe so much joy as thy first did grief, then shall I triumph more then now I lament.

Carpi.

This is sent her by *Fiesco* to *Otranto*, who coming thither, and to *Benevente's* house, as he walks in the second Court, *Alcasero* spies him, and sends to know whose Lackey he was, but he will not tell. He is brought to the Cellar to tast the Wine thence is brought to *Alcasero*, but he will not discover himself either for entreaties or threats. he is invited to stay dinner, which he doth, and after dinner is brought again to *ALCASERO*, he tels him he saw him there fifteen dayes since. *Fiesco* is silent, *Alcasero* offers him twenty Duckets to discover himself and his businesse; this takes, and the Lackey tells him he belongs to *Carpi*, and hath a Letter from him to *Fidelia*, which he delivers to *Alcasero*, and thereby his suspition of *Carpi* for his Fahers death revives: but knowing silence is one main point to make out such a discovery, he bids the Lackey stay that night, and to speak with him in the morning ere he depart; the Fellow comes and hath this Answer; *Tell the Baron of* Carpi, *thy Master, that my Sister Fidelia is in another World, and that I shortly resolve to see him at* Naples, *and in the interim will keep his Letter.*

Fiesco knowing his fault, never returns to his Master. And *Alcasero* minding his promise, speeds to *Naples*, and to the Criminal Judges, there accuses *Carpi* for *Benevente's* murther; for which he is apprehended, whom he desires to be arraigned, but the Judges rather think fit to put him him to the Rack, whose torments he endureth, and still denies all, so the Court by sentence acquit and clear him. But *Alcasero* will not, for after six weeks time, when *Carpi* is now sound in his limbs, by *Plantinus* he sends him this Ticket of Defiance:

Alcasero *to* Carpi.

ALthough the law hath cleared thee for my fathers murther, yet my conscience cannot, I should be a monster

of nature not to seek revenge for his death; could I give peace to my thoughts, I would not seek to bereave thee of thy life with the hazard of mine own: but finding it impossible, pardon me if I request thee to meet me single at eight of the clock after Supper, at the West end of the common Vineyard, where I will attend thee with a couple of Rapiers, the choice whereof shall be thine. And if thou wilt make use of a second he shall not depart without meeting one to exchange a thrust or two with him.

Alcasero.

Upon receipt hereof he is in a quandary what to do, yet at last, he bids *Plantinus* tell him, *That though he had not deserved his malice, yet he accepted his challenge, onely he must fight single, because he was unprovided of a Second.*

The time of meeting now come, *Carpi* and *Alcasero* both come into the field, where it was *Carpi*'s fortune to have the day though immediately, by leaving *Alcasero* speechless, and as he imagined dead in the field, but God will have his wounds cured, and *Carpi* brought in his sight to a shameful end.

As soon as *Alcasero*'s wounds are cured, he leaves *Naples* and comes home to *Otranto*, where *Cœlestina* did now more triumph for *Carpi*'s freedom than before she trembled at his imprisonment, so that now being out of fear *Cœlestina* marries a noble young Gentleman, but here *Lorenzo* *Carpi*'s Page comes in to spoil the sport, for being upheld by his Master to keep him secret in *Beneventes* murther, he grows debauched, lewd and dissolute, and being one day sent by his Master on an errand, in a crowd he cuts a Gentlewomans purse from her side, wherein were five and twenty Ducatoons in gold, and is taken with the manner, and the for same next day is convict, and adjudged to be hanged. *Carpi* is amazed when he hears the news, goes to the prison, and promiseth if he will not reveal the business he wots off, he will enrich his mother and brothers. *Lorenzo* promiseth secrecy, but being brought to the gallows, he confesseth that he and the Baron of *Carpi* his Master, together with *Monteleon* and *Anselmo*, had murthered *Benevente* and his man *Fiamenti* and threw them into the Quarry: the which he takes to his death is true, and so is hanged.

Lorenzo turned over, *Carpi* is apprehended, when put to the

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rack, he reveals the murther in every point, as *Lorenzo* had done, Adding moreover, that *Cœlestina* and her dead sister *Fidelia* drew them to that murther, protesting they had never done it but at their request; so having first his right hand, then his head is smitten off. Which done, Post is sent to *Otranto* to seize on *Cœlestina*, who is apprehended at a Wedding, and so imprisoned, where understanding the former confessions and executions, she freely acknowledgeth the whole, and so is judged to have her head cut off, her body burnt, and her ashes thrown into the air: Which according to the sentence was the next day performed.

Thus we see how severely this murther was by Gods just revenge punished, not only in his two daughters, but also in the two Noblemen and their Lackeys. And indeed as such crimes deserve such ends: So generally the Actours infallibly finde them.

HISTORY XV.

CHRISTINA *and her Son* MAURICE.

The Contents.

Maurice *like a bloody villain throws his Mother* Christina *into a well and drowns her. The hand and arm wherewith he did it rots, and being distracted of his wits in prison, he confesseth his said murther, for the which he is hanged.*

UPon the North-east side of the Lake of *Geneva*, is a little Town called *Morges*, wherein there lately dwelt an honest and rich Burger, named *Martin Halsenolf*, who by his Wife *Christina* had one onely Childe, a Sonne termed *Maurice Halsenolf*. whose Father though a Souldier, made it his chiefe care to breed his Sonne a

ſcholar, and therefore firſt bringing him up in their own Grammer ſchool at *Morges*, his proficiency in ſhort time was ſuch, and his vertue and meekneſs ſo remarkable, that he was ready by the one for the Univerſity, and for the other was reputed the Phœnix of all the Youth in *Morges*, and his parents thought themſelves very happy in him. But this temporary contentment is ended by one ſad diſaſter, for as *Martin* the father was ſitting jocund and merry with his Wife and Son at dinner he ſuddenly falls down from his ſtool dead, to the amazement of them both.

The ſorrowful Widow having thus loſt her husband, who had left her a competent eſtate to live on, yet ſees her ſelf left by all his friends, who had quickly forgotten him. So that her whole comfort and conſolation now only reſted in her ſon *Maurice*, whom ſhe now intends to ſend to the Univerſity of *Loſanna* ſome three leagues off; where being arrived, he is committed to the care of one *Vareſius* an expert ſcholar and an excellent Chriſtian who receives this his pupil courteouſly and kindly. But hardly hath he been three moneths there but his Vertues are eclipſed, and drowned in that ſwiniſh vice of Drunkenneſs, which he makes his whole delight and ſtudy; ſo that the Tavern is become his ſtudy, and Ebriety the art he profeſſeth: And the longer our ſtudent lives at *Loſanna*, the worſe he groweth, and ſpends in one Quarter what was his allowance for three, and then to furniſh and maintain his lewd and vicious courſes, ſends to his mother inſinuating letters for divers ſums of money, which he getteth, but the frequency of them makes her begin to fear that he is become debauched and vicious: whereof being in fine advertis'd by the ſtudents and others, ſhe commands him home to *Morges*, where ſhe chides him for his prodigality and drunkenneſs, which he diſſemblingly takes in good part, but aſſures her withall, that he is falſely accuſed, and ſhe mis-informed, wherewith at preſent ſatisfied, to put the better gloſſe on his apology, he reſtrains his vice, and gives a law to his irregular deſires, in ſuch ſort, that he ſeems to be even Vertue it ſelf, yea and ſpends his time in hearing Sermons and Praying, which ſo pleaſeth her, that ſhe repents of her unkindneſs, and acquits him of his faults; And the better to root this opinion of temperance in his Mothers mind, he makes many pretences, and gets leave to go to ſeveral places adjacent, where he falls to his cups, and night and day doth nothing

nothing but drink; but at his return to his Mother, he seems so temperate, as if he could not drink more than would quench his thirst. Thus after some time, with his Mothers love and money in his purse, he returns to *Losanna*, and consequently to his bestial vices, wasting both his time and money in such sort, that he is compelled to revisit his Mother with letters to draw more moneys from her, but he is deceived, for she having received certain intelligence of his dissolute life, neglect of his learning following drunkenness, sale of his clothes, Bed and Books; and mispending his time, peremptorily refuseth his requests, exclaims against his drunkenness, which she saith, threatneth his ruine. *Maurice* now seeing himself thus abandoned by his Mother, knows not how to live, which cruelty (as he termed it) so madded him, that he swears her death if she will not relieve his wants, and maintain him as her son, and henceforward he is continually meditating how to effect his tragical intent, and as a spur to egge him on, for his leud behaviour he is also expelled both out of his own Colledge and the University. Thus seeing he must either beg or starve, he leaves *Losanna*, and goes home on foot to *Morges* to his Mother, where he hath hardly been three days before he makes two requests to her, one for new cloathes, the other for money, the first she grants, but denies the second, which more discontents than the other pleaseth him, so that he is all in choller and resumes his damnable thoughts of murthering his Mother, and consults with himself how to effect it; when after many plots, he considers there is a deep well in the outer yard near the garden, and thereinto he means to throw and drown her. And finding her one day, when her people were abroad together in the Vintage, walking in the garden with her prayer-book in her hand, and seeing the well open, he counterfeiting the mad-man, runs to her into the garden crying out that a neighbours child was fallen into the well, which he saw from his chamber window, which his harmless Mother believing, runs to the well, and as she looks in stooping, he tips her in, and she is drowned, and without more ado claps on the cover. This is no sooner done but he ascends her chamber, breaks open her cup-boords, trunks and chests, takes away most of her money and Silver plate, which he privately hides for his own use, and so scattering some small matter of money, and a few clothes about the house, (to intimate as if

thieves had been there) he ſlips out at the back door, and taking a horſe out of the ſtable, rides to the Vineyard to his Mothers people, where he ſays he hath been a broad all the morning, and was now come to paſſe the reſt of the day with them in mirth, and with them at night returns home: There they find the doors open, and their Miſtreſs wanting, they call her every where, but find her no where, at length the maids ruſh into her chamber, and find her cupboards, boxes, and trunecks broken open, and ſome money and apparel ſtrawed on the floor, whereat amazed, they cry out at the windows that thieves had been there, and robbed the houſe; *Maurice* and the men-ſervants hearing this, come in and find as aforeſaid, which makes all of them doubt *Chriſtina*'s abſence, whereupon late at night, *Maurice* goes to the Bayliffe and other criminall Officers of *Marges*; who make a ſecret ſearch in the Town, and round about it, but all in vain, for now the next day is come, and nothing heard of *Chriſtina*; they ſearch all places again, but to no purpoſe, when behold one of the Servant maids, having that morning taken a nap in the chair, ſtarts ſuddenly out of her ſleep, and ſayes that ſhe dreamed her Miſtreſs was caſt into the Well and drowned, *Maurice* like a cunning Villain deſires the well may be ſearched; adding that it was not impoſſible that the thieves that robbed her, might throw her into the well, at whoſe requeſt the well is ſearched, and the hooks taking hold of her clothes, bring up the dead body, whoſe brains were daſhed out with the fall: All are amazed but having no other circumſtances whereby to collect any thing, they conclude the thieves that robbed her, threw her in there, ſo leave is given to *Maurice* to bury his Mother, which he doth with great decency and many tears.

As ſoon as *Maurice* hath buried his Mother, he returns afreſh to his old drunkenneſs, and to that ſwiniſh exceſs, which doth within three moneths make him ſell away all his Lands, Plate and Houſholdſtuffe, yea, and after that runs into Debts, which in a ſhort time bring his Creditours upon him, and they caſt him into priſon, where having ſpent all that he had, he is clapt into the Dungeon, where his miſery is ſo extream, that he hath hardly to ſuſtain life. *Whitſunday* being come, he prayeth his Jailour to have the

freedom of the yard, which was granted, when at night descending the stairs, his foot slips, and he falls down and breaks the bone of his right arm in two pieces, which in fifteen days, for want of a Chirurgeon so putrifies, that he is enforced to have it cut off a little below the shoulder. (And this was the same hand that threw his Mother into the Well) the pain whereof drove him into a phrenzy and madness, so prodigious, that his speeches were all fearfull outcries, and uncouth raving, and in this plight he remained ten days and nights, of which the Jailour acquaints the Common Council. and sollicites them to remove his distracted prisoner, which they grant, and in meer pity command him from a Dungeon to a Chamber, and all conveniences thereto, yea, and send Divines to him, but his outragious cries affright and terrifie them; then they think to remove him from the prison to the Hospital, hoping thereby to recover his senses, when the under-Jailour taking him by the hand to conduct him thither, he imagining that he was leading to Execution, cries out, I have drowned my Mother in the Well, and God will have me to confesse before he suffers you to hang me, I speak it on Earth, and by my part of Heaven it is true, and so returnes again to his mad phrenzy.

His Jaylours yet lead him to the Hospitall and having left him there, report his words to the Magistrates. as also, that he was no sooner come thither, but that miraculously, he recovered his perfect memory, judgement and senses; whereupon with wonder and horrour, they accuse and arraign him upon his own words, but then he denies it with oathes and imprecations, but the Magistrates will not be so answered but remanding him back to the prison, they adjudge him to the rack, at the sight whereof he falls to the ground on his knees, and acknowledgeth that he had drowned his Mother in the Well, for which inhumane *Parricide*, they in the morning, condemn him to be hanged in the afternoon, where brought to the place of Execution, at his ascending the Ladder, he confesseth his crime, then praying God to forgive, and the World to pray for him, he is by the Executioner turned over.

Let all be warned by this sad example to avoid drunkennesse, which for the most part hath many crimes attend-

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ing it Let us ſtrive to hate it in others, ſo ſhall we the better know to deteſt it in our ſelves, which that we may all know to our comforts, pray we heartily to God, and he will direct us.

The Fourth Book.

HISTORY XVI:

DON JUAN *and* MARSILLIA.

The Contents.

Idiaques *cauſeth his Son* Don Juan *to marry* Marſillia, *and then commits Adultery and Inceſt with her. By her means, and for her ſake, he poyſoneth his own old wife* Honoria, *and makes her Brother* De Perez *to kill her chamber-maid* Mathurina. Don Juan *afterwards kills* De Perez *in a Duel.* Marſillia's *brains are daſht out by a horſe, and after her body is condemned to be burned,* Idiaques *is beheaded, his body burnt, and the aſhes thrown into the air.*

IN the City of *Santarem* in *Portugal* there dwelt an antient Gentleman, named *Don Sebaſtian Idiaques*, whoſe wife and Lady now grown aged was called *Honoria*. Who in the time of thirty years being married, had two ſons and four daughters, all which, together with one of their ſons, dyed in their immature youth, ſo as there remained one only ſon termed *Don Juan*, who for all regards of breeding and courtſhip, was held to be a compleat Gallant, and one of the prime Cavaliers of *Portugal*.

Some ſix leagues from *Santarem* dwelt a young Gentlewoman, very

very fair and a Widow, named *Dona Marsillia*; to this Lady *Idiaques* (having now left the vertues of his youth to grow vicious in his age) makes his addresse by visitations and courtships; but she puts him off with peremptory refusals, and checks him for his lascivious suite: But he is as constant in his sollicitations as she in disdain; yet perceiving that he loved her tenderly, she tells him plainly and privately, that if he ever think to enjoy her love and her self, he must first cause her to be married to his Son *Don Juan*, which effected she swears to deny him nothing. *Idiaques* wondring with admiration at this her strange proposition, knowes not what to do or say therein. He goes home and consults with himself, fain he would preserve his sons honour and bed immaculate, but *Marsillia's* beauty beats down all considerations. He returns and visits her again, but she will not recede a tittle from her her first resolve. The old Lecher, rather then loose his obscene lust, promiseth to use all meanes possible to procure his son to marry her: And to that end one day takes him aside, and motions the match to him. *Don Juan* liketh of it, and takes a short time to consider; which past, he rides over to St. *Estiernne* to visit her, at first sight he approves and courts her, she seems wondrous coy, which makes him come on with more earnestness.

Whiles thus the Father underhand, and the Son openly seeks *Marsillia*. *Honoria Don Juan's* Mother, by many strong reasons seekes to divert him from her, yea and peremptorily forbids him to marry her upon her blessing, adding, that if he marry her, there will infallibly more miseries attend their Nuptials, than as yet is possible for him either to know or conceive. *Don Juan* ruminates on these speeches, and forbears for a moneth or two to visit *Marsillia*, which makes her look askew on *Idiaques*, who inquires of his son whence that strangeness proceeds, he makes a modest excuse, but totally conceals his Mothers advise. *Marsillia* wonders, & is mad to see her hopes of *Don Juan* almost frustrate, she asks *Idiaques* whence her sons averseneſſe doth arise: He tells her he is confident that it is his old Mother who hath turned him from her, whereat inraged, she soothes him up, saying, *The old Beldam his Wife, must first be sent to Heaven, before he can hope to enjoy her, or she his son on earth* When she profers him to visit her, and to poyson her, which he contradicted, and promiseth her speedily to perform it himself. So he provides strong poyson and administred it to her in preserved

Barbaries,

Barbaries, which he obſerved her to love and eat, whereof in three dayes after ſhe dyes; whereat her Son *Don Juan* weepes exceedingly, but never ſuſpects, or hath the leaſt thought that ſhe is poiſoned.

Marſillia underſtanding of *Honoria's* death, is marvelouſly pleaſed, and within two Moneths after her burial, *Idiaques* and ſhe deales ſo politickly, that *Don Juan* marries her, and brings her home to his lewd Fathers houſe, who very often commit Adultery and Inceſt with her, but ſo cloſely, that for Two years *Don Juan* hath no inkling thereof. But her Waiting-Maid *Mathurina* takes exact notice of this unlawfull familiarity of hers with *Ideaques*. Which her Miſtreſſe underſtanding, extreamly beats her for the ſame, and twice whips her naked in her Chamber, and drags her about by the hair, which cruel uſage *Mathurina* taking in very ill part; to be revenged on her, ſhe goes to *Don Juan* her young Maſter, and tells him of this foul buſineſſe between his young wife and old Father. *Don Juan* is greived and amazed at this report, and ſcorning to be an eye witneſſe of this his ſhame, and conſidering they had by their grievous crimes, made themſelves for ever unworthy of his ſight and and company, very ſuddenly takes horſe, and rides away to *Lisbone*, whence he takes poſt for *Spain*, and builds up his reſidence at the Court at *Madrid*.

Ideaques and *Marſillia* ſeeing this his ſuuden departure, which they were conſcious would make apparent both their fault and ſhame, and knowing it could be none but *Mathurina* who had diſcovered this roguery to her Husband, ſhe provides her ſelf of rods, and intends the next morn early to wreak her fierce anger and indignation upon her. *Mathurina* having notice of this the night before, takes horſe, and rides home to her Fathers, and there, from point to point relates all the former paſſages, and publiſhes her Miſtreſſes adulteries.

Marſillia advertis'd hereof, ſends for her brother *De Perez*, and acquaints him of her maids treachery againſt her honour, proteſting both her own and *Ideaques* innocency, which he beli ving, bids her be of good cheer, and that he wi l ſpeedily take ſuch order that her maids tongue ſhall not long blemiſh her reputation. Thus to make good his promſe to his ſiſter, *De Perez* rides over to St. *Saviours*, and there by night waiting at the door, as *Mathurina* came forth in a dark

dark night, runs her thorow the body two ſeveral times, whereof ſhe falls down dead without the ſpeaking of a word; which done, he preſently takes horſe, and poſts to *Santarem* being neither ſeen nor diſcovered.

As ſoon as he comes thither, he informes his ſiſter what he hath done, who is infinitely glad thereof, and gives him many thanks now wholly bending her malice and revenge againſt *Don Juan* her husband, and cunningly provoking her ſaid Brother to accompliſh it; by her policy ſhe ſo exaſperates him, that he vowes, that if he knew where he were, he would ride and fight with him, when behold (as it were to bind him to his promiſe) news of his reſidence in *Madrid* is accidentally brought him by a Servant purpoſely ſent to *Santarem* with theſe two enſuing Letters, the one to his father, the other to his wife.

That to his Father ſpake thus.

Don Juan *to* Ideaques.

WAs there no other woman in the whole World for you to abuſe but my Wife: If nature would not inform you that I am your ſon, yet you are my Father, and it ſhould have taught you to have been more natural to me, more honourable to the World, more reſpectful to your ſelf, and more religious to God, and not to have made your ſelf guilty of the foul crimes of adultery and inceſt with her, the leaſt whereof is ſo odious to God, and ſo deteſtable to men, that I want terms to expreſs it. The ſhame and infamy whereof hath made me leave Portugal *for* Spain, *and forſake* Santarem *to live and die in* Madrid; *and when God ſhall be ſo merciful to let you ſee, that the Winter of your age makes you fitter for your grave, than my bed, and for thy winding ſheet than my wife, you will hold my reſolution towards you to be as honourable, as this your crime to me is unnatural, which if you henceforth redeem not with repentance and tears, I fear that the divine Majeſty of God will make you as miſerable as you have made me unfortunate.*

Don Juan.

His

His Letter to his Wife spake this Language.

Don Juan *to* Marsillia.

WHat devil possessed thy heart with lust, and thy soul with impiety, to make thee break thy vow given to me in Marriage, by committing those damnable sins of Adultery and Incest with my naturall Father. And if the consideration that I was thy Husband, could not in grace deter thee from it, yet the remembrance he was my Father, should in nature have made thee both to abhor and detest it. The unnaturalnesse of those Your crimes hath cast such a scandal on mine honour, that I have abandoned Portugal *and* Santarem *for thy sake, and betaken my self to live and die in* Madrid *in* Spain. *Think to what miseries thy inordinate lusts have already deservedly exposed thee, sith henceforth I will no more esteem thee my Wife; and know, that God will assuredly look on thee with an eye of indignation, and the world with contempt.*

Don Juan.

Idiaques and *Marsillia* having severally received and read these Letters, are stung in their consciences, and curse *Mathurina* and her memory: yet they resolve to bear up their reputations in the World, and by the justification of their innocency to sollicite his return, and to that purpose write to him in the most plausible manner that deviliſh hypocrites could invent, guilding over their impious adulteries with pious words; and having sent them away, *Marsillia* shewes the two former Letters from *Don Juan* to her Brother de *Perez*, who vowes revenge: But *Don Juan* would not be deluded with their fair words and that they might know his resolution, he neglecting his Father, sends *Marsillia* this Letter.

Don

Don Juan *to* Marsillia.

THy Letter hath not diminished, but rather confirmed my Confidence of your Bestial Crimes of Adultery and Incest, so that I am fully resolved for ever to forsake my Fathers House, and thy Company, and to live and dye here in Madrid: *for I prize the Apology of thy innocency at so low a rate, that I disdain it for thy sake, and thy self for thine own. I grieve at thy Maid* Mathurina's *death, fearing that my Father and thy self have been the cause thereof, whereof if You are guilty, You have then all the reason of the World to believe, that God will in the end revenge it to his glory, and punish it to Your confusion.*

Don Juan.

This Letter enflames his Wife with Malice and Envy; who now again repairs to her Brother *De Perez*, as to her Champion: She shewes him this last Letter, and requests his advice and help to regain her honour, either by bringing home her Husband, or else removing him out of the World, that her wrongs might die with him, and be raked up in the Dust of his grave. *De Perez* prayes her to refer this business to his care, and gives her the good night.

The next morning, he takes one *Seignieur Gaspar Lopez* a valiant and intimate friend of his with him, and rides to *Madrid*, where arrived, he writes a Challenge, and sealing it up, prayes *De Lopez* to deliver it, who finding *Don Juan* in his Chamber gives it him, wherein contrary to his expectation he finds these lines.

De Perez *to* Don Juan

I Have seen thy inveterate malice to thy Wife, my Sister, in thy false and scandalous Letters to her; Wherefore considering what she is to thee, and I to her, I hold my self bound to make her wrongs mine: To which end I have left Santarem

tarem *to find thee in* Madrid, *purposely to pray thee to meet me to morrow betwixt six and seven in the morning, at th' furthest West-end of the* Prado, *with thy Rapier, a Confident Gentleman of thy Friends, and thy Chirurgion, without a Second, where thou shalt find me to attend thy coming, when and where I doubt not to teach* Don Juan, *what it is to cast a base aspersion, upon the lustre of his Wife, my Sister, the Lady* Marsillia's *Honour, whose extraction is as good as thine, and her Education and Vertues far more sublime and excellent. Thy Generosity obligeth thee to the honourable performance hereof, and mine Honour reciprocally to perform this Obligation.*

De Perez.

Having received this Challenge and perused it, with a cheerful Countenance, by *Lopez* he returnes this Answer. *Tell* De Perez. *that God lending me Life, I will tomorrow breakfast with him at his own time and place appointed, and in manner desired.*

The morning no sooner appears, but *De Perez* with his friend *Don Lopez* comes to the *Prado* on Horseback, the like doth *Don Juan* with a Gentleman named *Don Richardo De Valdona* in his Coach, who no sooner see each other, but throwing off their Doublets, without any Compliement they approach and draw, variously fighting, and exchanging thrusts, till at the fifth bout *Don Juan* runs *De Perez* clean through the body, wherewith falling, he redoubles his thrust, and nailes him stark dead to the ground; so binding up his wounds, by a private way he goes home to his lodging, and the next day after causes the said *De Perez* to be decently buried. After which *Lopez* returnes home, and from point to point relates the issue of the combate to *Idiaques* and *Marsillia*, adding withall that he was so reserved and strange, that he refused to write to either of them, which though they seemed to be grieved and troubled at, yet they still continue their beastly sins, as if there were no God either to see or punish them. But we shall soon see the contrary.

For as *Marsillia* was riding to *Coimbra* to visit a sick Kinswoman, as she comes within a small League of that Town, there suddenly

suddenly starts up a Hare between her horse legs, which so amazed him, as coming off with all four, he throws her to the ground, and kicking her with his hind feet at her fall, strikes her in the forehead, and dasheth out her brains. Now as her Foot-boy wept and cryed at the death of his Mistress, there fortuned to pass by two Corrigadors (or Officers of justice) of *Coimbra* in their Coach, who seeing the mournful spectacle, they alight, and enquire who she was, whereof being informed by the Foot-boy, they take up the body and convey it to *Coimbra*, from whence they send to *Idiaques*, desiring him to come thither and take order for her burial. In the mean while they secure her Rings, Jewels and other Apparel, and search her pockets likewise for gold, in one whereof they find the last Letter which her Husband *Don Juan* had written and sent her from *Madrid*, and for the reading thereof withdraw themselves to a private Chamber, whereby understanding the obscene incest and adultery of *Idiaques* with his Daughter in-Law, they wonder, but when they read the clause wherein he taxeth them for *Mathurina*'s death, they say little, but agree to seize on and imprison *Idiaques* as soon as he came thither. In the interim they ask the Foot-boy if his Lady had not a maid named *Mathurina*, he tells yes, and that she was lately murthered but by whom unknown, that her Father lived at St. *Saviours*, and was called *Seignieur Pedro de Castello* : They secure the Foot-boy, and presently send for *Castello*; this done, *Idiaques* the same night arrives, and is seized on when he least thought thereof, and committed close prisoner. The next morning comes *Castello*, who hearing all the former passages, and *Don Juans* Letter, he believes them guilty, and craves justice on *Idiaques* for the same, so after dinner, they send for him to appear, where *Castello* accuseth him, but *Idiaques* stoutly denies it, then he is put to the rack, the torments whereof he bears with a fortitude beyond his age or strength; *Castello* prays eight days time to make good his accusation, which is freely granted, and in two dayes time brings in a new indictment against him for poysoning his Lady *Honoria*; upon this he is sent for to appear a second time, but as before, so now he perseveres in his denial : He is brought to the rack, but before his torments, the Judges send some Divines to him to work upon his conscience,

which they did with such effect, that he confessed himself guilty of poysoning his own Lady *Honoria*, but altogether innocent of *Mathurina*'s death, then being asked if *Marsillia* were guilty, he said, true it was himself administred the poyson, but *Marsillia* bought it for him, for which her dead body was that afternoon burnt at the comm n place of Execution, and *Ideaques* was condemned to have his head cut off, from which sentence he appealed to *Santaren*, whither being brought, the first sentence is confirmed, and an addition thereto, his body to be burnt, and his ashes thrown into the air. Thus the next morning a Scaffold is erected at his own door, whereon he lost his head; the rest of the sentence being executed, to the satisfaction of justice, and content of all the Spectators.

HIST. XVII.

HARCOURT and *MASSERINA.*

The Contents.

Harcourt *steals away his Brother* Vimory's *Wife* Masserina, *and keeps her in Adultery. She hires an* Italian *Mountebank to poyson* La Precoveri, *who was* Harcourts *Wife.* Harcourt *kills* Vimory, *and then marries his Widow.* Tivoly *hanged for a robbery, accuseth* Masserina *for* Precoverts *death, for which she is hanged*; Noel *accuseth* Harcourt *for killing his Brother* Vimory, *whereof being convict, he is broken alive on a wheel.*

IN the Pa ish of St. *Simplician*, a mile from the City of *Sens* in the Dutchy of *Burgundy*, there lived an aged Gentleman, termed *Mounsieur de Vimory*, who left onely two Sons behind him

him, the eldest called after his Fathers name *De Vimory*, and the youngest named *Harcourt*, Gentlemen both well bred and qualified.

De Vimory, within a year and a half after his Fathers death being covetous of wealth, and hearing of a rich widow at *Dijon* named *Madamoyſele Maſſerina*, he earneſtly ſeeks her in marriage, from which by many ſtrong reaſons his brother *Harcourt* ſeeks to divert him: but *Vimory* deaf to his advice and requeſts, marries her, though upon theſe hard terms, *viz.* that he ſhall receive all her rents, ſhe to put her ready money to uſe to whom ſhe pleaſeth, he to have one halfe of the intereſt, but the principall ſtill to remaine in her own Right, and at her own diſpoſing.

Not long after *Harcourt* being at a great Wedding, he there eſpies a beautiful young Gentlewoman, whom he inſtantly affects for his Wife: He enquires what ſhe is, and finds her to be *Madamoyſele la Precoverte*, the Daughter of Mounſieur *de Vaquery*. He courts the Daughter, ſues to the Father and ſees both willing, when the old man tells him plainly, that his Daughters vertues are her portion, that he hath no money; but hopes for ſome by two great ſuits, a good part whereof upon the recovery, he will impart to him if he will marry his Daughter. *Harcourt* acquaints his brother *Vimory* herewith, and deſires his advice, he aſſures him that *de Vaquery* of *Troyes* is but poor, and that his Law-ſuits have as much of uncertainty as hopes. *Harcourt* extols *La Precoverte*'s beauty. *Vimory* anſwers, that is fading, but *Harcourt* too deeply ingaged to go back, ſlights his Brothers Counſell, and ſo marries her.

And now wholly neglecting his Brother, he turnes prodigall, and becomes a moſt lewd and debauched husband, and within the compaſſe of one year often quarrels with his fair and vertuous Wife, to her matchleſs grief and calamity: She leaves no ſweet advice nor courteous reſpects to reclaim him. But nothing will prevail, for he goes on in his vitious courſes, neither caring for his health or eſtate, whereat ſhe wonderfully grieves. She deſires *Vimory* his brother, and *Vaquery* her Father to perſwade and divert him, for neither can they prevail, for he ſells his lands away by peece-meal, which he hearing, ſtormes at, and his Wife weeps

and laments. But he neither cares for the one, nor regards the other: yea, he threatens to send his Wife home to her Father, calling her beggars brat. She still grieves, but can have no redress or help, yea rather as an addition to make her miseries complete, seeing want approaching by his ill husbandry, and considering with himself how to repair his decayed fortunes, he layes aside conscience, honesty, and all fear of God, and knowing *Vimory's* Wife *Masserina* to be rich and wanton, he will attempt to gain her affection from her Husband, and to draw her to his own lewd and prophane Lust; and so taking time at advantage, when her Husband was abroad, and she in a very pleasant humour, he takes his said sister in Law M[illegible] aside, and there makes her acquainted with his lascivious suit to her. Neither doth he fail of his hopes, for she is so dishonestly prepared, as at this his very first motion she saith, she hath not the power to deny him any thing, and protests her self and her heart to be his.

Thus *Harcourt* and *Masserina* turn adulterous wretches, and delight in that their own shame and infamy, by which courses his pockets are again full, and from thence he recruits himself into new apparel, which so elevates him, that now he will not permit his vertuous Wife *La Precoverte* any longer to live with him; But only with a little poor Nag and a ragged foot-boy, he turns her out of her brother *Vimory's* house at St. *Simplician*, and thereby doth enforce her to ride home to the poor Gentleman her Father at *Troyes*, where for the present we will leave her.

Now doth *Harcourt* at his pleasure frolick it out at St. *Simplician* with his lascivious sister in Law, who are grown so impudently graceless, that these their obscene dalliances are taken notice of by *Vimory's* Servants, only himself thinks nothing of such matters, but wonders to see his brothers fortunes so changed, and cannot imagine whence this his new myne should arise. But long he shall not be to seek, for *Harcourt* knowing that a little would not do his business, he resolves at once to set all at stake, and by flying away with her to make himself master of her whole estate; Wherefore with much superficiall affection, and artificial flattery, he no sooner breaks this motion to her, but she freely gives her consent,

consent, and to that end she very secretly draws in all her moneys and gold, together with all her Plate, Rings, and Jewels, and privately packing them up, they fly away together, in a morning when her Husband and Servants are gone forth a Hawking and Hunting for all the day, without making any one acquainted therewith. The first place of refuge they betake themselves to, is *Geneva*, where they take two Chambers and live together: Pretending as an excuse for their stay, that he is Heir to some Lands lately devolved to him near *Milain*, which he is going to sell away, in regard himselfe and the Gentlewoman are both Protestants; this was a blinde for some time, but growing stale, and perceiving their actions to be narrowly pryed into, he acquaints the Ministers, and Antients of the Church, that he intends to marry the Gentlewoman there ere he went away; they desire a Certificate from the Church of which they say they are Members, that they were Protestants, and their marriage no way clandestine: Which not able to do, they agree suddenly to remove; and that is hastned on by an unlooked for accident. For *Noel*, *Harcourt*'s man grieved to see his Master guilty of stealing his Brothers Wife, and then using her as his owne, and knowing it could not be but displeasing to God; he as a good Christian, gives his Mistresse *La Precoverte* notice of their abode and living, who is extreamly afflicted at the newes, and thinks fit to use means to reclaim them both to their duties: And because she cannot for severall reasons go to *Geneva* her selfe, with the greatest secrecy she can devise, she writes to them with a Religious anger, in these terms.

Her Letter to her Husband intimated to this effect.

La Precoverte *to* Harcourt.

YOur flight, and adultery with that graceless strumpet Masserina, *is so displeasing to God, that I wonder his divine justice will permit* Geneva *to contain you without punishing you for it.*

I have examined my thoughts and actions, and cannot conceive that I have any way deserved this ingratitude; or your brother this treachery: And therefore fail not to certifie me, why You have undertaken this vitious course of life, which in the end will assuredly produce thy misery, as already it hath done your infamy. And in regard that you are my Husband, and that I believe it to be the first fault of this nature that ever you committed: I therefore hold you more worthy of my prayers and pity, than my hatred and curses. So if You will abandon your debauched Sister, and come home and live with me, I will forget, and forgive what is past, and henceforth no more remember that you have neglected and hated me.

La Precoverte.

Her Letter to *Masserina* was to the same sense and purpose, though not in like words; which she delivered to a trusty Messenger, who coming to *Geneva*, first finds out *Noel*, and after delivers his Letters according to direction: they break up the Seals and read them, which cuts them to their hearts, and seeing themselves discovered, they conclude presently to remove, and forsake *Geneva*; but before they goe, they write back to *La Precoverte* in these following termes,

Harcourt *to* Precoverte.

DO not rashly and unjustly torment thy selfe with jealousie for my absence, for thou shalt find as much joy thereof at my return, as thou now fearest the contrary: I have vowed to accompanie my sister in Law Masserina *to our Lady of* Loretto, *to which holy Lady and blessed Saint, her Orations for her husband, and mine for thee are and shall be as replete of pure affection and piety, as thou imaginest they are of iniquity and propt aness: True it is, I committed*

mitted an errour in not acquainting thee with my departure, but when I shall shortly return to thy presence and company, then my just Reasons will make thee acknowledge thy rashnesse in condemning me. And if thou be yet further inquisitive, then know, that it was her devotion and my affection which gave birth to our proceedings. Therefore though I suppose that I am not bound to aske thee forgivenesse for the same, yet I allow of thy pity and prayers, and rejoyce at thy affection to welcome me home, which shall be as soon as reputation and good speed shall permit.

Harcourt.

Masserina's answer was the same, onely dressed in a differing garb of phrase, which they send by *Precoverte's* owne Messenger, and the very day after, they trusse up their baggage, and with much secrecy leave *Geneva*, and go to the City of Lyons, a frontier Town of *France* At their arrivall there they take Chamber near the Arsenal, where they have not lyen fifteen dayes. but a strange accident befell them. A Gentleman of *Thouse* called Mounsieur *De Blayes*, had five dayes before killed his elder brother *De Bury* upon a quarrel for having stollen away his Brothers Wife. There was a privy search made in *LYONS* for them, and *Harcourt* an *Masserina* were upon suspition taken for them, but the next day, being known not to be the parties, they were cleared, but however hotly allarumed, which hath so terrified them, that they seldome go abroad, and when they do, it is as it were disguised, masked and muffled. And here their fear still encreasing, they now begin to take evill thoughts both against *De Vimory* and *La Precoverte*: Thus *Masserina* resolves speedily to cause *Precoverte* to be poysoned: To which end, she finds out two Apothecaries, and deals with them severally to effect it, but conceales the name of both place and party; they both refuse to meddle in any such businesse, whereat she enquires anew, and finds one *Tivoly* an *Italian* Mountebanck, who then was at the Bathes at *Pougges*, a mile from *Nevers*. Thither she goes, pretending an ache in her right arme, and leaves *Harcourt* at

Lyons till her return, only taking *Noel* with her; thus attended thither ſhe comes, and finds *Tivoly*, breaks the matter to him, and finds him for money tractable, ſo they *bargain* thus; ſhe is to give him an hundred crowns in hand, an hundred and fifty more when the buſineſſe is done, and fifty more to bear his charge in the journey; thus agreed ſhe names to him the place, and party deſigned to deſtruction, and ſwearing ſecrecie each to other, he rides away to *Troyes*, where he proclaims his profeſſion, and skrews himſelfe cunningly into *De Vaquery's* acquaintance, and to ſhew his ability, all his Language is made up of Phyſicall termes, which makes *De Vaquery* think him learned, and by his Learning fit to cure his Daughter *La Precoverte's* Conſumption (which her daily grieving had brought her to) ſo he mentioneth it to *Tivoly*, who promiſeth his beſt skill and art for her recovery, and the next day goes home to viſit her, he feels her pulſe, looks at her water, and receives thirty crowns of her Father to cure her, the next day he begins, and gives her two pills, whereof within three dayes after ſhe ſuddenly dyes in her bed by night: *Tivoly* affirms it could not be helped, becauſe her diſeaſe had turned all her blood into water and the like, with which perſwaſions *De Vaquery's* underſtanding deluded, he buries his Daughter.

Three dayes after, *Tivoly* leaves *Troyes* and goes to *Nevers*, tells *Maſſerina* what he had done, receives the reſt of his money, and ſwearing ſecrecie again, they part.

Precoverte thus gone, ſhe aims next to remove *Vimory* her Husband out of the way, ſo ſending for *Harcourt* to come to her to *Nevers*, ſhe minds to ſtay there, and within three weeks receives the newes of *Precoverte's* death, themſelves having been at leaſt a year together in travell ſince their flight. And *Vimory* by order of juſtice, ſeizeth upon *Harcourts* lands that were left, and gathers the Rents to his own uſe, which ſo vexeth our two adulterous Devils, that they poſitively vow his death: After ſeverall conſultations held between them concerning the manner, *Harcourt* thinks none ſo fit to be employed as his own man *Noel*, and offers him two hundred Crowns in money, and fourty more of yearly penſion during his life, if he will piſtoll his brother *Vimory* to death, as he is walking in the fields; but *Noel* is too honeſt a man,

man for such works, neither will purchase gold at so dear a rate, which makes *Harcourt* angry, but swearing him not to speak of this proposition, for the pre ent all is husht. Hereupon to approach nearer *Sens*. He and *Masserina* leaves *Nevers*, and by small journeyes by night, come to *Mascon*; and there he resolves to ride over to *Sens*, and with his own hand to pistol his Brother *Vimory*, and if his bullets fail, his sword shall perform the rest. To which purpose, with a disguised beard and a poor suit of apparel, he comes to Saint *Simplician*; and waiting at the end of a Wood, where he knew his Brother used to come to walk, he personating a begging Souldier (espying him) with his hat in his hand goes to him, and requesteth an almes; Which *Vimory* taking out his purse to bestow on him, he drawes back, and taking his Pistol out of his sleeve, he lets fly at him, and with two bullets shoots him to the heart, that he presently fell dead to the ground; so going to his Horse, which he had tyed hard by (out of sight) he gallops away with all speed to *Mascon*, where at the relation *Masserina* and himself both rejoyce at their acted villanies.

About two hours after is this murther known at Saint *Simplician*, and in a little dispersed all over *Burgundy*, and the Murtherers narrowly sought after, but in vain, for they keep private yet a while, but about two moneths after *Harcourt* arrives at *Sens*, and goes to Saint *Simplician*, which with his Brothers whole Estate was devolved to him by his death without issue, and here his hypocriticall sorrow for his Brother, makes him seem to be innocent, for himself and servants are all in blacks. A moneth after he sends for *Masserina*, (who carry themselves so strangely each to other, as if they had never been together, during their absence) and she likewise mournes for the death of her Husband: but finding themselves slighted by their Neighbours, to take off their scandal, they agree to marry, but no Priest will perform it without a dispensation, which with money and strong friends, within three moneths they procure from *ROME*, and so are speedily married, where to their pleasures for a while we must leave them, and speak of *Tivoly*.

This

This helliſh Mountebank, repairing to the great fair of *Sens*, and there profeſſing his Empery to a rich Goldſmiths Wife named *De Boys*, the third day he ſtole a casket of Jewels and Rings from him out of a cup-board, valued at four thouſand crowns, and upon the robbery fled, hoping to eſcape, but *De Boys* makes a ſpeedy and curious ſearch for the thief, whom he could not yet diſcover, when hearing of this Empericks flight, he preſently ſuſpects, in perſon purſues, and within four leagues of *Maſcon* apprehends him, and finds many but not all his Jewels, ſo he is brought to *Sens* and impriſoned, and upon examination freely confeſſeth the robbery, for which his Judges condemn him to be hanged the very next day. And ſo the next morning i (according to the ſentence) brought to execution, where on the ladder he doth (ſorrowful) confeſs, that he had formerly poyſoned *La Precoverte*, *De Vaqueries* Daughter of *Troyes*, hired thereto by the Lady *Maſſerina*, as in the ſtory is before ſet out; and having thus done, he is hanged for the robbery, and his body afterwards burnt for murthering *La Precoverte*.

Now before his body was fully burnt, *Maſſerina* and *Harcourt* are apprehended and taken priſoners in their own houſe, without any fear of danger, but *Maſſerina* underſtanding her accuſation to proceed from *Tivoly*, who at his execution had confeſſed it, ſhe ſees her ſelf to be a dead woman, yet reſolves to try the uttermoſt for her juſtification. *Harcourt* is grievouſly perplexed for his Wife *Maſſerina*, and promiſeth to give all he hath to ſave her life, and ſhe returns, that nothing ſhall extort a word from her to the prejudice of his life or ſafety, ſo are they ſeparated, and put in priſon. *Maſſerina* is firſt arraigned by the Judges, where ſhe ſtands upon her innocency, they condemn her to the rack, at the ſight whereof ſhe confeſſeth her ſelf to be the author of poyſoning *La Precoverte* as *Tivoly* was the actor thereof, when being asked whether her husband *Harcourt* were not acceſſary, ſhe with much conſtancy clears him of that, and conceals the murthering of his Brother: So for this fact of hers ſhe is condemned to be hanged the next morning, where ſhe is brought to the place of her execution very early, that few were preſent at her death, and again clearing her Husband *Harcourt*, ſhe is turned over.

Harcourt hereupon is diſcharged, and acquitted by his Judges, and

and so returns home to St. *Simplician*, where within two or three moneths he casts off his mourning, and flaunts it in brave apparel, which is taken notice of, and now begins to seek a third Wife, but he shall be deceived; for honest *Noel* being suddenly taken extreme sick of a pestilent Fever, in his own Fathers house, who dwelt at a place called St. *Lazare*, where his sickness increasing without hope of recovery, he prays his Father to ride over to *Sens*, and pray some of the Judges to come over to him, for that he hath a great secret to reveal to them on his death-bed. The Father rides thither, and brings two Judges to his sons bedside, to whom he relates, that his Master *Harcourt* would (heretofore) have hired him to pistol his brother *Vimory* to death, but he refused it, but knowing the said Mounsieur *Vimory* to be since murthered, he believes that it is either his Master, or some for him that had done it.

Hereupon the Judges presently send and apprehend *Harcourt* and bring him to *Sens*, where the next morning he is arraigned, and charged with pistoling his brother *Vimory* to death: he strongly denies it; they adjudge him to the fiery torment of the Scorpions, which he endures, and still denies. His Judges still continuing in their belief, put him to the rack, whose torments extort and draw him to confesse, that it was he that pistoled his brother *Vimory* (as is before said) for which unnatural fact he is condemned the next afternoon to be broken alive on the wheel, at the publick place of execution: whither the next day being brought, and mounted on the Scaffold, he confesseth himself guilty of his brother *Vimory*'s death, for which he asked God forgiveneſse: and praying the spectatours to pray for him, he willingly suffers the Executioner to fasten his legs and arms upon the Wheel, and so with the iron bar is quickly broken.

May we read this History to Gods glory, and as often meditate thereon, to our own particular reformation and instruction.

HIST.

HISTORY XVIII.

PLANEZE and *FELISANNA.*

The Contents.

Romeo (Borlary's *Lackey*) *kills* Radegonda, Felisanna's *Chambermaid in the Street, and is hanged for the same.* Borlary *hireth* Castruchio *an Apothecary to poyson her Husband* Planeze, *for which* Castruchio *is hanged, and his body thrown into the River, and* Borlary *is beheaded, and then burnt.*

IN *Verona* a City of *Italy* sometime dwelt an aged Gentleman a Widower named *Seignieur Fabritius Miniata*, who was rich in Lands, but far more wealthy in money, having one onely childe a Daughter called *Dona Felisanna*, a most lovely and sweet creature, about eighteen years of age, whose excellent vertues and singular perfections added to her beauty, proves powerfull lures to draw the affections of many noble Gentlemen, among whom *Seignieur Thomas Planeze* of *Mantua*, stood in best possibility to bear away her affection and her self, though *Seignieur Juan de Borlary* stood a strong competitour with him. *Felisanna* did sollly approve of *Planeze*, but her Father likes *Borlary*; and to that end bids his Daughter to concur in her affection with him, and withall assures *Borlary* that he should have his Daughter: who hereupon grows bold and courts her, she denies him, he attempts her Chambermaid *Radegonda* to sollicite in his behalf, (but he shall find that labour lost;) and to that end bribes her with gold and gifts, and also by her sends to *Felisanna* divers curious rich presents, and two Letters, which he prays

prays her to deliver them, which she faithfully promiseth, but intends nothing less, for she keeps them to her self, and gives the letters to his Rival *Planeze*. Which fallacy *Borlary* having notice of, takes so unkindly at *Radegonda*'s hands, that one afternoon in his choler, he sends for her to a friends house of his, where ascending a Chamber, and bolting the door on the inside to him, he chargeth her of her ingratefull treachery, and extorting the truth from her with threats, he in meer revenge to her self, and disdain to her Mistress, pulls off her head attire, and cuts away all her hair and throws it into the fire: Poor *Radegonda* is all in tears at this disgracefull accident received of *Borlary*. But *Felisanna* is enraged much more, for this malicious and ignoble fact so exasperates her, as she makes her Lover *Planeze* acquainted therewith. *Planeze* wonders at the indignity, and offers his person and sword to revenge the quarrel, which *Felisanna* thanks him for, but will by no means suffer him to engage, but prays him wholly to leave the deciding thereof to her own discretion.

Borlary hearing of this, and *Planezes* forwardness to fight with him, therefore because he will not be outbraved, and to prevent his insulting: He the next morning by his Lackey *Romeo* sends him this challenge.

Borlary *to* Planeze.

IN regard thou couldest not content thy self to bereave me of the Lady Felisanna, *whose sweet beauty and vertues are by far more dear to me than my life, but thou likewise makest it thy trophy and glory to offer her the sacrifice of my death, only for the trivial respect of her Chambermaids hair. Therefore, because thou makest so small an esteem of my life, my reputation invites, and mine honour conjures me to see what care thou wilt have for the defence and preservation of thine own. To which end I pray thee to meet me to morrow (betwixt five and six in the afternoon) with thy single Rapier without Seconds, in the first meadow without the* Vinsenza *gate of the City, where I will attend thy arrivall*

with

with much zeale and impatiency. Thou art noble enough to be so generous, and I generous enough to try if thou wilt appear, and approve thy self so noble.

Borlary.

The Lady *Felisanna* knowing *Romeo* to be *Borlary*'s Lackey, and seeing him to deliver a Letter to her Lover *Planeze*, Doubting it was a Challenge, she asks what the Letter sayes, he tells her 'tis onely to meet him in the *Domo*, and so going to write his Answer, *Felisanna* boyling with revenge against *Borlary*, slips into the Garden, and sends for *Borlary*'s Lackey, when having three of her Grooms ready, she causeth them there by violence to cut off his eare, saying to him, *Tell thy Master, that I have caused thine ear to be cut off, to requite the affront he offered in cutting off* Radegonda *my Chambermaids hair.*

Planeze in the mean while having read *Borlary*'s challenge, accepts it, and in his answer promiseth him to meet and perform it, but finding *Romeo* raging and weeping, when enquiring and being informed of the accident aforesaid, he tells the Lackey, and bids him informe his Master that he *is no way accessary to this his disgrace, and vows he is innocent thereof, the which he would have signified in Writing, but that his Letter was sealed before*: So giving him some crowns to wash downe his anger, sends him away.

Romeo goes away, sayes little, but he swears revenge, so coming to his Master, he delivers *Planeze*'s answer, and tells him of his disgrace, wholly done by the Lady *Felisanna*, and as he believes *Planeze* wholly ignorant thereof.

The two Duellists are by this time come into the field, and fight both valiantly and nobly, when in the heat thereof, the Earle of *Lucerne* by chance riding by, chanced to espy and see them, and very honourably runs to them and parts them, offering to mediate their differences; but finding it not feasible, he contents himself to see them safe in the City, and so leaves them; as we also must do to speak of *Romeo*.

This Lackey enraged with malice for the losse of his ear, swears

swears revenge against *Radegonda*, when waiting many nights for her, at last in a dark night he found her, and slew her with his Rapier, giving her four severall wounds, and thereupon fled through the streets; where the people flocking together upon report of the murther, he took the River of *Addice*, either thinking to swim over, or hide himselfe in some of the Milboats, but being discovered, and suspected by the Sentinel of the Castle, they send out a Boat, and take him, so he is for that night sent to prison, and the next morning accused for *Radegonda*'s murder, which he freely confesseth, and for the same is presently condemned to be hanged, and after dinner is dispatched and executed, where leave we him to be buried, and come to speak of his Master *Borlary*, who endeavoured by all meanes to prevent *Planeze* and *Felissanna*'s marriage, but to no purpose; for the Daughter with importunity and tears, hath gained her Fathers consent, and they are solemnly married in *Verona* with great pomp and bravery.

But *Borlary* still continues his suit, and with Letters tempts and sollicites *Felissanna* to folly, which having with indignation reproved, but finding him still obstinate, she acquaints her Husband therewith, who is infinitely pleased with his Wives managing of this businesse, and extols her vertue and chastity highly, but withal is extremely incensed against *Borlary*; thus resolving to right both himself and his Wife on *Borlary*, he will fight with him. To which end he sends him this Challenge,

Planeze *to* Borlari.

THy crime is so foul and so apparent, in seeking to distain my honour, in that of my Wives chastity, as nothing but thy life is capable to expiate it. Wherefore, if thou have as much courage as thou wantest grace, bring thy selfe, thy Rapier, and thy Chirurgeon with thee to morrow at six a Clock in the morning in the City ditch, without the outer gate, which looks towards Brescia, *and there my self and Chirurgeon (the bearer hereof) will silently and honourably wait for thee: And if thy obscene*

heart

heart yet retain any ſpark of generoſity, thou wilt perform this my requeſt, and excuſe my reſolution herein, ſith it is wholly derived from thy laſciviouſneſs, and receives life and birth from thy treachery.

Planeze.

Borlary receives this challenge, and blames *Feliſanna* for her folly, but at laſt, after a turn or two in his Garden, he courteouſly returns this anſwer : *Tell Seignieur Planeze from me, that I will not fail to meet him to morrow morning according to his requeſt and expectation.*

The next morning *Planeze* is early up, (under pretence of other buſineſs) and goes to the City ditch, where ſhortly after *Borlary* likewiſe enters, ſo after a ſhort complement they draw off from words to blows, where, after ſeveral wounds given and taken on both ſides, at laſt *Planeze* (warding a thruſt w ich *Borlary* made at him) whips up his heels, and with the fall *Borlary* breaks his own Rapier, which ſight ſo daunted him that he begs his life of *Planeze*, which he nobly grants him, firſt making him ſwear never thenceforth to attempt any thing againſt the honour of his Wife, ſo muffling their faces in their cloaks, they houſe themſelves as ſecretly, and as ſoon as they can dreſs their wounds, and at night return to their houſes.

Borlary having loſt ſo much blood for his affection to *Feliſanna*, and reaped nothing but diſdain, is not a little vexed; but when he hears, that he is made the laughter of *Verona* for his cowardly begging his life of *Planeze*, he is then pierced to the very heart, and therefore to refetch his loſt honour, he ingrateſully reſolves to deprive *Planeze* of his life, which formerly (as ye heard) he had given to him, and ſo concludes either to murther him, or cauſe him to be murthered, and upon conſult within himſelf, thinks no agent ſo fit as *Caſtruchio*, *Planeze*'s own Apothecary, to effect it. Nor fails he in his thought, for no ſooner doth he proffer him three hundred Duckatoons, to poyſon *Planeze*, but he accepts and engageth to finiſh it. Now the Spring approaching, when *Planeze* is accuſtomed to take Phyſick, *Caſtruchio* is ſent for, who firſt purgeth, then bleedeth, and afterward artificially perſwades

swades him to take a vomit, whereto he easily consents; so he administreth it, having infused poyson thereinto, whereof within six days he dies: *Castruchio* demands his wages, which is paid faithfully to him.

But *Felisanna*, (not dreaming either of poyson or *Borlary*) is ready to weep her self to death, neither can her Father, Kinsfolks or friends possibly comfort her; yea, her grief makes her so pale and wan, as she is no longer *Felisanna*, but only her Anatomy.

Return we now to *Castruchio*, whose vitious life in his riots had consumed his Estate, *Borlary* his money, which one would have thought might have redeemed him, rather makes him worse, so that now he is clapt into prison for debt, and his shop seized on. Whereby he in short time is reduced to extreme beggery, and all his friends utterly forsake him; only *Dorilla*, (a filthy old baud of his) sometimes her self comes, but oftener sends her son *Bernardo* to him, who goes of his errands to his friends for money, but returning empty handed, he at last thinks on *Borlary*, whom he thinks engaged to relieve him; to him he sends and he (though very covetous) yet affords him some relief, but short of *Castruchio*'s expectation: Which makes him send often, wherewith *Borlary* wearied, resolves neither to see nor speak with *Bernardo*; who thereupon refuseth any more to go to him. Thus being destitute, and ready to starve, he sends for *Dorilla*, causing her to be told, that if she will but deliver a Letter from him to a friend, he shall have money enough; this brings the old baud, by whom (having written this angry Letter) he sends it to *Borlary*.

Castruchio *to* Borlary.

THou knowest that, for three hundred Duckatoons, which thou gavest me, I poysoned Seignieur Planeze *in a vomit, and wilt thou be so hard hearted to suffer me to dye in prison, for want of twenty Duckatoons. I am made of the same flesh and blood as thou art, and though my fortunes be so low, yet such is my heart, that I give thee to understand, I will rather chuse to be hanged than starved.*

Wherefore ſince my Tragedy will prove thine, if thou mean to prevent it, fail not ſpeedily to ſend me the ſaid Twenty Duckatoons by this bearer Dorilla; *in performing me this Courteſie, thou ſhalt tie my heart and ſoul to ſilence, elſe not. Amidſt thy wealth remember my poverty, which if thou forget, God hath reſerved me to make thee know, thou doeſt not uſe but abuſe it, and therein thy ſelf.*

Caſtruchio.

Dorilla takes this Letter and puts it in her purſe, with promiſe to deliver it ſafely; but meeting with ſome of her Goſſips in the ſtreet, they go to a Tavern, and drink away the day; but at laſt parting company, as ſhe goes reeling home, ſhe remembers *CASTRUCHIO*'S Letter, and her promiſe to deliver it, but to whom ſhe hath quite forgotten; yet remembring the Letter was in her purſe, ſhe takes it into her hand, and ſeeing a young Lady in mourning attire, ſtanding at a door and no body near her, ſhe reacheth the Letter, and deſires her to tell the Gentlemans name to whom it is directed, (which Lady was our *Feliſanna*) ſhe reading the ſuperſcription to be to *Barlary*, asked from whom it came, *Dorilla* tells her, from one *Caſtruchio* an Apothecary, who lay in priſon: At which name, *Feliſanna*'s heart panted, whereupon praying *Dorilla* to come in, under pretence to get it read, ſhe leaves her in the hall, and her ſelf goes into the next roome, where opening the Letter, at firſt ſight ſhe finds her Husband poyſoned and by whom, which drives her into ſuch an agony, as makes her ready to fall down dead with grief; at which inſtant *Miniata* her Father coming in demands the cauſe of her grief: She ſhewes him the Letter, which having peruſed, and asking who brought it, ſhe tells him a drunken Woman, who was in the Hall: They both go to her and find her faſt aſleep, *Miniata* wakes her, and askes from whom ſhe had that Letter, ſhe anſwers as before: Whereupon, leaving *Dorilla* in guard with his Daughter and others, he in his Coach drives to the State houſe, where finding the Magiſtrates, he ſhews them the Letter; they return with him to his houſe, where they

they examine first *Felisanna*, then *Dorilla*, who is constant to her first words; whereat the Magistrates send their Officers to take *Borlary*, go to their *Forum* & convent *Castruchio*, who at the first news of his accusation curseth *Dorilla*, and confesseth all as is aforesaid. By this time *Borlary* is taken and brought, who likewise acknowledges all as before is related, where they are both condemned, *Borlary* to have his head cut off, and his body burnt, and *Castruchio* to be hanged, and his body to be thrown into the River *Addice*; the which the next morning was executed accordingly. Pray we that we may read this History with fear, and as religious Christians remember these lamentable murthers with horrour and detestation.

HIST. XIX.

CHAMPIGNY and *BLANCHEVILLE*.

The Contents.

Beaumarays *and his brother* Montagne *kill* Champigny *and* Marin *(his second) in a Duel.* Blancheville *(the widow of* Champigny*) in revenge thereof, hireth* Le Valley *(Servant to* Beaumarays*) to murther his said Master with a pistol; which he doth, for the which* Le Valley *is broken upon the wheel, and* Blancheville *hanged for the same.*

IN the fair City of *Chartres*, of late years, there resided two rich and brave Gentlemen, the one named *Mounsieur De Champigny*, and the other *Mounsieur De Beaumarays*: In the same place, also dwelt at the same time, a rich Counsellour termed *Mounsieur De Rosaire*, who had one only fair young Daughter called *Madamoyselle De Blancheville*, to whom at one time both these Gentlemen *Champigny* and *Beaumarays* are importunate suters, and passionate

Rivals to marry her, which cauſed great emulation between them. But after a whole years progreſs, *Beaumarays* deſtined for the willow garland, *Champigny* to the general content of all parties, he marries her, whereat *Beaumarays* being mad with choler, ſhortly after being at ſupper with five or ſix Gentlemen, where mention was made of *Blancheville*; he forgot himſelf ſo far as to let fall theſe raſh words, that ſhe was more diſdainful than chaſt. This undeſerved ſcandal falls not to the ground; for *Mounſieur Marin* tells theſe words to *Blancheville*, whereat ſhe is very highly exaſperated: And to heighten the difference, their happens a quarrel between her husband and *Beaumarays* about precedency of ſeats in the Church; which *Blancheville* brings no water to quench, but rather oyl to inflame it, though ſhe ſee them already entered into a deep proceſs of Law, wherein for two years time they vehemently conteſt: At the end of which time the Preſidial Court of *Chartres*, pronounce ſentence in favour of *Beaumarays*, adjudging him the precedency, and condemning *Champigny* in five hundred crowns charge and damage to him. This ſentence vexeth *Champigny* and his wife to the heart, ſo that they cannot ſee him but with malice and envy; *Blancheville* precipitates her Huſband to revenge, and the more ſtrongly to incite him thereto, ſhe tells him of *Beaumarays* ſcandalous ſpeeches againſt her honour, whereat *Champigny* is ſo incenſed, that caſting all reaſon aſide, he preſently finds out *Marin*, who confirmes as much to him; then praying him to be his ſecond, and *Marin* granting, the next morning by ſeven, by his footman he ſends this challenge.

Champigny *to* Beaumarays.

AS thy knowledge is judge, ſo Mounſieur Marin *is witneſs, what baſe and ignoble ſpeeches thou haſt vomited forth againſt the honour and chaſtity of my Wife. And becauſe crimes of this nature are odious to men, and no way to be tolerated by a friend, much leſs to be ſuffered by a husband: Therefore thank thy ſelf, if thy folly cauſe my valour to invite thee and thy Second to meet me and mine, with*

with your Swords on horseback, on Thursday next betwixt six and seven in the morning, without the North-hedge of the very first Vineyard beyond the river: Where you shall find we will attend you, and comparing the equity of my cause, to the iniustice of thine, it makes me fully confident, that the issue of the Duel will prove glorious to me, and shameful and ruinous to thy self.

Champigny.

Perou delivers it to *Beaumarays*, when having read it, disdaining to be outbraved by any man in point of honour, he by his footman, returns him this answer.

Beaumarays *to* Champigny.

AS I will not make my self judge, so I desire not to be witness, either of thy wives chastity or unchastity. Marin *shall have time enough to repent his treachery to me, and thou to change thy folly into judgement: But because I see thy choler now exceed the bounds of reason, for that thou art so inconsiderately audacious, to seek and preserve thy wives honour with the loss of mine: know therefore that, to cherish and maintain it equally with my life, I cheerfully accept thy chalienge, and do hereby give thee to understand, that I with my Second, will at the time and place appointed, meet thee and thine on horseback; where we doubt not but to acquit our selves, as our selves, and to make thee and thine acknowledge, that our swords are composed of a good temper, and our hearts of a better, and consequently, that you may perchance meet with your superiours, as well in valour, as in blood and extraction.*

Beaumarays.

Having ſent away theſe lines, he takes his younger brother *Mont.* for his ſecond: So Tueſday morning being come, our Champions come into the field, and caſting off their doublets and drawing their ſwords, firſt encounter *Beaumarays* and *Champigny*, and at the third meeting *Champigny*'s horſe ſtumbling. *Beaumaray*'s runs him through the body to the heart, wherewith he falls from his horſe dead to the ground only uttering theſe words, Beaumarays, *I forgive thee my death, and God be merciful to my ſoul.* No ſooner is this firſt fight over, but *Montagne* and *Marin* engage in a ſecond, in which after ſeveral wounds given and taken, *Montagne* runs *Marin* through the body a little below the Navel, of which wound he fell preſently to the ground ſtark dead; when for the ſafety of their lives, they haſte away to *Caen* through *Normandie*, and ſo croſs the Seas into *England*, where they reſolve to ſtay till their pardons are obtained; where we muſt leave them and come to *Chartres*, where *Blancheville* receives the news of her husbands untimely death, with infinite ſorrow and tears, and thinks of nothing but revenge againſt *Beaumarays*, yea, ſo implacable in her malice towards him, that converting her corn and wine all into money, ſhe goes to *Paris* and there of the King and Parliament both, demands juſtice againſt him; and when ſhe cannot get her will, ſhe ſpends five hundred crowns to have him hanged in *effigie*. Thus having ſpent a great deal of time and more money, ſhe goes home and vows, that if ever he return to *Chartres* ſhe will be ſharply revenged on him.

At length, by the conſtant ſollicitations of the Marqueſs of *Bellary* and the Biſhop of *Chartres* (their noble friends) who take the King one day in a good humour, and dealing effectually with him, with many ſtrong and prevailing reaſons, the King freely gives them their pardon under his great ſeal, which they alſo get confirmed by the Court of Paliament: Whereupon the Marqueſs and Biſhop ſpeedily write to them, and ſend over their pardons, which are delivered to them by the then French Kings ordinary Ambaſſadour at *London*; and they receive the ſame with honour content and joy. So they ſpeedily pack up their baggage, and leaving *London*, poſt to *Paris*, where arrived, they give thanks to the Marqueſs and Biſhop, for their great care and love in

their

their absence, and by them are presented to the King, and kiss his hand, and shortly after return to *Chartres*, where they are joyfully welcomed by all the Gentry and Nobility of those parts. Only *Blancheville* remains firm in her resolution, that by one means or other she will shortly murther him. And to help her forward in this deviliſh intent, she understands that *Le Valley* (who is servant to *Beaumarays*) is in love with her maid *Martha*, which she takes to work her revenge by, so sends for *Le Valley* and talks with him about the same, and gives him hopes that he shall marry her maid, but tels him he must let his Master know nothing thereof, which he promiseth: Thus when he is gone, she calls *Martha*, and engages her never to marry *Le Valley* without her consent; whereto she agrees.

Le Valley shortly after comes to *Martha* to know if she will marry him; she tels him she will, so he first get her Mistresses consent; hereupon he applies himself to *Blancheville*, who takes him into her closet, and there assures him that he shall never marry her maid unless he first swear to perform a secret business for her: He swears to perform it be what it will; then she tels him, that if he will either by poyson, ponyard or pistol, murther his Master *Beaumarays*, he shall not only marry her maid, but she will also give him three hundred crowns, one half in hand, and the other when he had performed it. *Le Valley* is amazed hereat, and denies positively to do it, but his Master having heard (that albeit he had forbidden him to go near *Blancheville*'s house) he had been there the day before, calls him, and gives him five or six boxes on the ear for his disobedience; which so incensed our amorous youth, that it bred bad blood in him, for from that time *Le Valley* never saw his Master but with hatred and detestation. So without farther delay, the same night he goes to *Blancheville*'s house; and telling her what had happened, assures her also that he will murther him within three or four days, if she will make good her former promise: She strikes while the Iron is hot, gives him a hundred and fifty crowns in hand; So consulting on the manner, they agree to do it by pistol; and part for that time.

Le Valley the next day gets his Masters pocket-pistol, and chargeth it with a brace of bullets, watching his oppor-

tunity; when the third day after *Montagne* going out to Hawk and Hunt, takes moſt of the ſervants with him, and leaves only *Le Valley* to attend on his Maſter; who being in his Chamber and *Le Valley* with him, *Beaumarays* bids him tie up his points behind, which he fingering with his left hand, draws the piſtoll out of his pocket with his right, and ſhoots him into the back, oppoſite to his heart, where he fell down preſently dead to the ground. Which done, he puts the piſtoll into his dead Maſters hand, layes the Chamber-door key upon the Table, and ſhuts the door (having a ſtrong ſpring lock) after him, then taking a horſe to ride, a hawk on his fiſt, and a Spaniel at his heels, he gallops to find out *Montagne*, to whom he relates that his Mr. had ſent him to him with one of his beſt hawks.

They hawk all day together; where *Le Valley* is very officious, and towards night they all return home to *Chartres*. *Montagne* asks for his Brother, the ſervants anſwer they have not ſeen him to day; he for the preſent reſts ſatisfied; but ſupper being ready, and the cloth laid, he ſends *Le Valley* to his chamber, who returns with this anſwer, *His Maſter is not there, for his Chamber door is ſhut*. *Montagne* marvails at his abſence, ſo do the ſervants; he ſends up and down to ſeek him, but cannot hear of him: In the mean while *La Valley* (under pretence of ſeeking him) goes to *Blancheville*, and tells her the whole paſſage, whereat ſhe rejoyceth, ſo giving *Martha* a kiſſe or two, he diſpeeds himſelfe home.

No notice being gotten all this while of *Beaumarays*, his brother *Montagne* begins to doubt the worſt. He again goes up to his chamber with *Le Valley* and others, who call and knock aloud at his door, but having no anſwer; the door is bid to be forced open but cannot; thereupon *Montagne* ſends one of his Lackeys with a torch to look in at the window by a ladder, the Lackey forceth open the caſement, and putting in the torch, paſſionately cryeth out, that his Maſter hath murthered himſelfe with his piſtol, and lies there dead on the floor. *Montagne* at this news tears his hair for grief, and bids the boy tear down the caſement and go in and unlock the door: Which done, they all go up and enter the Chamber, where they ſee the mournful ſpectacle, at which ſight *Montagne* ſends for the Kings Attorney and the Fiſcall to ſee the body, and upon view of the

same, they all agree that *Beaumarays* had killed himselfe with his little pistol. So *Montagne* provides for his funeral, and he is buryed with the great lamentation of all the City. Which being past, Le *Valley* secretly goes to *Blancheville*, and receives the rest of his money together with a Diamond ring, and within a moneth after marries *Martha* her maid, according to her promise.

Montagne desirous to find out his brothers murtherers; after many trialls, is as it were directed by the finger of God to suspect Le *Valley*, and chiefly because he had so soon married *Blancheville*'s maid, and then by observing Le *Valley*'s Diamond Ring, which he believed Le *Valley* had stollen from his dead Master; whereupon he challenged it by order of Law, when to clear himself, Le *Valley* was enforced to tell that the Lady *Blancheville* had given it him in marriage with his wife, her maid. Which confession made *Montagne* more jealous of some foul dealing, and that is again strengthened by observing, that that day two moneths that *Beaumarays* was killed, Le *Valley*'s right hand did gangren; and to save his life, was by advice cut off.

Montagne considering hereof, confidently believes it was that hand which pistol'd his brother. VVhereupon he goes to the Seneshal, and Kings Atturny, and accuseth Le *Valley* for murthering his brother. The Judges thereupon cause him to be apprehended, and imprisoned, and charge him with the said murther; but he denies it with many fearfull imprecations: He is put to the rack, the torments whereof extort from him this confession, *that it was he that killed his* Mr. Beaamarays, *with a pistol charged with a brace of bullets, and hired to effect it*, *by* Blanche ville *for three hundred crowns in gold, and a Diamond ring*. The Judges as also *Montagne* prayse God for this his confession, and speedily send their Officers to apprehend *Blancheville*, who seize on her in her own house, in the middest of her mirth and friends, and bring her into the Court, where she is charged to be the Author of *Beaumarays* death; she constantly denyes it, *Le Valley* is confronted, her Ring and some of the Gold produced, yet she still forswears it; at which she is judged to the rack; and at the first touch cries out, that she was the author of that Murther, and in all points agrees to *Le Valley*'s accusation.

ſation. They ask if *Martha* be not acceſſary, but ſhe is cleered by both; when the Judges immediately condemn *Le Valley*, the next day to be broken alive on the wheel, and *Blancheville* then likewiſe to be hanged, which two ſentences were the next morning at ten a clock at the Common place of Execution in *Chartres*, performed on them to the praiſe and glory of Gods juſtice, who ſuffers not ſuch crimes to go unpuniſhed.

HISTORY XX.

LORENZO and *FERMIA.*

The Contents.

Lorenzo *murthereth his Wife* Fermia; *twenty years after* (*unknown*) *robbeth his* (*and her*) *ſonne* Thomaſo, *who likewiſe* (*not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his Father*) *doth accuſe him for that Robbery, for which he is hanged.*

IN the City of Genoua in Italy, near the Arſenal upon the Key, of late years there dwelt a proper young man named *Lorenzo*, by trade a Baker; and keeping both his Oven and Shop for himſelf, his induſtry was ſuch, that he thrived exceedingly, and became one of the prime Bakers of the City.

This *Lorenzo* going one day to *Savona*, twenty miles diſtant from *Genoua*, he there ſaw and fell in love with a rich Vintners Daughter, her Father named *Juan Baptiſta Moron*, and ſhe *Fermia Moron*, a lovely and beautifull Maiden, and withall exceedingly vertuous and religious, who was ſought in marriage by many, but ſhe can fancy none but *Lorenzo*. Who therefore ſeeks her in marriage, whereto ſhe conſents, ſo as he obtains her fathers good will.

Lorenzo

Lorenzo having thus won the Daughter, now makes it his care to draw her Father to consent thereunto; but *Moron* is averse, and will not by any meanes hear thereof, or hearken thereto: Yet still *Lorenzo* perseveres in his suit, and joyntly with *Fermia* requests his consent; but he proudly and disdainfully refuseth, and swears he will die, before he will permit him to marry his Daughter. At which answer grieved, *Lorenzo* goes home to *Genoua*, and *Fermia* remaineth at *Savona* with her Father: Who now thinks to provide her another Husband (to prevent her marrying *Lorenzo*) and gives her choice of two, but she utterly refuseth both; whereat old *Moron* is mad, and threatens to disinherit her.

Three years are now past since our young couple first saw each other, and since *Lorenzo* first asked *Morons* consent, and still seeing it vain, he thinks it now high time to lay close siege to *Fermia*, that she would consent and yield to marry him (notwithstanding her Fathers refusall) telling her, that though he had not a Duckatoon in marriage with her, yet that GOD had given him Estate enough to maintain her in prosperous Estate: By which sweet words, she is at last drawn to forsake, and flye both from her Father and her house. Thus agreed, *Lorenzo* hires a boat, whereof having notice, at midnight she goes out at the garden door, and so to the boat; in which they safely arrive at *Genoua* early the next morning, where they are presently in secret married.

Moron missing his Daughter rageth extreamly, as doubting that *Lorenzo* had stollen her; whereof making secret enquiry at *Genoua*, and being ascertained thereof, he passionately swears that they shall never enjoy one penny of his Estate, neither will he ever hereafter see them. Ten dayes after their marriage, *LORENZO* thinks good to ride over to *Savona* to *MORON*, and with his best respects and duty to labour with him for a reconciliation; so thither he goes with intent to visit *MORON*. but he will not be seen, nay bolts himselfe into his chamber, and chargeth his Servants to deny him to be within, for that he is resolved neither to see nor speak with him: *Lorenzo* goes away, and anon comes again, but still he is denyed by the Servants, he returns to his Inne and goes to bed, and rising early in the morning hasts to *Morons* house, but receives the same answer as the day before;

whereat

whereat very angry, he takes horſe and rides to *Genoua*, where arrived, he fully and truly relates to his Wife what entertainment he had at her Fathers, whereat ſhe laments and grieves wondrouſly, but he comforts her with good words, and indeed is very kind to her.

Thus they live very providently, and manage their trade to their beſt advantage, both of them being very diligent and ſaving. Thus ſix moneths are paſt, and they never heard one word from *Moron*, which makes *Lorenzo* pray his Wife to go to her Father her ſelfe. *Fermia* accepts of the journey, and comes to *SAVONA*, but look what entertainment her Huſband found from her Father, the ſame in all reſpects doth ſhe receive, and no otherwiſe; nay he cauſeth his doors to be ſhut againſt her. *Fermia* extremely perplexed at this unkindneſſe of her Father, weeps bittterly, and gets her Aunt and her Fathers owne ghoſtly Father, to perſwade him in her behalfe. But finding all fruitleſſe and to no effect, ſhe returns home to *Genoua* to her Husband, where ſhe punctually relates to him her Fathers unnaturall diſcourteſie towards her; which vexeth *Lorenzo* to the heart, but he diſſembleth his diſcontent, which is aggravated by being known to his Neighbours, becauſe they flout at him and Jeer him in all companies. This makes him now begin to look askew on his wife, and he begins to turn ill Husband and ſlight her, yea, and to neglect himſelfe and his profeſſion, and follow lewd and evill company, ſpending and conſuming his eſtate with VVhores and Strumpets, which at length reduce him to great poverty and want: for the relieving whereof ſhe ſends to *Moron* her father, and acquaints him with her calamities, praying his aſſiſtance to relive her poverty, but he is ſo hard-hearted, as he will neither relieve her wants, nor pity her affliction; whereby her condition is grown ſo miſerable, that ſhe is ready even to deſpair; now in the midſt of all her griefs and miſeries, God ſends her a fair young Son, whom cauſing to be chriſtened in a very poor manner, he is named *Thomaſo*, and is forced to beg all neceſſary things of her neighbours to keep him clean and ſweet; whoſe charity to her proves far greater than her Husbands, for he makes it his practice to revile and beat her, yea, and is ſo wretchedly vitious, that he will not think of being better, neither is there any hopes of amendment; for if ſhe work (as ſhe

did

did at her needle very hard) and thereby get a little money to keep her selfe, and little Son from starving, her wicked Husband presently tears it from her; so that not knowing what to do, or which way to turn her self to keep and maintain her Son, she resolves to write to her Father to take him home to him to S.. *vona* and maintain him, which she doth by this her ensuing Letter.

Fermia *to* Moron.

MY Husbands vices do so increase my wants and miseries, that I have not cloathes nor food left to maintain my self, or my poor little Son Thomaso, *nor scarce to give us life; and considering that I am your Daughter, methinks both in nature and Christianity, that my Father should not see me driven to these bitter extremities without relieving me, especially sith my sighes beg it of you with humility for charities sake, and my tears with sorrow for Gods sake; and if your heart will not relent into compassion towards me, at least let it towards my poor & pretty young child, whom with prayers and tears I now beseech you to take from me & maintain: God will requite such your charity to him, and thereby I shall the sooner forget your unnaturall cruelty to my selfe, and so may you live in as much prosperity, as I fear I shall shortly die in extream want and misery.* Fermia.

Her Father receives this Letter, but is not moved any whit therewith to compassionate her, only he pities her poor child *Thomaso*, and to let her know so much, sends her this answer.

Moron *to* Fermia.

IN thy Letters I see thy disobedience, wherein (I believe) thou gloryest more, than I either grieve for, or take care to relieve thy wants and miseries. I pity thee, only as thy Father, not as my Daughter. *Thy young Son* Thomaso, *as innocent as thou art guilty of my displeasure, send by this bearer, and I will see, whether it please God*

that

that I shall be as happy in him as I am unfortunate in thy self, which if it prove so, then give God the only praise and glory, which is the best use and requitall which thou canst make, or I desire,

Moron.

Fermia having received and read this Letter, though she grieve at her Fathers obdurate heart to her self, yet she is joyfull of his kindnesse to her Son, whom she gives to her fathers messenger, to whose affection and education, next under Gods protection, she religiously recommends him: But his father *Lorenzo* will not so much as kiss him at parting, which unkindness he will hereafter live to punish.

Fermia having thus sent away her Sonne, the same night dreams in her bed she shall never see him again; whereat being awaked, she bitterly weeps, but the Father rejoyceth, for he still grows worse and worse, so that her life is a meer burthen to her: five years hath she lived in this misery, having no consolation, but in her prayers and patience, but instead of mending, *LORENZO* grows more lewd, yea, he grows weary of his poor, yet vertuous Wife, thinking if she were dead, he might get another which should enrich him; therefore he resolves to murther her, the which to perform, he on a great holy day takes her with him to walk to a Vineyard out of the City, pretending to recreate themselves, which poor *Fermia* taking for a kindnesse, goes; he lies down on the ground and feigns to sleep, she layes her selfe downe by him and sleeps soundly, which he observing, softly riseth up and cuts her throat, not suffering her to cry or speak one word, so leaving her, he goes home to *Genoua* by a contrary way, to take away all suspition.

The very same night her murthered body is found by some of the City, who by chance walked that way they cause the body to be brought to *Genoua*, where it is known to be *Fermia*, *Lorenzo's* Wife; he is sent for, and seems to be much troubled at her untimely death, and requests the Criminal Officers to search for the murtherers, which they do, but to no purpose; so *Lorenzo* gives her a poor and obscure buriall, and so with few tears caused by her Father taking little notice,

her

her son not capable of sorrow in regard of his few years, and her husbands want of grace, she is laid into her grave.

Lorenzo now sells all his wives clothes to buy himself some, and seeks many maids and widows in mariage, but is refused and scorned by all; so that utterly despairing to raise himself at home, he enrolls himself a *Bandetti*, and for many years practiseth that thievish profession.

Old *Nôron* trains up his Grand-child vertuously and industriously, so that he becomes excellent in limning, graving and imagery, and then chooses to be a Goldsmith, and proves a singular workman in his trade His Grand-father tenders him dearly, and intends to make him his heir, but *Thomaso* desires to travel, and to see other Countreys and Cities, and paticularly *Rome*, to which purpose finding a ship in *Savona* road, bound for *Civita Vestrin*, he secretly packs up his baggage, and embraques therein, where steering he goes to *Hostia*, and so to *Rome*, where he becomes a singular ingenious Goldsmith, and expert workman, thriving so well, that he resolves to set up his abode there.

Four and twenty years are now past since *Lorenzo* left *Genoua* and turned *Bandetti*; of which profession weary at last, he goes to *Florence*, and there again sets up his trade of a Baker, intending there to settle and marry, but it happens otherwise. For the Cardinal of *Medices*, going to *Rome* to receive his hat, and meaning to enter *Rome*, and continue there with great state and magnificence; he takes into his house double Officers and Servants, to whom he gives rich and costly Liveries, and among others our *Lorenzo* is chosen for one of his Bakers in that Journey; where in *Rome* he flaunts it out gallantly, and is more debauched and prodigal than any other of the Cardinals servants. So that at last growing bare both of money and credit he resolves (to recruit himself) to steal some pieces of plate out of a young Goldsmiths shop in *Rome*, with whom he was acquainted. From him he steals two fair rich guilded Chalices and a curious small gold Crucifix set with a few saphyrs and emeralds, all amounting to the value of 450. Duckatoons.

The young Goldsmith amazed at his loss, knows not whom to suspect or accuse for this robbery, but *Lorenzo* the Cardinal of *Florence* his Baker, whom he saw often to frequent his shop: Whereupon, well knowing that he lay not at the Cardinals Palace;

lace, but in a Taylors houſe adjoyning; he with an Officer ſearched his Chamber & Trunk, where he found one of his Chalices but nothing elſe, but *Lorenzo* at this time being abroad, he looks for & finds him, where he is ſtraight committed to priſon, and accuſed to the Captain and Judges of *Rome*: who upon the evidence of the things partly found, and his own confeſſion, condemn him to be hanged the very next day.

The next morning he is brought to his death, at the common place of execution at the bridge foot, neer the Caſtle of St. *Angelo*; where upon the ladder he confeſſeth his robbery, and that his name was *Andrea Lorenzo*; and that about three or four and twenty years ago he had murthered his wife *Fermia Moron* in a Vineyard near *Genoua*. The which the young Goldſmith, whoſe name was *Thomaſo Lorenzo*, hearing burſt into tears, and cries out, that this man on the ladder is his own Father, and that *Fermia Moron* was his own mother, and therefore deſired the Executioner to forbear a while, which he does, when at his deſcent from the ladder, *Thomaſo* throws himſelf at his feet, and freely offers all his eſtate to ſave his Fathers life, but it is refuſed; ſo the next day he is hanged, having firſt freely forgiven his ſon, and asked forgiveneſs of him for his mother.

As for *Thomaſo* the Goldſmith, after this infamous death of his Father, he would no longer live in *Rome*, but returned to *Savona* to his Grand-father *Moron*, who received him with many demonſtrations of joy and affection, and after his death made him ſole heir to all his eſtate and wealth.

THE

The Fifth Book.

HISTORY XXI.

STRENI and his three Daughters.

The Contents.

Baptiſtina *and* Amarantha *poyſon their eldeſt Siſter* Jaquinta; *after which* Amarantha *cauſeth her ſervants* Bernardo *and* Pierya *to ſtifle* Baptiſtina *in her bed*; Bernardo *flying breaks his neck*; Pierya *is hanged, ſo is* Amarantha, *and her body burnt*; Bernardo's *buryed body is digged out of the grave, hanged to the gallowes by the feet, then burnt, and the aſhes ſcattered in the air.*

IN the rich and fair City of *Florence*, near the Church of the *Dominican Friers*, there dwelt not long ſince, an antient vertuous and generous Cavalier, named *Seignieur Leonardo Streni*, who by his deceaſed Lady *Alcidina*, had three proper young Ladies to his daughters, known by their ſeveral names, *Jaquinta*, *Baptiſtina*, and *Amarantha*, whoſe ages now having made them all marriageable, the Fathers care begins to look out and provide fit husbands for them, anſwerable to their rank and degree. Neither needs he to ſeek far, for his own wealth joyned with his daughters beauties, draw many noble Gentlemen to his houſe to ſee and ſerve them. Of whom, though *Jaquinta* be the eldeſt, yet *Baptiſtina* and *Amarantha* are more ſought and courted. But

the father resolving to marry the eldest daughter first, when any Gentlemen came to his house, she only is to be seen, but the two other are mewed, and fast locked up in a chamber.

They vex hereat, but to little purpose, for *Jaquinta* (thus armed with her Fathers love and authority) grows extremely proud and imperious, which makes her cause her sisters not onely to be mewed up as aforesaid, but also to be meer slaves and vassals to her will; for observing them to be beloved of all suiters, and her self of none, secretly undermines them, and prevails with her father so far, as he suddenly sends them away by Coach to his Country house of *Cardura*, near *Pistoca*, there to be privately shut up from all converse, under the charge of an old illfavoured beldam, named *Dona Malevola*.

Baptistina and *Amarantha* are infinitely grieved at this their restraint; they try all means for a redresse thereof, they get friends to mediate, themselves by letters sollicite their own cause, they leave no Saint unimplored, nor any invention untryed, but find all in vain, for their Governesse *Malevola* looks to them so strictly, that they may neither see or be seen of any stranger whatsoever. These discourteous usages make them grow chollerick. They pity the weakness of their fathers judgement in suffering himself to be so carried away by their sisters politick malice, and begin to gather ill blood at her unkindness; which they vow to requite with revenge. Thus weary of their sisters hard usage, they at one time begin both to desire and plot her death; In which wicked resolution *Baptistina* is the more forward, and to draw on *Amarantha*, lets fall some words tending that way, whereto she was soon drawn to consent: And plotting the manner how, and in what manner to make *Jaquinta* away; at last they conclude on poyson, and casting lots who should administer it, it fell to *Baptistina* to do it: So because they will perpetrate their murther in *Florence*, by their servant *Bernardo*, they secretly hire a Coach for four Duckatoons, the next night to carry them away privately from *Cardura*; and the more easily to perfect their escape, they corrupt the Gardiner to let them have the Key of the Garden postern gate; thus prepared, their Governesse is no sooner in bed and asleep, but *Bernardo*

nardo knocks at her chamber door, at which token they descend the stairs to the garden, and thence through the Postern to the coach, wherein seating themselves, they leave *Cardura*, and the next day between nine and ten a clock arrive at their fathers house at *Florence*, which makes the old man wonder, but their sister inwardly vex; but after some chiding frowns, and sharp reproofs, they remain at *Florence* for the present, and after a day or two past over, such was the dissimulation of all the sisters each to other, as it seemed they could not be better friends, nor kinder Sisters than now they were, so cunningly could they conceal their different intentions.

But when *Jaquinta* again perceives the gallants of *Florence* afresh to repair to her Fathers house to court her sisters, and still to neglect her self, her malice then revives, so as shee secretly tampers with her Father, either to return them again to *Cardura*, or else to espouse them to a Nunnery. This is not so secretly born between the father and sister, but that *Baptistina* and *Amarantha* have notice therof, and begin to countermine them: Wherefore resolving now to put into action what they had as yet but talked of, *Amarantha* buyes the poison, and *Baptistina* administreth it to *Jaquinta* in a lemmon posset, (which they observed her often in the summer to drink) whereof within ten daye, she dyed; so as now they enjoy their own wishes at *Florence*, in their Fathers house, without controul.

Six weeks are scarce past since *Jaquintas* deplorable death, but a sudden languishing sickness o'retaketh and surprizeth *Baptistina*, which made her beauty fade, for now she hath gotten the Jaundise: This decay in her, makes *Amarantha* seem far more amiable, so as all the gallants of *Florence* which come to seek *Streni* his daughters in marriage, prefer *Amarantha* before *Baptistina*; who sees it with grief and vexation, but strives to hide it, both from her Father and Sister *Baptistina* now in this wane of her beauty, being also the eldest Daughter, growes imperious, and will not suffer her younger to be her mate; and envies to see so many Gentlemen court her sister in the way of marriage, but none her self. Discontented hereat, she growes malicious, and could find in her heart to send her after *Jaquinta*: but the Devil was not powerfull enough to draw her to commit a second murther, yet

she means to imitate the actions of her dead sister *Jaquinta*, towards her living one *Amarantha*, and that way to wreak her malice and revenge on her; to which end she closely and under-hand deals with her Father, that she be again sent away to *Cardura* under the guard of *Malevola*, the which shee effectually and briefly obtaineth of him, so thither she is once again confined and banished.

Amarantha is exceedingly incensed against her sister *Baptistina* for this her discourteous dealing with her, yea and makes the same apparent to her Governesse, both in her looks, speeches and actions, and by all wayes and meanes possible endeavours to reverse her confinement, but finds all experiments fruitlesse, because her father is inexorable.

Now it is to be understood, that *Baptistina* hath a Chamber-maid named *Pierya*, who was rich in beauty, though not in Estate; this maid having heretofore sometimes for some trifling respects incurred her Ladies anger, by chance at this time breaks a fair Looking-glasse of hers, for which she not only beats her, but drags her by the hair about her chamber, and there again and again, kicks her with her foot: *Pierya* too sensible of this disgrace, privately packs up her apparel, leaves *Florence*, and flies to *Cardura*, and so resolves to live and dye with *Amarantha*, drawn thereto chiefly, as was believed, by her affection to *Bernardo* who waited on her, for it was known that *Pierya* loved him passionately, and had employed many friends towards him, yet he was still averse. And these passages were not unknown to *Amarantha*, who welcomes *Pierya* and entertains her with much courtesie: *Baptistina* understanding hereof, makes strong means to bring her back to her. But *Pierya* is deaf to all these requests of her late Lady; which makes *Amarantha* very glad, for she thinks her a fit instrument to use in her revenge against her sister *Baptistina*, not doubting but to make *Bernardo* close with her; and her reason for this opinion was, that love and money may easily act wonders in the hearts of those who desire the one, and want the other, and knowing this inherent in them, she is resolute to propose it to them: So taking time at advantage, she first tells *Pierya*, that her desire is to have her sister *Baptistina* stifled in her bed, and promiseth to gain *Bernardo* to be her husband, and to give them wherewith to

maintain

maintain them when married, if she will consent with him to undertake and perform her request. These promises, especially that of *Bernardo* so prevail, as she consents, so swearing her to secrecy, within a day or two after, she bo.ds her servant *Bernardo* upon the same businesse, and promises him if he will perform it, to give him an hundred and fifty Duckatoons yearly Annuity during his life, that he shall marry *Pierya*, and that her self will be a continual friend unto them; whereto without any rubs he also consents; so taking him to her closet, and sending for *Pierya*, she contracts them together, and so swearing secrecie to each other, they part. But the next, our *Bernardo* and *Pierya* desire they may be maried before they accomplish the businesse, but *Amarantha* will not hear of that, so they agree to stay till the work be over, so as she will give him her promised Annuity written and signed with her own hand; which because she cannot well refuse, she then and there doth in these ensuing terms.

IN consideration that my Servant Bernardo *do espouse, and take to his wife my Chamber-maid* Pierya, *I doe promise, that (after the consummation thereof) upon my fidelity and honour, I will yearly give and pay unto the said* Bernardo, *or his Assigns, during all the term of his life, the full and entire sum of one hundred and fifty Duckatoons of* Florence *money, and in witnesse and testimony of this truth, I hereunto subscribe my name.*

Amarantha.

And now things thus in a readinesse, to facilitate the design, as it were on purpose, *Baptistina* sends to *Malevola* to deal effectually and secretly with *Pierya*, for her return to *Florence* to her service; whereto there needs not many reasons to draw her, for she agrees to the motion, goes to *Florence*, is re-entertained by her Mistresse with love and gifts.

Fifteen dayes after (according to appointment) *Bernardo* arived by night at *Streni* his house in *Florence*, and at one of the clock after midnight, finds the little Garden door open, and *Pierya* there waiting to receive him, she leads him to the

outer door of her Lady *Baptiſtina's* chamber, and having two pillowes ready, gives one to *Bernardo*, and keeps the other to her ſelf; ſo putting off their ſhoes, they ſoftly enter the chamber, and with their pillowes ſtifle her ſoundly ſleeping and ſnoring, and thruſt a handkerchief into her mouth.

The Tragedy thus finiſhed, away they go by the way as they came, where *Bernardo* taking his horſe, with a multitude of kiſſes they part, he promiſing to return within a moneth and mary her.

Thus *Bernardo* galloping through the ſtreets, his horſe ſtumbles and falls with him to the ground, whereof he brake his neck, and preſently dyed: All that night *Bernardo's* dead body lay in the ſtreet, uneſpyed of any mortal eye, but the morning once appearing, it was found, and judged to be by the fall off a horſe, becauſe they found a Horſe ſtragling wi-out his Rider near him.

The body is preſently expoſed to the Criminal Judges, who forthwith cauſe his pockets to be ſearched, where they finde the before-nominated promiſe of a yearly annuity, and thereupon they confidently believe this dead man to be *Bernardo*, *Amarantha's* ſervant, and therefore think fit to acquaint *Streni* herewith. But the news was before the Judges meſſengers, which ſo amazed *Pierya*, that ſhe preſently flyes out of doors, and betakes her ſelf to the leaſt frequented, and moſt remote ſtreet of the City. By this time the Officers are come to *Streni's* houſe, and ſhew him the paper, who ſaith it is his daughters own hand, whereupon they ask for *Amarantha* and her maid *Pierya*, he tells the firſt is at his Mannour of *Cardura*, but the ſecond now in the houſe ſerving his eldeſt daughter *Baptiſtina*; they demand to ſee her, but being ſought can be found no where; they go to *Baptiſtina's* chamber, but finds the door ſhut, and no body to anſwer: Theſe circumſtances encreaſing their fear and ſuſpition, they cauſe the door to be forced open, where then they finde the Lady *Baptiſtina* dead, and almoſt cold in her bed, and upon view judge her to be ſtifled.

Hereupon the Judges ſuppoſing dead *Bernardo*, as alſo *Pierya* and *Amarantha* all to have a hand in *Baptiſtina's* death, confirmed alſo in that belief, by *Pierya's* flight, they cauſe a quick ſearch to be made with ſuch ſpeed, that within three hours

hours she is found at poor Aunts house of hers, who was a Laundresse, named *Eleanora Fracasa.*

The Judges advertised hereof, convent her before them, and by vertue of that paper of the annuity, charge both her and her lover *Bernardo* to be actours, and *Amarantha* at least accessary, if not authour of *Baptistina's* death. At first shee stoutly denies all, but she is committed to prison, and so forthwith to the rack; at the sight whereof her courage so abated, that she confessed that she and *Bernardo* had stifled the Lady *Baptistina* in her bed; but constantly affirmed that *Amarantha* was innocent. So the Judges condemn her to be hanged for the same, but first they send her back to prison, and very early the next morning, secretly send away three of their Officers to fetch *Amarantha* to *Florence*, confident of her guilt in the death of her Sister.

Amarantha not dreaming of any of the aforesaid passages, was looking out of a window for *Bernardo's* coming, where about ten a clock, before dinner, she sees three men enter the house apparelled like *Florentines*, whereat she wonders, but by this time they are brought to her, to whom they report, that her Father had sent them to conduct her speedily to *Florence*; where the policy of the Sergeants is so prevalent, that they speedily pack up their trunks, so dine, and then take Coach and horse for *Florence*; where arived, instead of carrying her to her fathers house, they clap her up close prisoner in the Common Goal of that City, and then send her Governesse to tell her Father thereof.

Amarantha thus imprisoned, is debarred to speak with any, or any with her, and the next morning is sent for before her Judges to a private examination; where they ask her all the circumstances concerning *Baptistina's* death, but she denies all: They politickly tell *Amarantha*, that in regard of her youth and beauty, and of her fathers age and nobility they desire and intend to save her, & therfore pray her to confess the truth, not that they want proofs sufficient, for having caused *Pierya* to be executed for it that morning, she confessed it at her death, and dyed thereon. At which speeches *Amarantha* wholly vanquished, falls on her knees, and acknowledges her self to be the prime author of her Sister *Baptistina's* murder, & so they adjudge her to be hang'd the next day at the common place of execution in company of *Pierya*.

The next morning about ten a clock they are brought to the deſtined place of execution, where *Pierya* firſt mounting the Ladder, confeſſed again her crime, and ſo with ſome idle expreſſions of her love to *Bernardo*, was turned over. Next on the ſame Ladder appears *Amarantha*, and there did confeſs, that ſhe had not only cauſed her ſiſter *Baptiſtina* to be ſtifled in her bed by *Bernardo* and *Pierya*, but alſo, that her ſelf and her ſaid ſiſter had formerly poyſoned their elder ſiſter *Jaquinta*, and ſo conjured the Executioner to do his office, which he did; which done, by a ſecond ſentence her body is after dinner burnt to aſhes for the firſt.

The ſame Judges cauſed alſo *Bernardo's* body for two whole dayes to be hanged by his feet in his ſhirt on the ſame Gallows, and then to be caſt in the River *Arno*.

And thus was the deſerved ends and condigne puniſhments of theſe wretched and execrable murthers: and in this manner did the juſt revenge, and ſacred juſtice of God, meet and triumph over them and their bloody crimes.

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HIST. XXII.

MONFREDO and *CECILLIANA*.

The Contents.

Martino *poyſoneth his brother* Pedro, *and murthereth* Monfredo *in the ſtreet: He afterwards growes mad, and in confeſſion reveals both theſe his murthers to Father* Thomas *his ghoſtly Father: Who afterwards dying, reveals it by his Letter to* Cecilliana, *widdow to* Monfredo, *and ſiſter to* Pedro *and* Martino; *hath firſt his right hand cut off, and there is hanged for the ſame.*

IN the ancient City of *Burgos*, in the Province of old *Caſtile*, in *Spain*, there lately dwelt a noble and rich old Gentlewoman termed *Dona Catherina Antunez*, who had by her deceaſed Husband *Don Roderigo de Ricaldo*, two Sons, *Don Pedro*

Pedro and *Don Martino*; and one Daughter called *Dona Cecilliana*; to this young Lady a young gallant named *Don Balthasar de Monfredo* bears a singular affection, and both publickly and privately proclaims her to be his mistresse, and himself her servant; and if he affect and desire *Cecilliana* for his wife, no lesse doth she *Monfredo* for a husband.

Cecilliana (her mother being sickly) takes frequent liberty in her Coach to visit the fragrant fields; thither comes *Monfredo*, where leaping from his Coach into hers, they at first familiarly kisse and confer, and in few of these meetings, they agree to be man and wife: So he gives her a rich Diamond ring, and she reciprocally returns him a present of Gold bracelets in token of mariage, but conclude to bear it secretly from all the world for a time, and that a moneth after, and not before he shall seek her publickly in mariage.

So when the moneth is past, *Monfredo* very fairly seeks her of her mother in mariage, and likewise acquaints her two brothers with his affection to their sister; and with his best art and eloquence endeavours to gain their consents thereunto. As for her mother, she absolutely denies to bestow her Daughter on him, nay forbids him her company, and conjures him to forbear her house; telling him that she hath already engaged her promise to *Don Alonso Delrio*, that he shall marry her, yet he again and again sollicites her consent, but sees it is lost labour, for her answer is still one and the same. As to her brother *Don Pedro*, he findes him well-affected to their love, contemning *Delrio*, and promising *Monfredo* his best assistance towards his mother for the effecting of their desires. But her younger brother *Don Martino* is of a contrary humour, and tells him plainly, that *Delrio* must and shall mary his sister, and none but he. As for *Cecilliana* her self, she slights *Delrio*, and let her mother say what shee will, *Delrio* what he can, and her brother *Martino* what he dare, yet they shall see that she will be wife to none but *Monfredo*, and that either He or Her grave shall be her Husband.

The mother seeing her daughter persevere in her averseneſſe, relates it to her son *Don Martino*, who neither loving his brother, or sister; incenseth his mother against her, saying, *it would be far better to marry her to a Nunnery, than a beggar*;

to

to which the mother inclines, and ſo reſolves to give her daughter to God and the Church. But *Don Pedro* notwithſtanding all their ſecrecy, hath perfect intelligence thereof, and means to prevent them; to which end, he ſends for *Delrio* to the *Cordeliers* Church, and there relates to him his friendſhip, which forceth him to inform him, that it is but loſt labour to ſeek his Siſter *Cecilliana*, ſhe (to his knowledge) being already firmly contracted to *Monfredo*: *Delrio* thanks *Don Pedro* for his love, and vowes to him, that he will henceforth no more deſire or ſeek his Siſter in marriage. *Don Martino* underſtanding *Delrio's* falling off from his Siſter to proceed from *Don Pedro*, is extremely in choler; whereupon the two brothers fall at contention, and many bitter words paſſe between them; which, tongue-combate, redounding to *Don Pedro's* glory, and *Martino's* ſhame, is ſo mad, that not daring publick, he vowes a private revenge, and ſo reſolves to murther him, but firſt goes to his Mother, and informs her that it is his brother which hath beaten off *Delrio* from ſeeking his Siſter in mariage, and ſo again perſwades Her to put *Cecilliana* into a Nunnery, which the mother promiſeth to effect ſhortly.

Don Pedro in the mean while tells his Siſter *Cecilliana* and her Lover *Monfredo* all theſe paſſages, which they hear with laughter, as being reſolute to prevent them; ſo renewing their vowes each to other before *Don Pedro*, leaving the progreſſe of their affection to God, they for that time part.

In the interim *Dona Catherina* the mother, and *Martino* the younger brother endeavour by meſſages, letters, and promiſes, to reclaim *Delrio* to proſecute his ſuit to *Cecilliana*; but his aſſurance to *Don Pedro* ſticks ſo cloſe to him, that all means prove ineffectual, yea underſtanding ſome clandeſtine deſign to be in hand againſt *Cecilliana* and her *Monfredo*, he thinks fit to ſignifie firſt his intention of not further urging his ſute, and then to give notice of that which might be attempted againſt their contents: Which he doth in this manner.

Delrio

Delrio to Cecilliana.

BEing heretofore informed by our brother Don Pedro, *of your dear affection to* Monfredo, *and of your constant resolution to make him your Husband, I held my self bound to surcease my suit to you, and no more to strive to make impossibilities possible, in persevering to seek you in mariage whom I see another must obtain and enjoy. And to the end you may perceive my former affection, shall still shine to you in my future respect; I cannot conceal what may prejudice you: Know then that your mother and brother* Martino *have some irregular design in contemplation, against your content and tranquillity; which howsoever they seem to shadow with false colours, making Religion their pretext, yet you will (if you prevent it not) find in the end that their malice to your lover* Monfredo *is the true and only cause thereof. Be cautious and wary therefore, and then doubt not but that your affections and fortunes will at last succeed according to your merits and expectation.* Delrio.

This noble respect of *Delrio* in giving over his sute to her, and his honest courtesy expressed in his respectfull Letter, they very highly applaud & approve, especially *Cecilliana*, who knoweth not how to receive it with gratitude sufficient, but at the present return him infinite thanks by his own messenger. Which done, *Monfredo* by her consent and the advice of *Don Pedro*, thinks fit once again to try *Catherina's* resolution, whether she will give her consent or no: To this effect *Don Monfredo* takes his Coach and goes directly to the house, sends up his name, and desires to kisse her hand; but she sends him a peremptory denyal, and commands him to depart, and ever hereafter to forbear her house. *Don Martino* laughs at this humour of his mother, but *Monfredo* knowing *Don Pedro* and *Cecilliana* to be in their coach taking the air, drives thither towards them, and pleasantly relates his entertainment, whereat they all laugh as expecting no other.

But the next morning, the Lady *Catherina* sends for her daughter *Cecilliana* into the Garden to her, where she begins

gins to rail at *Monfredo*, urging to her his poverty, which ſhe ſaith will ruine her; but *Cecilliana* not able to digeſt it, anſwers, *That it is vain for her to diſparage* Monfredo, *or attempt to draw her affection from him*: and therefore prayes her to love him for her ſake. Her mother weeps to ſee her thus obſtinate, and reſolves to mew her up and betake her to a *Nunnery*; and therefore calming her looks, ſhe tells her, that in regard ſhe will not conſent to mary *Delrio*, and her ſelf reſolved againſt *Monfredo*, that therefore ſhe ſhall be wife to neither: but ſhe will eſpouſe her to God & his holy Church: But *Cecilliana* declares her diſlike to be made a Nun with many reaſons, vowing ſhe had rather beg with *Monfredo*; ſo making a low reverence ſhe departs, and leaves her mother alone in the Garden, who ſhortly after returning to her Chamber, tells her ſon *Martino* the whole conference: *Cecilliana* doth the like to her brother *Don Pedro*, and *Monfredo*, who bid her be of good courage; and the better to prevent in time, what otherwiſe they may repent, they agree, that ſhe ſhall be ſtollen away by *Monfredo* by night, and that *Don Pedro* ſhall aſſiſt to make the eſcape, ſo they part. But *Cecilliana* is no ſooner in her chamber, but it is made her priſon, and *Martino* her Jaylor: She weeps at this cruelty of her Mother and Brother; *Don Pedro* and *Monfredo* conſult how to remedy this evill, and can find no better expedient, than that *Cecilliana* ſhall make her mother believe, that having changed her minde, ſhe is reſolved to leave *Monfredo*, and to live and die in a Nunnery. According hereunto *Cecilliana* acts her part well, which makes her mother rejoyce at her converſion, ſo a ſet day is appointed for her entrance. Which day now drawing near, the Lady *Abbeſſe* is dealt with, her Cell provided, her Nuns apparel made, and all her chiefe friends and kindred invited to a ſolemn feaſt, to celebrate our new holy ſiſters mariage to God and the Church: Whiles the mother and *Martino* are thus buſied, *Don Pedro* and *Monfredo* reſolve the very night before her entrance, to ſteal her away; whereof notice being given to her, ſhe packs up all her Jewels and bracelets in a ſmall casket, and with her ſaid brother *Don Pedro* about midnight goes forth of her chamber, ſo through the garden to a poſtern, where *Monfredo* waited for her with his coach and ſix excellent horſes;

whereinto

whereunto entering they speedily drive away to *Valdebelle*, a Mannour House of his some eight Leagues from *Burgos*.

Don Pedro lyes the next morning long abed, the better to colour out his ignorance of his sisters flight; but his mother is early up, and sends her Waiting-woman to her daughter to apparel her, to see some Ladies who were come to take their leave of her; *Felicia* the chambermaid returns, and saith, *that the chamber-door is shut, whereat she hath knocked and called, but can get no answer.* *Martino* and his mother go thither, force open the door, and find the nest, but the bird is flown; hereat they both rage and storm, but chiefly *Martino*, who saith, *that he dare ingage his life that his brother is accessary to her flight, and gone with her*; So they run to his chamber, but find him in his bed fast asleep, or at least seeming so; they awake him and tell him the news, whereat he appears to bee very angry, and profers his mother his best endeavours to recover his Sister. But *Martino* sayes, *all these Speeches are counterfeit.* Whereat *Don Pedro* gives him the lye, and seconds it with a box on the Ear; which angers the mother, but *Pedro* leaves her among her neighbours weeping, and calling for his horse under colour to finde out his sister, rides to *Valdebelle* to her and *Monfredo*, stayes there eight dayes, sees them solemnly but secretly maried, and so returns to *Burgos*, pretending not to hear any news of her.

Don Martino at his return, swears revenge against him for the lye and box on the Ear; wherefore he procureth a pair of poysoned perfumed gloves, and insinuates them into *Don Pedro's* hand and wearing, the invenomed sent whereof in lesse than two dayes poysoneth him, so he is found dead in his bed, as it was given out, of an impostthume which broke within him, and so is privately and without any solemnity buried. But *Monfredo* and his wife *Cecilliana* infinitely grieve and lament for his sudden death, as having lost a constant and sure friend, and suspect *Martino* to have murthered him.

By this time *Catherina* perfectly knowing her daughter to be at *Valdebelle* with *Monfredo*, she sends *Martino* thither to demand her. At his arival and admission to speak with her, he rebukes her for her disobedience, and then checks *Don Monfredo* of dishonour, for harbouring her; and therefore demands

demands him to restore her. *Cecilliana* first weeping, answers, *that for her return to her mother, or her stay at* Valdebelle, *she wholly refers it to* Don Monfredo, *in whose pleasure therein she will acquiesce*; and withall tels him, *She thought he had come to condole with her for* Don Pedro's *death*. But *Monfredo* galled with *Martino's* base speeches saith, *if any other had uttered them, his sword should have made them recant their errour*; *and as to his sisters stay at* Valdebelle, *he is confident, she is safer there with him, than his noble brother* Don Pedro *was in his mothers house*. And so with short ceremonies and cold entertainment, he returns to *Burgos*, and tells his mother that he finds it impossible to divert his sisters resolution. So going to his chamber, he ruminates of *Monf.* words of *Pedro's* death; to silence which for the future, he intends to murther *Monfredo*: So hearing that he was one day in the City, he waiting for him, as he issued forth of his house at night, he with a small target and dark lanthorn, and his rapier drawn in his right hand, runs him twice through the body; of which wounds he presently fell down dead in the Street, which bloody massacre acted, he secretly gets home and goes to bed.

In the morning *Don Monfredo's* murthered body is found, and the news thereof after dinner arrives at *Valdebelle* to the knowledge of *Cecilliana*; who pitifully weeps and mourns thereat, vehemently suspecting *Martino* for his death: And to inform her self of the truth, goes to a wizard but to no purpose, for he can tell her nothing, so returning home, she continues her mourning inwardly and outwardly.

Martino guilty now of these two murthers, for two or three moneths is cheerful enough, but now his conscience begins to torment him, so that he is only accompanied with horror, terror and despair, which much grieves his mother: Nay so increaseth his despair, that he grows absolutely frantick, and in one of his mad fits runs and finds Father *Thomas* his Confessor, and to him reveals, how he had poysoned his brother *Don Pedro*, and murthered *Monfredo*.

Not long after this, Father *Thomas* falls extreme sick of a plurisie even to death, who then revoking to mind the former confession made by *Martino*, he writes a letter, the which he chargeth his own sister *Cyrilla* to deliver into *Ce-*

cil-

cilliano's own hand three dayes after his burial, and in three weeks after Father *Thomas* dies.

In the mean time the L. *Catharina* again sends her son Don *Martino* to *Valdebelle*, to sollicite his sister to return and to live with her in *Burgos*; so thither (though unwillingly) he rides, and there delivers his mothers will and message to her; to whom she gives kind entertainment, and prayes him to tell her mother, that she will consider her request, and either bring or send her her resolution shortly. So he departs, and some three dayes after, *Cyrilla* (Father *Thomas* his sister) goes to the Lady *Cecilliana* and delivers her the priest her brothers letter, wherein she finds these lines.

Father Thomas *to* Cecilliana.

WEll knowing that the laws of heaven are far more sacred than those of earth, as I now lie on my death bed, ready to leave this life, and to fly into my Saviours arms, I could not go into my grave in peace, before I had signified unto thee, that very lately thy brother Don Martino *delivered unto me in confession, that he first poysoned thy Brother* Don Pedro *with a pair of perfumed gloves, and then after murthered thy husband* Don Monfredo *with his rapier in* Burgos. *I send thee this letter by my sister* Cyrilla, *whom I have strictly charged to deliver it to thee three dayes after my buriall. Because I hold it most consonant to my profession, that not my life but death, should herein violate the seal of confession, this news coming to thee, indeed not from me, but from God.*

Father Thomas.

Cecilliano having read over this letter, is in a very great perplexity of spirit, as not knowing what course to take, but at last, she takes her coach and goes to *Burgos*, and there directly to the Corrigadors; and before them accuseth her brother *Martino* to be the bloody murtherer of her brother *Pedro* and her own husband; and for proof produceth Father *Thomas* his letter.

The

The Judges read it, and are amazed, ſending for *Cyrilla*, and examine her, who relates all as afore ſet down: Whereupon they ſend out a Warrant for his apprehenſion, and he is ſoon taken and brought before them; he is accuſed of the ſaid murthers, and they produce the Letter, *Cyrilla* and *Cecilliana* as Evidence and Witneſſes; he denyes all the circumſtances: But being put to the Rack, at the ſecond torment confeſſeth himſelf guilty of both the Murthers. For which he is condemned, the next morning to have his right hand cut off and burnt, and himſelf to be hanged at the common place of execution: Where being come and aſcended the Ladder, putting the rope about his neck with more haſte and deſperation than repentance, he caſt himſelf off the Ladder, and was hanged.

HISTORY XXIII.

SOPHIA and her Son *ALPHONSO.*

The Contents.

Alphonſo *poyſoneth his own Mother* Sophia, *and after ſhoots and kills* Caſſino *in his garden with a Carbine from a window. He is beheaded for theſe two murthers, then burnt, and his aſhes thrown into the River.*

IN the City of *Vercely* (in *Piedmount*) there lately dwelt a rich Canon of a *Cathedral*, named *Aloſius Caſsino*, who had a ſweet young Gentlewoman to his *Neece* named *Dona Eleanora*, whoſe deceaſed mother left her very young and rich; when her uncle *Caſsino*, being the neareſt her in blood, takes her into his protection, giving all manner of breeding and education requiſite in a Gentlewoman of her rank; and the better to make her perfect in vertues, he carefully ſends her in his coach to *Caſſal* in the *Marquiſat* of *Mountferrat*, to the Lady *Marquerita Sophia* a widow Gentlewoman, very vertuous, for which ſhe was famous. Thus

Thus with her waiting maid and one man servant she arrives there, and is by *Sophia* received with much joy: Applauding *Cassino's* honourable care of this his Neece, who she hopes in few Years will be a most accomplish'd Gentlewoman.

Cassino did well to place his young Neece with the Lady *Sophia*, but ill in forgetting that she had a debauched young man to her son named *Seignieur Alphonso*, whose vitious life made him the laughter and pity of all *Cassal*. This young man seeing so sweet a beauty and so great an heir as *Eleonora*, fallen into his mothers hands, he secretly courts her, but she scorns him. He grows importunate, but finding it not to prevail, he acquaints his mother therewith, who forbids him to proceed any further, unless he will swear to reform himself; which he vowes on his knees to do, and accordingly leaves his lewd courses.

Cassino comes over three several times to *Cassal* to see his Neece: *Sophia* entertains him the best she may, and charges her son during his stay not to motion a word to *Cassino* of his affection to his Neece; so there is not yet any word spoken thereof, but secretly layes wait at *Vercely*, to know when *Cassino* will have his Neece home, and three weeks before that time she holds it fit to motion to him; which in fair and honourable manner she doth. But *Cassino* is not a little displeased with her ambition in desiring his Neece for a wife to her son; as knowing the mothers weak estate, and the Sons corrupt conversation. Yet taking no notice thereof, he excuseth himself, that he hath already disposed his Neece, and their motion to him for her came too late.

Three weeks after this answer, not thinking his Neece to be safe in *Cassal*, he sends over his coach and one of his servants to bring her home, writing a Gratulatory Letter to the Lady *Sophia* for her honourable Education and entertainment.

Cassino *to* Sophia.

HAving heretofore privately contracted my Niece Eleonora *to a husband, his request and my promise now require that I take her from you in* Cassal, *to give her*

to him here in Vercely: *To which effect I here ſend my coach and ſervant to you for her, and deſire you to return her to me, with your beſt prayers: And had not God viſited me with ſickneſſe, my reſolution for her return had not been ſo ſudden. And if my age cannot requite your honourable care towards her, I hope her youth will hereafter endeavour to free me of that debt, and her ſelf alſo, till when, as I will not fail to give it a place in my heart, ſo I am ſure ſhe will allot it one in her remembrance: In which mean time I forget not my chiefeſt reſpects, firſt to your ſelf, then to your Son. God give us all his grace that we may live and die his ſervants.*

Caſſino.

This letter vexes both *Sophia* and her Son, as ſeeing thereby their hopes fruſtrated; wherefore *Sophia* at her ſons intreaty, opens the matter to her; but *Eleanora* is deaf to her motion, and is ſo far from hearkning thereto, that ſhe will not ſo much as ſee *Alphonſo*.

Thus breakfaſt ended, and the Coach ready, *Eleanora* departs to *Vercely* to her Uncle *Caſſino*. But *Sophia* will not be thus repulſed, ſhe again moves *Caſſino* for his Neece; who very angry, that ſhe ſhould diſreſpect him, as not to give credit to his words, that he had precontracted her, very ſharply, returns her the ſame anſwer as before; withall proteſting for the future never to hearken to any motions of that kind from her: Which ſo vexeth *Alphonſo*, that he returns to his old vices; and the knowledge thereof makes his mother vow, that ſhe will never open her mouth in his behalf to *Caſſino* any more. This reſolution of the mother breeds bad blood in the Son; for he thinks, if he can but diſpatch his mother, he ſhall then be ſole Lord of her wealth, and then that his eſtate would ſoon induce *Caſſino* and *Eleanora* to accept of his affection; ſo he provides himſelf of poyſon, which he ſtill carries about him, waiting an opportunity to adminiſter it.

Alphonſo's return to his vices ſo diſtempers his mother, that ſhe falls ſick of a burning feaver; to allay whoſe heat ſhe cauſeth ſome Almond milk to be made her, compounded

pounded with many coold herbs, and drinks thereof three times a day.

The third day of her sickness, walking in the afternoon in the garden with her Son, she is suddenly surprized with the Symptome of her feaver, where sitting down, and causing her maid to hold her head, she prayes her son to fetch her a bottle of Almond milk; the which he doth, but first pours his poyson thereinto, and then gives it her, who drinks two great draughts thereof, when a sweat presently overspreading her face, and she beginning to look pale, he cries out and calls for a chair, so she is brought to her chamber and laid in her bed, and within few hours afterward dies, and by her Son and servants is coffined up, and speedily with much cost and pomp buried.

The news of *Sophia*'s death, runs from *Cassal* to *Vercely*, where *Cassino* and *Eleanora* understanding thereof, exceedingly lament and sorrow for it. The said *Eleanora* being now grown mariagable, in regard of her great estate and vertues (as being the declared heir of her Uncle *Cassino*) she is sought of many noble Gentlemen: But her Uncle at last, privately maries her to *Seignieur Hieronymo Brasciano* a rich Gentleman, who was nephew and heir to the Bishop of *Vercely*; but in regard of their tender years on both sides, they were not permitted to bed together.

But now we must return to *Alphonso*, who desperately gives himself over to all vices, consuming all his time in licentious riots; in the midst of which follies he remembers *Eleanora*, so apparelling himself and servants very richly, he rides over to *Vercely*, and becomes an importunate suiter, both to *Cassino* and *Eleanora*, but all in vain; yet he obstinately persists, which makes *Cassino* tell him in plain terms, that his Neece is maried, and that in consideration thereof, he forbids him his house and her company: Which unkindness *Alphonso* takes so ill, that quite forgetting himself to be a Christian, he vows that he will murther *Cassino*, and so concludes the best way to effect it to be by a Carabine, which many times by night he wears about him; whereupon informing himself that every morning and evening *Cassino* used to walk in his garden alone, he thinks it a fit place to shoot at him; so going to a small Tavern that lay neer to

the ſaid garden, in diſguiſe about ſix in the evening: Where pretending to ſtay for a friend he goes into a chamber and calls for wine, when bolting the chamber door, he opens the caſement and ſees *Caſsino* walking in his garden, when dreſſing his firelock, and priming it with powder, he lets fly at him, and with a brace of bullets ſhoots him into the breſt, whereof he fell down dead.

Aſſoon as this was done, and he put up his Carabine, inſtead of being able to fly, God preſently ſtruck him into a a ſtupified ſwoon, wherewith falling to the ground, the noiſe of that and his gun cauſed the people below to come up; where finding him groveling, they thought he had ſhot himſelf, which made them to take off his cloaths to ſearch for his wounds, but they find none. At laſt after an hour, opening his eyes with a diſtracted look, and amazed countenance rather raving than ſpeaking; in the heat of his madneſs, he cries out again and again, that he had murthered *Caſsino*. And indeed by this time *Caſsino* is found dead in the garden; when ſearching for the murtherer they find his horſe at the door; go up the ſtairs, find *Alphonſo* in bed; when examining the people of the houſe, they report what they knew, as alſo his confeſſion that he had murthered *Caſſino*: Whereupon he is apprehended, and the next morning called to his arraignment, when he forſwears his former confeſſion; but the Judges to produce the truth, condemn him to the rack, where, at the firſt torments he again confeſſeth all: For which he is ſentenced the next day to be beheaded; and being brought to the ſcaffold, there confeſſeth the murther of his mother *Sophia* by poyſon: ſo he is executed, and as an addition of puniſhment for his mothers death, his body is burnt, and the aſhes thrown into the *River Ticino*.

May God of his infinite Grace, ſo confirm our faith, that we may ſecure our ſelves in this world, and our ſouls in that to come.

HISTORY XXIV.

VALFONTAINE and *LA PRATIERE.*

The Contents.

Pont Chauſey *kills* La Roch *in a duel.* Quat-briſſon *cauſeth* Moncallier *to poyſon* Valfontain. Moncallier *after falls and breaks his neck.* Quat-briſſon *cauſeth* Pierot *a Miller to ſtrangle* Marieta *in her bed, and throw the body into the millpond.* Pierot *is broken alive on the wheel, and* Quat-briſſon *firſt beheaded then burnt.*

IN *Vannes* a City of *Brittain* in *France*, there of late years dwelt a rich and noble Gentleman termed *Monſieur de Caeſtaing*, who by his wife, had two ſons, the eldeſt intituled *Monſieur de Quatbriſſon*, and the younger *Monſieur de Valfontaine*, both hopeful Gentlemen. *Valfontaine* lived in the City of *Nants* with an Uncle of his named *Monſieur de Maaſey*, who ſees a young gentlewoman infinitely fair and beautiful, called *Madamoyſelle la Pratiere*, whom he likes and loves ſo dearly, that he determines to ſeek her for his wife, and ſo handſomely and with diſcretion manages his buſineſs, that ſhe conſents to love him, but prayes him to conceal her affection; till he ſhould ſeek her of her Father in mariage.

La Pratiere ſoon after leaves *Nants* and goes home to her Father *Monſieur de Penelle* at St. *Argnaw*: whither *Valfontaine* in ſhort time follows, and acquaints her father with his ſuit, and deſires his conſent: but he refuſeth not the motion, and ſo giving *Valfontaine* but a cold anſwer. thus for the firſt time he takes his leave and rides home to *Vannes*: Where arrived he tells his Father and mother of his affection to *La Pratiere*, wherof they approve, ſo *Valfontaine* prayes

his father to ride over to *Penelle* to confer with him about this buſineſs, which in regard of the gout which he then was troubled with, he was not able to do; then he requeſts his brother *Quatbriſſon* to go with him, which he willingly yields to: So followed nobly, and with a letter from their father to *Penelle*, they take horſe and ride to St. *Argnay*. Where arriving, *Quatbriſſon* delivering his fathers letter, and making a ſhort conference of his brothers affection to his daughter: turns to her, and prays her to walk into the garden, and ſo taking her by the hand, leads her thither (her father and his brother being there before) where he privately tells her, (firſt ſwearing her to be ſecret) that he is captivated by her beauty, and is ſory that his brother had the honour to ſee her before him: *La Pratiere* is ſo incenſed at theſe unexpected ſpeeches of *Quatbriſſon*, that bending her brow, ſhe tells him: *That this was not only an ignoble ingratitude, but a baſe treachery in him towards his brother; and therefore know that I undervalue you, as much as I highly prize Valfontain*; and ſo trips away, leaving him alone, but *Quatbriſſon* goes to old *Penelle*, and in fair terms informs him of his love to his daughter, aſſuring him that himſelf deſireth her to be his own wife.

Old *Penelle* likes *Quatbriſſon's* motion, yet would not diſpleaſe *Valfontaine*: yet overſwayed with ambition, he calls his daughter into his cloſet, and bids her leave *Valfontaine* to love *Quatbriſſon*: but ſhe refuſeth it poſitively, notwithſtanding he is for the elder, but ſhe will have the younger or none: And now *Quatbriſſon* invents how to deceive his brother: to which end he tells him. that he finds it impoſſible to gain *Penelle's* conſent: and therefore ſaith he, *let us go home to morrow*: which they here agree to.

But *La Pratiere*, ſeeing how things ran contrary, reſolves to give her *Valfontaine* a private meeting, when that night ſending for him to her chamber, ſhe bids him to be cheerful, for that in life and death ſhe will be his, and only his, and that ſhe will ſend him a letter to *Vannes*, to acquaint him with a buſineſſe which her tongue was ſworn to ſecrecy in. So he giving her a Diamond ring, and ſhe him a pair of pearl bracelets, they take leave.

The next morning, breakfaſt ended, *Penelle* takes *Valfontaine*

taine aside, and in short terms prayes him henceforth to forbear his house, and refrain his Daughters company, for that he hath provided another husband for her. So after solemn leave taken, the two brothers take Horse and away.

Now *La Pratiere* remembring her promise to *Valfontaine*, two dayes after his departure she sends him this letter.

La Pratiere *to* Valfontaine.

MY promise owes you this letter, whereby I give you to understand, that I know not whether you have greater cause to love me, or hate your brother Quatbrisson, *in regard he vows he loves me dearer than your self, and hath attempted to rob you of your wife, which (if I mistake not) is base treachery in a brother. I have heard his courting, but for your sake hate both it and himself. He hath won my father, but be assured (my dear* Valfontaine) *that he neither can or shall draw me to his desire: and if any fear arise in your thoughts, let this dispell it: that although my father have banished you his house, yet his daughter is resolved to retein you in her heart, and none but you. Be you but discreet therefore, and not passionate: and my affection to you shall shortly teach your brother to know, that in this business he shall act his own shame and your glory.*

La Pratiere.

Valfontaine having received this letter is all on fire against his brother, but *La Pratiere's* injunction so prevailed with him, that he keeps under his passion, and returns many thanks to her for courtesie and constancy. *Quatbrisson* two or three dayes after goes to St. *Argnaw*, where he renews his suit, but finds them both in the same humours he left them, for *La Pratiere* is more and more averse. So that seeing his labour lost, he sorrowfully rides home to *Vannes*, *Quatbrisson* endeavours that his brother may not know of his journey, but *La Pratiere* the next day gives him word thereof by this her second letter.

La Pratiere *to* Valfontaine.

I Hold it a part of my duty and affection to advertise you, that these two dayes I have been importunately sollicited by your unkind Brother for mariage, but he hath found my first to be my last answer. Yea I have so nipt his hopes by giving him and my Father my infallible resolution, either to wed you or my grave, as I think they may well be satisfied, and not further trouble me: But if your brother will yet make himself more ridiculous, I will then fall on my knees to my Father to hasten his consent to our mariage. And this is my positive resolution.

La Pratiere.

Valfontaine kisseth this testimony of his dear Ladies most tender affection, but fumes inwardly at his brothers malice, whereof he is resolved to tax him, but first returns her ten thousand thanks for her inviolable affection; which done he seeks out his brother, whom he finds feignedly sick, when as it were rejoycing at his presence he tells him, *that his tender love to* La Pratiere *hath reduced him to that extremity; and therefore coujures him for saving of his life, to abandon his love to her, and yield up his interest in her to him,* at which impudent request *Valfontaine* is so incensed, that with indignation, disdain and choller, he calls him base and treacherous, vowing to dye ere he consents to such a thought; and without any other Farewel hastily flings out of his chamber.

Quatbrisson vows to make his brother repent this his peremptory carriage; to which effect, three dayes after knowing his brother to be at *Nants*, he seeks out a dear friend of his *Monsieur La Roche*, whom engaging to be his second. He writes this challenge and sends it to him by the same hand: Who finds him at his Uncles house with one *Monsieur de pont Chausey*, where he delivers it. Wherein were these words.

Quat-

Quatbrisson *to* Valfontaine:

IN regard it is impossible for both of us to enjoy the fair La Pratiere *to wife, therefore it is fit that one of us dye, that the other may survive, to be enriched with so pretious a treasure; which considering, as also thy uncivil carriage towards me. Therefore find it not strange, to see affection give a Law to nature, in inviting thee and thy second, to meet me and mine with single rapiers, to morrow betwixt two or three after dinner, in a fair meadow at the east end of St.* Vallery *within a little flight shot thereof; where thou shalt find this Gentleman to bring thee safely to me, where I will wait patiently for thee.*

Quatbrisson.

Valfontaine smiles hereat, and bids *La Roche* tell his brother that at the appointed hour and place he will not fail to meet him, and presently requests *Pont Chausey* to be his second, which he willingly agreees to. So the time appointed being come, the two brothers with their seconds enter the field; the principals first draw, and after three or four breathings and several wounds, *Valfontaine*, so thrives, that he forceth *Quatbrisson* to beg his life, which he freely gives him.

The principals thus having finished, the seconds draw near, but *pont Chausey* thinks it no disparagement to refuse to fight, sith his principal hath foiled his enemy. But contrariwise *La Roche* will fight, and by no perswasion will be brought to the contrary; thus fighting, he is by *pont Chausey* killed dead in the field; a fit reward for his boasting temerity.

The news of this Duel arrives to their Father and Mother, and also to *Nants*, and thence to *Argnaw*; where *Penelle* grieves, but La *Pratiere* rejoyceth at *Quatbrissons* foil: and taking advantage from thence with prayers and tears sh gains her fathers consent, so that in short time after they are solemnly married at St. *Argnaw*, and with great bravery.

But

But *Quatbriſſon* continues ſtill in his baſe ingratitude to his brother; and his luſt to *La Pratiere* reviving (becauſe he knows it impoſſible as long as *Valfontaine* lived) he therefore reſolves to get him poyſoned, and ſo deals with his brothers Apothecary *Moncallier* to undertake and perform it, who for 300 Crowns promiſeth to effect and perform it. Which he doth in this manner.

Valfontaine about ſix weeks after his marriage, finds himſelf much inclining to a burning fever, for prevention whereof he ſends for *Moncallier* to St. *Argeau*, where he opens a vein, and takes and draws ten ounces of blood from him, and towards night gives him a gliſter, wherein he infuſed ſtrong poyſon; which ſo operates, that the next morning he dies in his bed. *La Pratiere* melts her ſelf into tears at her husbands ſudden death, ſo are all both his and her friends, and among the reſt, *Quatbriſſon* comes to her to comfort her, but ſhe ſlights him, as having a ſhrewd ſuſpition, that he had a hand in his death, but in what manner ſhe knows not, but leaves to God to diſcover; and among many that ſought her at the return of the year ſhe makes choice of *pont Chanſey* for her ſecond husband, and marries him. *Quatbriſſon* ſeeing himſelf thus ſlighted, turns his love into hatred, and gives himſelf over to whoredom, following Strumpets, that his luſtfull heart deſires all that his eyes can ſee. Among others, hearing of a peaſants daughter three miles from *Vannes*, that was fair and young; he lewdly reſolves to tempt her to his obſcene deſires; ſo thither he rides, ſees and likes *Marieta* (for ſo was ſhe called) and layes cloſe ſeige to her chaſtity: which her mother obſerving in his frequent viſits, and fearing the worſt, forbids him her houſe, adding, that ſhe would acquaint his father if he perſiſted: at which croſs ſpeeches he is much troubled, but remembring an old Friar named *Simplician*, he thought him a fit inſtrument to gain *Marieta* for him: to which end he ſends for him, tells him his buſineſſe which the old padda undertakes, and in ſhort time perſwades her to conſent: ſo by an agreement, in the night *Quatbriſſon* fetcheth her away to his own old nurſes houſe, and there ſecretly keeps her, and takes his pleaſure of her.

Marieta's Father and Mother grieve for the loſs of their only child, and ſuſpecting *Quatbriſſon* to have ſtollen her, com-

plain

plain to his Father and Mother, who send for him and examine him, but he denyes all, and calls the old Woman hag to charge him with stealing her Daughter; and thus without any redresse she goes home, and our youngster to his nurses to *Marieta*, where leave we him, to speak of *Moncallier*.

Quatbrisson hating (as is formerly said) *La Pratiere*, hires *Moncallier* likewise to poyson her for 300. Crowns, which he speedily promiseth to perform: And about two months after her second marriage, she falls sick of a pestical fever; *Pont Chausey* her husband fetcheth *Moncallier*, who first draws six ounces of blood from her (and intends next morning to give her Physick, wherein shall be infused poyson) but as he was ready to depart, being on the top of the stairs complementing with *Pont Chausey*, he trips in his spurs, and falling down headlong, breaks his neck. *Quatbrisson* hearing thereof, is neither glad nor sorrowfull, but froliking with *Marieta*, till now it is generally known that he keeps her; whereof her Father and Mother informed, repair again to *Quatbrissons* Father, and beseech him to restore them their Daughter; they promise her assistance, and to search their tenants houses, which their son hearing of about midnight, causeth *Pierot* his Fathers Miller to fetch *Marieta* from the nurses house to the Mill-house, where at length she proves with child; when seeing her sad condition, she begins to repent of her folly, especially finding her lover *Quatbrisson* to look more strange on her than accoustomed, but how to remedy it, she knowes not.

Quatbrisson now deals with the Miller to marry *Marieta*, but he down-right refuseth him. And poor *Marieta* beseecheth him either to provide her a husband, or permit her to go home, with which words daily vexed, he absents himself from her, yea, and at last refuseth plainly to see her; she exclaims at his ingratitude, and prayes *Pierot* to speak to his young Master in her behalf: *Pierot* finds him out, but instead of comfort, they conclude to murther her, so for the fee-simple of his mill, *Pierot* within three dayes with a small cord steals into her Chamber and strangles her; when carrying her to the mill boat in the pond, and fastening a piece of a mill stone to her middle with a strong new rope, throwes it into the deepest place of the pond.

The

The next morning away goes the miller, and tells his young maſter what he had done; who both joy in their villany exceedingly.

A moneth is ſcarce paſt, but *Pont Chauſey* (*La Pratieres* ſecond husband) with ſome other Gentlemen, his friends, have a mind to hunt a duck; and make choice of this very mill pond for their ſport; where the duck and two dogs are no ſooner in, but when they come to the place where *Marieta* was ſunk and tyed, they leave the duck and howle, and bark at each other without ſtirring thence: Which the Gentlemen obſerving, they preſently imagine that ſome body was drowned there, but ere they proceed to ſearch, they will make another tryall; ſo for that time calling off their dogs, after dinner they return, the Spaniels do as they did in the morning, which confirms their jealouſie; ſo they deſire to draw up the ſluce, and let the water out of the pond, whereto the guilty Miller is very unwilling, ſo the Gentlemen ſeem to deſiſt, but go into the mill and play at cards for wine, which *Pierot* proffers to fetch from the town (there being none nearer) ſo away goes he, and they in the mean while draw up the ſluce, and by that time the water is half out, they ſee the dead body float, but ſeeing it impoſſible to know who it was, becauſe the face was eaten and disfigured with the fiſh; they conclude the miller muſt be guilty, ſo laying wait for him, at his return from the town, he is apprehended, where they ſhut him up in his mill till the body be known; which not long after happens by her Father and Mother, who knew her cloaths, and affirm it to be their daughter *Marieta*.

Pont Chauſey rides to *Vannes*, and tells the Judges of this deplorable fact; they ſend for the miller, examine and accuſe him of the ſame murder, but he denies and forſwears it; thereupon he is ordained to the rack, at the ſight whereof he confeſſeth himſelf to be the ſole Author and actor of this murther: but ſpeaks not a word of *Quatbriſſon*: Whereupon he is adjudged to the *Scorpions*, to know if *Quatbriſſon* or any other were acceſſary with him; but he not able to endure the cruelty of that torment, confeſſeth that his young maſter *Quatbriſſon* hired him to ſtrangle *Marieta* with the feeſimple of his mill. So *Pierot* is condemned to be

broken

broken alive on the wheel, but defer his execution till *Quatbrissons* apprehension, who was now at *Rennes*, where he is suddenly taken and imprisoned, and upon hearing his inditement read, and *Pierots* confession, he presently acknowledgeth the matter in all circumstances: For which he is condemned, the next day to beheaded: so the next morning mounting the scaffold, he first owns his murther of *Marieta*, and then confesseth *Moncalliers* being hired by him to poyson his brother *Valfontain*, for both which craving pardon of God, his head was cut off, and his body (for his brothers death) burnt to ashes. *Pierot* likewise at *Vannes* according to his sentence, was broken on the wheel; And *Moncalliers* dead body digged out of the grave, and in the Coffin burnt by the common Hangman, and his ashes thrown in the air.

HIST. XXV.

VASTI and *HESTER.*

The Contents.

Vasti *first murthereth his Son* George, *and then poysoneth his own wife* Hester, *and being afterwards almost killed in the fields by a mad bull, he reveals these two murthers; for which he is first hanged and then burnt.*

IN *Fribourge* an ancient City of *Switzerland*, dwelt a rich *Burger*, named *Peter Vasti*, who had to wife a vertuous woman named *Hester*, by whom he had one only child, a Son, called *George Vasti*, and for many years they lived in as high content as they could either desire or invent. But after twelve years were expired, *Vasti* turns debauched, leaves his house, followeth whores, reviles and beats his wife, and is by no means to be reclaimed. Nay now she hears that he keeps a young whore named *Salina* at the town of *Cleraux*, six leagues from *Fribourge*, and to her most mornings he goes, under pretence of going to Sermon. Thus

Thus he ſpends his money and his time with *Salina*, and when he comes home from his whore, he ſtill beats his wife.

Now by this time *George* their ſon is ſixteen years of age, and obſerves his Fathers cruelty towards his mother, he on his knees deſires to know the true cauſe thereof; his mother relates it fully to him: *George* growes paſſionate at the repetition, and ſwears either to right it with his father, or to revenge it on *Salina*; ſo the next time he ſees his father beat his mother, ſteps to her aſſiſtance; which the father takes ill, and threatens him for the ſame, but *George* vowes he ſhall not abuſe his mother, ſo for that night they part. Next morning *Vaſti* will neither ſee his wife nor his ſon; wherewith *George* vexed, asked his bleſſing, takes his horſe and goes to *Cleraux*; where entring *Salynaes* houſe, he calls her whore, and charges her of abuſing his father, mother, and himſelf, and taking his ſhort cudgell gives her at leaſt a dozen blows therewith, ſo goes to his horſe and gallops home, telling his mother, but concealing from his father what he had done.

Salina ſeeing *Vaſti* came not to her that day, by a confident meſſenger ſends for him, to whom he goes the next day, and ſhe relates the occurrence between his ſon *George* and her; wherewith enraged he ſwears he will kill his ſonne: *George* knowing his Father to be ridden out, aſſures himſelf that he is gone to *Salyna*, he thinks it more ſafe to meet him in the fields than at home, ſo he rides forth towards him to know whether he had any thing to ſay to him, or no; ſo they meet and have a large tongue-combat, which brings them home.

This conference makes the Father pray the Son to make an attonement betwixt his mother and himſelf; which he endeavours, and with much ado brings it to paſſe as to outward appearance.

But alas! *Vaſti* had no ſuch intent, for though he ſeems pleaſed, he carrieth devilliſh malice in his heart; and therefore, vowing to love *Salina*, he reſolves to hate his wife, and ſharply to puniſh his Son, and to this purpoſe he ſends her word that he will not ſee her for a good ſpace, yet deſires her to be patient, for he is plotting a ſecret buſineſſe for both their contents.

Thus having setled that affair, he now considers how to dispatch his son *George*, and finds he must dissemble, that he may the easier accomplish it; so he seems very courteous and affable both to his wife and him, but still minding to act his Tragedy, he endeavours to perswade him to go to the wars, and at last prevails; whereupon he promiseth to send him to *Rome* to his Uncle *Andrew Vasti*, who (he saith) is a Captain in the Popes guard: *George* thanks his Father, and having with difficulty gotten his mothers good-will, prepares for his journey, when all things fitted, he goes, and his Father will bear him company to *Turin*, as he pretends; so away they ride together, but in a long narrow lane, a mile from *Losanna* in the way to *Genova*, it being near night, as his son rides close before him, he shoots him through the back with his pistol, wherewith he fell dead from his horse, when mangling his face, he takes him on his shoulders, and throwes him into a deep ditch; which done he rides to *Morges*, and pretending to be sick there, keeps close eight dayes, and at the expiration of them, comes home, tells his wife that he left her son well in *Turin*; whereat she weeps for joy.

And now for some ten dayes he keeps good *decorum* with his wife *Hester* at home, but at the end thereof, he falls into a relapse of his old vices; wherein growing impudent and past all grace, he prodigally wasties his estate, beats his wife, and indeed turns a very Devil to her; wherewith she acquaints the Minister, and several of his and her friends, but none of them can in the least measure prevail, then she tells him, that if he still persevere thus to abuse her, she will send to *Rome* for her son *George* to return home. *Vasti* is galled with this speech, and therefore to prevent her in this resolve, as he had murthered his son, so alie he will dispatch her, and providing himself of strong poyson, he infused it into a Musk-mellon, which he resolved to eat that day at dinner, whereof she greedily eating a part before night dies; which he said was caused by a surfeit from eating too much of the said Mellon, which is by his neighbours believed.

Vasti now at liberty, never lies from *Salina* till he spent his whole estate upon her, and then she begins to grow cold towards him. For by fire from heaven his mansion house, goods

goods and moveables, barns, corn and hay are all burned, his corn in the field yield no increase, his Vines wither, his Cattel dyes, and all things goes to ruine: which makes him grow very poor: when going to *Salina* in his extremity, she will not suffer him to come into her house: thus forsaken of all he wanders up and down, and one time coming from *Cleraux* to *Fribourg*, in a meadow he lies down to sleep, and slept so soundly that he heard not the noise of a great many people, who pursued a mad Bull: which Bull runs directly to *Vasti*, and tosseth him, so as he seems to be dead: but finding himself dying by the wounds the Bull had given him, he confessed before all the company, that he it was neer *Losanna* who murthered his own son *George* with a pistol, and since poysoned his wife *Hester* with a Musk-mellon.

The criminal Judges of *Fribourg* are acquainted with this confession, who send for him in a cart: where again owning what he had formerly said, he was sentenced the same day to be hanged, and then his body to be burnt to ashes which was immediately executed as was decreed.

And this was the wretched life, and deserved death of this bloody Monster *Vasti*, May we read this history therefore to Gods glory and our own reformation.

The

The Sixth Book.

HISTORY XXVI.

MOROSINI and *IMPERIA.*

The Contents.

Imperia *for the love she bears to* Morosini *causeth him with his companions,* Astonicus *and* Donato, *to stifle to death her old husband* Palmerius *in his bed.* Morosini *letting fall his gloves in* Palmerius *his chamber at the same time, which being found by* Ricardo, *nephew to* Palmerius *and known; he thereupon accuseth* Morosini *and his Aunt* Imperia *for the murther, for which they, together with* Astonicus *and* Donato, *are apprehended and hanged.*

IN the rich and famous City of *Venice* was a young Gentleman called *Seignieur Angelo Morosino,* who in company of *Seignieur Astonicus* and *Seignieur Philippo Donato,* embarked himself, for the Islands of *Corfu* and *Zant*; where after a short stay they were bound for *Constantinople*: But by the way overtaken with a storm, they are by contrary winds forced into the harbour, and so into the City of *Ancona*, which belongs to the Pope: In which place our three Merchants staying by reason of contrary winds, and knowing *Loretto* to be neer, they in meer devotion rid thither. Where they spend the

two firſt dayes in viſiting the holy Chapel there; but the third day *Moroſini* leaving his Friends in Bed, ſteals to the Chapel, where being on his knees at his devotion, he ſees near him a young Gentlewoman incomparably fair, likewiſe at her prayers: At whoſe ſight his mind is ſuddenly inflamed with affection to her, and would fain have boorded and ſaluted her there; when ſeeing her ariſe and depart the Chapel, he follows after her, and ſeeing her attended with her waiting Gentlewoman and a boy only; after ſalutes performed, he in ſuitable terms proffereth her his ſervice to conduct her home; which after ſome bandyed complements on both ſides being accepted, he took her by the hand and arm, and very gracefully brings her to her Fathers houſe, who was named *Seignieur Hieronimo Bondino*, and there he alſo learned, that ſhe herſelf was *Dona Imperia* his only Daughter.

Having gained this knowledge, conquered wholly with affection, he acquainteth her with his name and quality, with his intended voyage to *Conſtantinople*, but chiefly with his conſtant reſolution to ſeek her in mariage, both of herſelf and her Father. And ſo expert was he in the art of love, that in three weeks time (wherein the winds continued contrary) he after many daily viſits, and amorous courting, obtained her conſent and affection to be his wife upon his firſt return from *Conſtantinople*, but yet it was wholly impoſſible either for him or her to draw her Fathers conſent hereunto, although he many times ſought it of him with prayers, and ſhe with tears, but how to remedy it they know not.

Moroſini now acquaints his two Conſorts *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* with his affection to *Imperia*, and brings them the next morning to ſee her; they highly commend his choyce and deal effectually with *Bondino* to draw his conſent to this match, but they ſpeak to a deaf man, for he will neither hearken nor yield in any wiſe: Which grieves our two Lovers to their very hearts, eſpecially becauſe now they ſee they muſt be ſeperated, for the wind coming fair, the Maſter of their ſhip ſends ſpeedily from *Ancona* to them to come away, ſo that he is reſolute to omit no time, but with all expedition to weigh ancor, and to ſet ſayl for *Corfu*. *Moroſini* ſeeing a neceſſity of his departure, again moves *Bondino* for his conſent, but

in vain, whereupon ready to go away he comes to bid adew to his *Imperia*; at which time she vows to remain unmaried till his return, and he swears that he will return within one year and mary her; whereupon he gave her a rich Emerauld ring from his finger, and she him a fair karkanet of Orient Pearl from her neck, and of this mutual Contract, *Astonicus* and *Donato* are witnesses: This done they all take horse for *Ancona*, where arived they presently embark for *Corfu* and *Constantinople*.

Bondino within two or three moneths after *Morosino's* departure, provides her another husband, to wit. Old *Seignieur Palmerius* a rich Merchant of *Ancona*, and at least sixty years, and withal of a deformed and decrepit personage and constitution, but this old dotard is so taken with *Imperia's* youth and beauty, that encouraged thereunto by *Bondini*, he comes to his house at *Loretto*, and seek this his fair daughter in mariage: Whereto the Father consents, ere yet *Palmerius* have seen *Imperia*. But at last her father brings her to him, chargeth her to dispose her self to affect and marry him, for he tells her she shall have no other. She hears these speeches, and receives those commands with grief, and rejects both *Palmerius* and his suit, saying *She cannot obey his will; because she is fixed to marry none but* Morosini *only*; Her father adds threats to get her consent, but to no purpose, for she will at this time be no more brought either to see or hear *Palmerius*; and this was all the fruit of his first journey to *Loretto*. So he goes home again to *Ancona*, but about two moneths after returns again to the no small joy of *Bondini*, for now they fail not neither night or day to importune *Imperia*, to consummate the mariage, and to that purpose her Father gives her good words, and *Palmerius* sends her rich gifts and presents: but she will not hear the one, nor accept the other, but resolves to keep her heart wholly for *Morosini*: But *Palmerius* grows obstinate and wilful in his suit, so doth her father: to avoid whose perverse perseverances she shut her self up in her chamber, where ruminating on divers wayes to call home her *Morosini*, she at last thinks fit to send one purposely to him, to hasten his return: when making choice of one *Seignieur Mercario*, and furnishing him with gold for such a journey, she takes pen and paper and by him sendeth this letter.

Imperia *to* Morosini.

I Should betray my affection to thee, and make my sel unworthy of thine, if by this my letter I did not ac quaint thee with how much sorrow I brook thy absence. Tho knowest in what a sweet and strict sympathy of love ou hearts are united, so as I am confident, that all the Se between Ancona *and* Constantinople *are not capable wash away the remembrance thereof, either from thy hea or my soul. In which regard I most heartily pray thee leave* Constantinople *and come to* Loretto, *because m Father* Bondino *is even ready to compell me to forsake m young* Morosini *to marry old* Palmerius. *And when th my letter shall come to thy hands, judge with thy self what ingratitude it will be to send any excuse, and not to bri thy self. Farewell my other self, my sweet self, and may G and his Angels ever prove propitious to thy desires and wishes.*

Imperia.

Mercario in three weeks time arrives at *Constantinople*, fin out *Morosini* & delivers the aforesaid letter to him, which peruses: And after a solemn entertainment, returns him ho with an answer, which within a moneth after, he gave *Imperia* at *Loretto*, whose seals broken off, she therein fin these lines.

Morosini *to* Imperia.

THy health and constancy makes me as joyful in the r ceipt of thy letter, as thy fathers disrespect to me a love to Palmerius, *makes me sorrowful; for indeed so tend is thy affection, and our hearts so sacredly united, that t vast Ocean is incapable to wash off the least sense or mem thereof: But as to my sudden return, I cannot so soon lea*

Turk

Turkey for Italy (*which I infinitely desire*) *because the* Seigniory *of* Venice, *by* Landy *their Embassadour here resident, have now made me Consul of* Aleppo, *but what this Year cannot the next shall perform. And then I will bring thee thy* Morosini: *till which time, such I know to be thy merits and vertue, that I shall be continued the love of thy heart, as God is of thy soul. O thou my dear and sweet* Imperia, *repute it not ingratitude in me to send thee this letter; for I speak it in the presence of God and his Angels, that as thou art my other half, so I am wholly thine. Farewell the only Saint of my heart, and assure thy self that no mortal man whatsoever is, or can be, so much thy servant and slave, as*

Morosini.

Imperia receives this letter both with anger and joy, with anger because he came not inperson, but with joy because it came from him, whose Victim and Martyr she resolved to dye rather than to live *Palmerius* his wife. Yet her Father one way, and *Palmerius* another, still haunt her at all times, in all places, without intermission: And finding still after six moneths more elapsed, his labour lost, he concludes at once to strike it all; and to that end proffers *Bondino*, that if his daughter will become his wife, he will infeoffe and endow her with the one half of his lands, and give all his personal estate into his hands to purchase her more: Which offer so wholly wins *Bondino*, that he goes to his daughter, and having related to her the same, withall tells her that if she dispose not fortwith her self to marry *Palmerius*, then he will utterly renounce, and for ever disown her to be his daughter.

Imperia as it were struck dead with her fathers cruel speeches, sighes and weeps that she cannot speak, but at last she told him, that having seen and loved *Morosini* first before *Palmerius*, she hoped God had appointed him for her husband, whom therefore she desired him to consent that she might marry, as far more esteeming *Morosini's* ver-

ties, than *Palmerius* his wealth, and chiefly because *Morosino* was before God her betrothed spouse. But *Bondini* using many threats, in a chafe departs from her, when presently she falls to her thoughts, and considers what to do, when she concludes once more to send for *Morosini*; to which end having privately sent for *Mercario*, she together with a rich bracelet of sparks of Diamonds, by him sends this letter, which was delivered to him within three weeks at *Aleppo*.

Imperia *to* Morosini.

I Had little thought that either profit or preferment had been dearer to thee than Imperia, *or that the* Seigniory *of* Venice, *or their Embassadour* Landy *had had more power to stay thee at* Aleppo, *then she to have requested thy return to* Loretto, *for if my poor beauty or rich affection to thee be of so low and base an esteem, as thou preferrest thy wealth and reputation to it, then I am as miserable as I thought my self happy in my choice, and the sweetness of my desires have end as soon as they received a beginning: Judge then with thy self, what a poor half I am of thee, when by thy voluntary absence thou wilt wholly resign me up to another, and that* Palmerius *must be my husband, when my heart and soul, yea, when God and his Angels well know I desire nothing so much as to live and dye thy wife. Come away therefore my dear* Morosini, *and my sighes, tears and prayers shall implore the winds and Seas to be propitious to thy speedy return; and blame not me but thy self, if thy absence and my Fathers obstinacy bereave me of my sweet* Morosini, *and thee of thy dear.* Imperia.

Morosini receives this Letter and token, with blushes to see himself outstripped by her in kindness; when consulting with his two friends *Astonicus* and *Donato*, (who advise his return) after a ten dayes solemn feasting of *Mercario*, and great reward for his pains, he gives him for *Imperia* a fair chain of gold; and a rich Diamond ring fasten'd thereto with a pair of turkish embroydered silver bracelets, and a Letter, which in six weeks he delivers at *Loretto*, which having opened, she therein finds these lines.

Mo

Morosini *to* Imperia.

THy sweat beauty and rich affection shall not only command my resolution but my self: I will therefore shorten the time of my stay, and convert a whole year into a few moneths, for to write thee the life of my heart; it is not the ambition of a Consulary dignity, nor all the treasure of Turky *or the* Indies, *which shall keep me from enjoying my fair and sweet* Imperia, *to whose sake and service I will be found ready to spend my best blood, and sacrifice my dearest life. O then my fair and sweet* Imperia, *live my dear wife, and* Morosini *will assuredly dye thy loving and constant Husband. I come my sweet* Imperia; *prepare therefore thy heart and eyes to see and salute me, as I do my lips and arms to kiss and embrace thee, and I both hope and rest confident, that my prayers and constancy seconded by thine, will prove thy Fathers obstinacy vain, and* Palmerius *his attempts and hopes ridiculous, in thinking to have thee to his wife, who art already mine by choice and promise.* Morosini.

This letter *Imperia* receives with no small joy, but they are as suddenly nipt by *Bondino's* cruelty; who to bring her to his will, debars her of her liberty, and takes away from her her chief apparel and jewels, yea, and makes her more his prisoner then his daughter; whereat she is so cast down, that at last despairing of *Morosini's* return, and vanquished by her Fathers tyranny, she is inforced to be overcome, so that forgetting her promise and her self, she is contracted and married to *Palmerius*. *Palmerius* now married to *Imperia* is so amorous and kind, that he leaves no cost unbestowed on her, but this was not the content that she desired, his age being too frozen for her vigorous youth; While now *Bondino*, *Palmerius* and *Imperia* have each their contrary humours, *Morosini* at length (after a ten moneths longer stay than his promise) with his two friends *Astonicus* and *Donato* set sail for *Italy*, and purposely put in to *Ancona*; where they are no sooner landed, but *Mercario* greets them with the news of *Imperia*

peria's marriage to old *Palmerius*, whereat they all both grieve and wonder: By this time alſo *Imperia* hears of their arrival. *Mercario* is employed to pay a private viſit, which is immediately granted, and the next night in her own houſe they meet; at *Moriſini's* firſt entrance into her chamber ſhe falls at his feet and begs his pardon. He takes her up and pardons her, and here their old affections revive, for as he promiſeth her that ſhe ſhall be his ſole and only love, ſo ſhe willingly proteſts to him that he ſhall be more her husband than *Palmerius*: Thus for that night they part.

Next morning *Moroſini* and his two companions give a publick viſit, and are courteouſly received by *Palmerius*, when in the ſame afternoon *Moroſini* and *Imperia* meet in her garden a pretty way diſtant from her houſe, and there ſhe grants him the free enjoyment of her body; which ſo makes her ſlight her old husband, that ſhe gives her ſelf wholly over to her adulterous pleaſures; which are now grown ſo cuſtomary, that they are taken notice of by *Richardo* who was nephew to *Palmerius*, and a youth of about eighteen years of age; who for the preſent keeps all to himſelf, notwiſtanding they bleer the eyes of the poor old man his Uncle.

Moroſini is not content thus to enjoy *Imperia*, for knowing his expenſes far to exceed his Eſtate, and withall revolving that *Palmerius* his wealth would bear up his pomp, and confident that *Imperia* is ſo much his own, that he can fit her to any impreſſion, and capable of any deſign to advance his fortunes, and confirm both their contents, he reſolves ſpeedily to murther *Palmerius*. To which end *Moroſini* that very night finding an opportunity (being in bed with *Imperia*) they ſwearing ſecrecy, conſult on the murther; where having propoſed divers wayes to effect it, ſhe propounds to have him ſtifled in his bed, whereto he conſenteth, ſo hereon they finally agree, thus at break of day he leaves his bed and miſtreſs, and goes to his own lodging; where himſelf and his two friends, ſome three hours after call for breakfaſt, and after they had eaten, *Moroſini* prayes his two friends to walk with him to the *Domo*, when being come there, in that famous Church, He acquaints them with the ſaid buſineſs, and with his and *Imperia's* requeſt for

their

their assistance therein; *Astonicus* and *Donato* cheerfully promise their assistance, thus swearing secrecy each to other, they return to their lodging, and at dinner drink health to the success of their intended great business. After dinner *Morosini* relates all to his *Imperia*, who joyed thereat; and impatient of delayes, they conclude to finish this business the second night after.

This dismal night now being come, no sooner is it twelve a clock, but *Morosini*, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, issue forth of their lodging, and go to *Palmerius* his house, where at the street door they find *Imperia* ready to receive them, when leaving *Donato* to secure the door, *Morosini* and *Astonicus* leading *Imperia* without their shoes in wollen pumps, they all three ascend the stairs and so to her own chamber, where each of them receiving a pillow, she guides them to *Palmerius* his Chamber, when entring there, she keeping the door, *Morosini* and *Astonicus* do easily stifle *Palmerius*, and thrust a small Orange into his mouth; so drawing the door after them, they descend down the stairs to the street door and depart home, *Imperia* betaking her self with much silence to bed.

The next morning *Imperia* goes to hear Mass at St. *Francis* Church, intending to stay there from six till eight; when behold about half an hour after she went out, an Innkeeper of *Loretto* comes to *Palmerius* his house with a Letter from his Father in law, *Bondino*; which being given to his nephew *Richardo*, he straight goes up to his Uncles chamber, and entring the same finds on the floor a rich pair of gloves, which taking up and knowing them to belong to *Morosini*, he puts them into his pocket, and advancing to the bed and drawing the curtains, he finds him dead and well neer cold in his bed, with a whole small Orange in his mouth. Whereat he made such an out-cry, that the noise thereof brings up some of the servants to know the cause thereof, who seeing their master dead, they believe he had stopped his own breath by putting the Orange into his mouth; But *Richardo* remembring *Morosini's* gloves which he found, and calling to mind what he had seen of dalliance between his Aunt and him, he prayes the servants to stay in the chamber till his return, so he speeds to the Podestate, and acquaints

quaints him of his Uncles murther, for which he ſtrongly chargeth *Moroſini*, and his ſaid Aunt, and craves juſtice on them both for the ſame.

The Podeſtate enquiring after all the circumſtances that might lead to the diſcovery, and examining ſuch perſons as he thought might be concerned; and ſatisfied with evidence and depoſitions ſo found by him and taken, he ſends his two ſons with his coach to St. *Francis* to allure *Imperia* thither, which they do; where ſhe is no ſooner entered, but the Podeſtate chargeth her that ſhe and her enamorata *Moroſini* had murthered her husband *Palmerius*, for which he made her priſoner for that day in his own houſe: She endeavours with many plauſible words to excuſe both her ſelf and *Moroſini*, but in vain, for Serjeants are ſent to apprehend both him and his two companions, who (although they had received private notice of her Impriſonment) yet could they not eſcape; for the Inn where they lay being beſet with Officers and others, they being too weak to reſiſt, were enforced to yield up both their perſons, piſtols and ſwords, and ſo are conveyed to the Common priſon of the City.

Bondino hearing all the news of theſe paſſages at *Loretto* ſuddenly falls ſick and dyes. And at the ſame time *Loretto* and *Ancona* viſited of the plague, the four priſoners are conveyed thence to *Polignio* two ſmall dayes journey, to be tryed for their lives; where within three hours of their arrival, they are all convented before the two criminal Judges, and are then and there ſeverally charged with the ſtifling *Palmerius* to death in his bed, which all and every one of them apart do ſtifly deny. But the Judges, for vindication of the truth, think fit to expoſe *Aſtonicus* firſt to the rack, which torments he endures ſtill affirming innocency. Within an hour after, *Donato* is adjudged to the Scorpions; who being but of a weak conſtitution, his right foot no ſooner feels the fire, but after ſome tears, he confeſſeth the truth in the ſame manner and form, as in all its circumſtances we have formerly underſtood.

The ſame afternoon the Judges ſend for *Moroſini*, *Imperia*, and *Aſtonicus*, to appear before them: Where they firſt charge them with *Donato's* confeſſion, then threaten them with

with torments, and bring *Donato* in a chair to confront them; wherewith overcome, they all confirm as much as *Donato* had formerly confirmed: So they are all four condemned the next morning to be hanged at the common place of execution of that City. Thus they are remanded to prison, whither shortly after word is brought that *Seignieur Alex. Bondino Imperia's* Uncle had obtained her pardon of the Pope; She asks if *Morosini* be pardoned, the officer saith no, then said she, I will dye with him: The Judges send for her and advise her to live, but she will not hearken unless he may live also. They acquaint *Morosini* therewith, who likewise intreats her to live, but her first answer is her last, that she will accept of no life if he must die. The Judges give a whole day to perswade her, but she is still deaf, desirous either to live with him, or constant to die with, or for him.

Therefore, when nothing can prevail with her, the next morning they are all four brought to the place of execution; where first *Donato* with no words, next *Astonicus* with few. are turned off; then comes *Morosini*, who taking leave of *Imperia* prayes her to accept of her life and to survive him, so confessing his sins he suffers death.

Imperia is now again solicited by the Judges, Friers and Nuns to accept of her life, but she disdains it, so ascending the Ladder and making a short speech to the Spectators, she bids the Executioner performs his Office, who immediately turns her over.

Thus was the lives and thus the death of these three young men and one fair Gentlewoman, than whom never died any more both pityed and lamented. Learn we by their examples to avoid their crimes, which God grant, Amen.

HIST.

HIST. XXVII.

ADRIAN and *ISABELLA.*

The Contents.

Father Juſtinian *a Prieſt and* Adrian *an Innkeeper poyſons* de Laurier *who lay in his houſe, and then bury him in his Orchard, where a moneth after a Wolf digs him up and devours a great part of his body; which the murtherers underſtanding fly, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.*

A Rich Goldſmith of *Dijon* the chief City of *Burgundy* named *Monſieur de Laurier*, aged ſixty years or upwards, having been at *Frank-ford Mart* and there ſold many jewels, for which he had there received 1700. Crowns. As he returned home with the ſame money which he carryed in a cloakbag behind him, and ſome remaining jewels, and in a private leather girdle next his body;

It chanced that he fell ſick on the way, whereof finding himſelf weak and unable to travel, he got into a poor Country Tavern upon the High-way, where he took up his lodging for that night: His ſickneſs increaſing, yet he not liking his lodging as doubting his ſafety there, next morning takes horſe, and about two a clock after dinner comes to *Salynes* and went into the very firſt Inn he met at the Towns end, whereof the Hoſt was named *Adrian* and his wife *Iſabella*. He was a debauched fellow, and given both to Wine and Women, and of poor parentage, but his wife well deſcended with whom he had two thouſand crowns in marriage, which he had waſted and ſpent.

Into this houſe and to this vitious hoſt *Adrian*, is our ſick *De Laurier* entred for the recovery of his health; he likes his hoſteſs but cannot digeſt his hoſt; yet he prayes him to pro-

cure

cure him a Physitian, he brings one named *La Motte*, who seeing his water and feeling his pulse, lets him blood to prevent a burning feaver, and then give him hopes of his health, but he finds himself still weak, and rather growing worse than better. *Isabella* tends him diligently, and performs the duty both of a good hostess and a good woman; but her husband *Adrian* imagining *de Laurier* to be rich, doth verily hope and pray that he may speedily dye in his house, and if he does not he resolves to kill him by one means or other.

And now *De Laurier's* sickness increased to the despair of life, he prayes *Adrian* to bring him a Priest to give him the Sacrament. *Adrian* performs his request, but brings him a Priest named Father *Justinian*, as wicked as himself in all vitious courses; whose prodigalities had likewise made him poor. To this wretch, *Adrian* (having first endeavoured to draw his wife *Isabella* to have a hand therein, which she peremptorily and constantly refused) on a munday morning reveals his bloody purpose; where he freely consents, and swears to second him in the murther of *De Laurier*, so as what Gold, Silver, or Jewels they shall finde him to have, may be shared equally between them; which they solemnly swear each to other, so for the present they part.

In the morning they meet again, and consult of the manner and time to perpetrate this murther; and agree to do it by poyson, and to this end *Adrian* buyes the poyson, and *Justinian* will administer it in a wafer, which he useth sometimes to give him in his sickness. And as it were the better to favour their deviliſh design, word is unexpectedly brought, that *Isabella's* old Father (who lived some four leagues off) was very sick and like to dye; where upon *Adrian* presently dispatcheth away his wife *Isabella* to him, and with her their servant maid *Graceta*.

De Laurier is troubled at his hostesses sudden departure; and now seeing himself reduced to this extremity, that he can see no body, and no body see him, but only they two, he more and more suspects his safety, so that every day and night brings him new cause of despair. He still conceals his Gold and Jewels from his Host and the Priest; yet he he fears that their jealousie thereof prove the acceleration of his danger, for he often sees them whispering, and observes

some

ſome fatal apparitions in their countenances, which infallibly tell him all is not well. But ſo cunning is *Juſtinian* the Prieſt that he will not murther D*e Laurier* till he know what his wealth is; therefore he adviſes him to ſend for his Son to *Dijon* to come to him, and proffers himſelf to carry it over to him in perſon, and deliver it with his own hand. But D*e Laurier* will rather trouble his hoſt *Adrian*, who carefully undertakes it. So the next morning D*e Laurier* gives *Adrian* this enſuing letter, and four double piſtols to defray his charges to his ſon D*u Pont*, praying to make all poſſible ſpeed back from *Dijon* with his ſon to him.

His letter contained theſe words.

De Laurier *to* Du Pont.

SOme ſeven weeks ſince coming from Frankford Mart *I fell ſick at* Salynes, *where I ſtill lie very weak in the houſe of my hoſt* Adrian, *(the bearer hereof) whom I purpoſely ſend over to thee, to command thee to come hither to me with all ſpeed. I have here with me in Gold and Jewels to the value of* 1700. *crowns, and I fear that neither it nor my life is ſafe here. Come away with an intent to find me either dead or dying; conceal this letter from all the World. Love this meſſenger but truſt him not: God proſper my health and ever bleſs thy proſperity.*

De Laurier.

Adrian having this letter, pretends to take his leave, and Father *Juſtinian* will needs ſee him take horſe; but inſtead thereof they go to a low parlour, and bolting the door, open the Letter, and ſatisfied with the diſcovery by the contents, they reſolve to make that enſuing night his laſt, ſo the Letter is burnt, and *Adrian* privately huſheth himſelf up in his own houſe from the ſight of all the World: Father *Juſtinian* goes up to D*e Lauriers* chamber, who is in-

infinitely perplexed in Spirit, fearing that his death is already plotted. And now indeed the fatal time is come, for about midnight De *Laurier* waking out of his troubled slumber, prayes Father *Justinian* to give him a spoonful or two warm wine in a small earthen pot wherein he used to drink; when this monster glad of the opportunity, steps forth and takes the poysoned water from *Adrian*, and pours the poyson from it into the little pot of wine, and so warms it a little by the fire in De *Lauriers* chamber, and then gives it him to drink; which he greedily and innocently doth, whereof within one hour after he dyeth; and to prevent any crying, these two Devils with bedstaves ram a great holland towell into his mouth. This is no sooner done but they tare off his secret leather girdle full of gold, and break open the casket under his pillow, wherein they find the aforesaid great summ of money and jewells, which they presently divide, and presently in a great fire burn every thing that belonged to him, and likewise turn his horse into the open fields to find the fortune of a new master, so cautious were they in their villany. And by this time the corps grown cold, they dig a pit in *Adrians* Orchard, and there in his shirt only bury him, and cover the pit with green turfs that no mortal eye might perceive it.

Some three weeks being over, *Adrian* sends for his wife home to him; who being come, wonders to see her Husband so gallant, (for he had new clad himself very compleatly) and enquires after De *Laurier*; he answers that about ten dayes afore he departed, he went away thence safe and well, and that he gave fifty crowns for his entertainment and lodging, and as a token of his love had given himself and Father *Justinian* twenty crowns a piece more in gold: but *Isabella* fearing the worst, will not meddle or touch any part thereof. And now see and behold the justice of God, for the same day moneth next after De *Lauriers* body was buried as aforesaid, lo, a huge and ravening wolf, seeking for his prey came into *Adrians* Orchard, and smelling dead carrion, fiercely with his paws and nose tares up the Earth, and at last drags up the dead body, and there continues till an hour after break of day, eating the flesh of the arms, thighs and buttocks, but never did touch

any

any part of his face: When inſtantly ſome Gentlemen hunters being aſſured that the wolf paſſed that way, they cloſely follow, and at laſt find him in *Adrians* Orchard. But the wolf terrified with the hunters ſhouts and cries, leaves his prey and flies for his life; when the hunters ſome of them entering the Orchard to ſee what the wolf preyed on, their amazed eyes behold a mangled dead mans body, which they ſaw the wolf had digged from his untimely grave: They preſently ſuſpect *Adrian* with his wife and ſervants of the murther, ſo ſetting a guard on the houſe, ſome of the Gentlemen go to the Criminal Judges and acquaint them therewith.

In the mean time *Iſabella* hearing the greatneſs of the noiſe ſo early (her husband lying abroad that night with whores) began to doubt the worſt, as fearing this might ariſe from *De Laurier*; keeps cloſe within doors with her ſervants: And by this time the Criminal Judges are come, and with them a multitude of people, among whom was the Phyſitian *La Motte* one, who alone of all the reſt knows the dead body, and cryes out that it was a Goldſmith of *Dijon* named *De Laurier*; who lay long ſick in *Adrians* houſe, and that he verily imagined he was brought to ſome untimely end, and ſo buried there, but by whom he knew not. The Judges believing the report of this honeſt Phyſitian, cauſes the remainders of the fleſh to be ſearched, but find no wounds; yet ſuſpecting all the whole houſehold to be parties, they break open the doors and ſeize upon *Iſabella* the wife, *Thomas* the Oſtler, and *Graceta* the maid, when bringing them to the dead body, they flatly charge them with the murther thereof: *Iſabella* and her ſervants are amazed, ſhe ſaith that the body is of *DeLaurier* the Goldſmith aforeſaid, but how he came by his death, ſhe takes Heaven and Earth to witneſs that ſhe knows not, and with this depoſition, punctually agree both *Thomas* and *Graceta*; ſearch is preſently made for *Adrian*, who had that night layen at Father *Juſtinians* houſe with two whores, as they were informed, but upon the firſt news of *De Lauriers* unburial by a wolf they were fled: Which flight proclaims their guilt to all, but eſpecially the Judges, who to diſcover the truth, adjudge all three to the rack, whoſe torments

ſeem

seem nothing to *Thomas* and *Graceta* being born out by clearnesse of their innocent souls, but *Isabella* upon the good report of her neighbours in her behalf is dispensed with for that torture, but they send every way abroad to pursue *Adrian*, and Father *Justinian*, yet still keeping the others close prisoners.

The Judges also send to *Dijon* to *Du Pont*, De *Lauriers* Son; who advertised of the disaster, suddenly comes to *Salynes*, where upon view, he owns his Fathers dead body with tears, and giving him a decent burial in the next Church, he informs the Judges that his Father had good store of gold and jewells about him, and therefore entreats, that both *Adrians* and Father *Justinians* houses may be searched; which is performed, but no part thereof found, whereupon he desires the Judges that *Isabella* and her servants may be put to rack, which they tell him they have already done, and that *Thomas* and *Graceta* both strongly justified their innocency, and that *Isabella* had so good report of her neighbours, and so many proofs of her innocency, that they must needs exempt and free her from those torments, but they tell him with all that they will keep them still in prison, and direct him to pursue after *Adrian* and *Justinian*, whom they undoubtedly suspect to be the murtherers.

Eight dayes are now past since these wretches first fled, and in all that time had they not gone seven leagues from *Salynes*, when behold the tenth night after their flight, being extremely tired with their foot travels, they espy at the entrance of a wood a straying horse, which coming near to take, *Adrian* knows him to be De *Lauriers* horse: Joyfull hereof they make a halter of their girdles and garters, and casting their cloaks under them; they both ride on him, hoping it being now neer night to recover *Pontarlin* by the next morning by break of day, but they wander all night, and come within three long leagues of the place, whereat they are much troubled as fearing every bush. But here their horse begins to fail them, which encreaseth their fear, yet they resolve to ride thither, because they knew it to be so early that few people were stirring; and they are come within a league without being seen of any body, when it pleased God at the same time to bring *Du Pont* in sight of them. Now as

he draws neer, his eyes tells him, that the horſe whereon the one man rid, was either his Fathers or very like him, which ſtruck ſome ſuſpition of the men into his heart, that they were *Adrian* and *Juſtinian*; and he was the more induced to think ſo, becauſe he that rode was a Prieſt. But the better to aſſure himſelf, he outrides them, and in paſſing by knows the horſe by ſeveral marks to be his Fathers, and conſequently they to be his murtherers, ſo turning out of the way as it were to untruſs a point, they go before him, (which was that he aimed at) and ſo he follows them to *Pontarlin*, which they enter and go to the firſt Inn, at the ſign of the Tigre; which he obſerves, and ſetting up his horſe at the next Inn, he comes back to the Tigre, and deſires the maſter of the houſe to ſtep and fetch the Criminal Officers of that town, to apprehend the Prieſt and other man lately come in, for that at *Salynes* they had murthered his Father. The hoſt preſently runs to the Officers who come with him, to whom *Du Pont* accuſeth them of the murther aforeſaid; whom they apprehend in their chamber, where they vow and ſwear to the contrary, which *Du Pont* underſtanding, deſires they may be ſearched for his Fathers gold, which they do and find ſtore thereof, with ſome Jewels quilted in their doublets and hoſe, yet they impudently deny all: but *Du Pont* aſſures the Officers that it was all his Fathers gold and jewels, and now his & therefore demands them, but they ſay, they muſt be ſent with the priſoners to *Salynes*; which upon notice from *Du Pont* to the Judges there, is within two dayes peformed. The Priſoners being brought thither, are again examined, but deny all: But being forthwith adjudged to the rack, Father *Juſtinian* at the very firſt wrench thereof confeſſeth the murther in all its circumſtances, and affirms that himſelf and *Adrian* only were actors and authors thereof, and that *Iſabella*, *Graceta* and *Thomas* were abſolutely innocent and ignorant. The like alſo doth *Adrian* after ſome time. At which confeſſions the Judges rejoycing, they condemned them to be hanged the next morning, and their bodies after to be burnt to aſhes: Which being now come, they are brought to the place of execution, where firſt *Adrian*, and then *Juſtinian*, with few words, both clearing *Iſabella*, *Graceta* and *Thomas*, they after ſome few prayers are

are turned over. After which execution *Isabella*, *Graceta* and *Thomas*, are set free, and the remains of *De Lauriers* gold, which was about a 11 or 1200 hundred crowns restored to *Du Pont* to the general satisfaction of all parties.

HIST. XXVIII.

RODERIGO and *DOMINICA*.

The Contents.

Hippolito *murdereth* Garcia *in the Sreet by night, for which he is hanged.* Dominica *and her chambermaid* Denisa *poyson her husband* Roderigo: Denisa *after strangles her new born babe and throws it into a pond, for which she is hanged. And on the ladder confesseth that she was accessary with her Lady* Dominica, *in the poysoning her husband: For which* Dominica *is apprehended and likewise hanged.*

IN the rich and populous City of *Granada*, there lately dwelt an antient Lady named *Dona Alicia Cervantella*, who by her late husband had two Children, a son named *Don Garcia*, and a Daughter called *Dona Dominica*; *Cervantella*, though not left rich, yet brought up these children very courteously, and maintained them exceeding gallant in their apparel, which invites an old rich Gentleman termed *Don Hippolito Sevino*, by the Lady her mother to seek the Daughter in mariage. The mother likes well enough *Hippolito's* riches, but *Dominica* disdains his age, (being threescore and ten years old) at whose requests *Don Garcia* so prevails with their mother, that he soon changeth her good opinion of *Hippolito*, and so they all three give him the repulse and denyall: But such is his obstinacy that he will take

no answer, neither can they shift their hands of him, though they refuse to see him, and many times leave him to converse only with bare walls.

But *Dominica* is so urgent to her mother for a husband, that she is ashamed of her unchast desires; yet to prevent future mischief, she promiseth her at large to get her one, wherewith she yet unsatisfied, prayes her brother to deal with her mother for the same, which he promiseth.

Not long after she going with her Mother to the *Benedictine* Monks Church, being on her knees, she sees a proper young Gentleman likewise on his knees not far from her; where beckoning her mothers man to her, she bids him inquire what that young Cavalier is; he goes and returning speedily brings her word that it is *Don Roderigo*, Son and Heir to *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, whom she at the very first sight desires for her husband before all others: whereupon she vows that neither her mother or brother shall have any truce before they make this motion of mariage powerfully for her to *Don Roderigo*, and she is as good as her word, for her importunity so prevails, that upon consultation they approve the match, and *Don Garcia* is to seek an occasion to invite him home to his Lady mother *Cervantella's* house; the which he performed, and deals so effectually with *Roderigo*, that home he comes with him, *Cervanteila* after many compliments presents her daughters motion to him. He sees *Dominica* and likes her, and so takes time to advise with his Father hereon, for his mother was already dead. He motions it to him, but he seeks to divert his son from it, because he knows her mother to be poor, yea and will no more hear of this motion; yet *Roderigo* will not give off so, but frequents her company, and promiseth that he will be her Husband; which pleaseth not only *Dominica* her self, but her Mother and Brother also.

Hippolito that old Dotard, understanding that *Roderigo* had gained *Dominica's* affection, and shall shortly mary her, which he thinks makes him slighted; he is all in a rage and vows to murther him by night, when ever he finds him to issue forth of *Cervantella's* house. To which purpose, understanding that he was there within two or three nights after, he chargeth his pistol with three bullets, and waits his coming thence

thence. But *Don Garcia* accidentally going forth privately to visit a Friend. *Hippolito* lets fly at him, and all three bullets pierce his body, wherewith he falls down dead to the ground.

The blow is heard, and *Don Garcia* is found reeking in his blood; whereat all are amazed, but *Roderigo* seeking after the Murtherers, finds *Hippolito* limping in the street, with his dark lanthorn in his hand, and layes hold on him and causeth him to be committed to prison. Next day *Cervantella* goes to the criminal Judges of that City, and accuseth him for the same, and follows it so closely; that at the sight of the rack he confesseth the whole truth and so by sentence the next day is brought to the common place of execution, and after a vain and foolish speech he is hanged, to expiate his crime.

Don Emanuel knowing his son *Roderigo's* continually frequenting *Cervantella's* house, and her daughters company; to prevent his mariage he sends him to *Asnallos* a mannour house of his, some ten leagues off in the Country, with charge there to stay till order from him to return. *Roderigo* grieves heartily hereat, so doth *Dominica* in appearance; but two moneths are not fully past, when she being of a wanton disposition, and finding *Roderigo's* stay in *Asnallos* too long as she conceives; she cannot live chast, neither will remain constant, but imparts her favours to one or two proper young Gentlemen; which she cannot act so closely, but her mother hears thereof, and chides her sharply for it, but to little purpose, for she will not be reformed. Whereupon her mother mews her up in a Chamber; whereat she pines and grows sick, and so keeps her bed, this makes her send a special Messenger to *Roderigo* to desire his return, and to inform him of her Daughters indisposition: Which *Roderigo* hearing, and believing *Dominica's* sickness to proceed from his absence, he sends them word that he will be with them certainly the next day; at the receipt of which news they rejoyce, and according to his promise to her at *Granado*, he comes and visits his Lady, who dissembleth her affection to him; but so reall is his to her, that with much difficulty he obtains his fathers consent, and maries her with state and bravery.

Never husband loved a wife more dearly, that deserved so ill, for she slights him, refuseth his bed and will hard-

ly be brought to come neer him: Which unkindneſs of hers bringeth him to a conſumption whereof he is ready to dye; which ſhe is ſo far from ſorrowing for, that ſhe wiſhed it, yea and rather than he ſhall live ſhe reſolves to poyſon him. For which end ſhe makes choice of her chambermaid *Deniſa*, who for fifty Duckats yields her conſent; ſo they give hands and ſwear ſecrecy to each other, and now impatient of delay ſhe makes *Deniſa* ſecretly procure ſome ſtrong poyſon, which is put into ſome white broth for him, & is in the morning brought by the chambermaid, and given by the Miſtreſs to her husband under pretence of comfortable broth and hot meat; whereof before night he dyed, and by his wife is privately and ſuddenly buried.

This tragedy thus acted, *Dominica* though a widow, yet is jovial and frolick, and now breaks pale, ranging beyond all bounds of chaſtity, inſomuch that her own mother is aſhamed to ſpeak with her, and *Don Emanuel Cortez* her father in Law to ſee her.

Two moneths are ſcarce expired ſince *Roderigo* was laid in his untimely grave, when (contrary to the minds of all her friends) ſhe intermarieth with *Don Lewis de Andrada* one of her former Paramours, and altogether as vitious as her ſelf: Who, though he well knew her to be diſhoneſt, yet by her wealth was induced to be her husband, but finding that come ſhort of his hopes, he thinks it high time to be wiſe; and contrary to his predeceſſor *Roderigo*'s humour, he is very ſtrict to her, and in a manner makes her a priſoner to her chamber, and a ſcholar to her book and needle, taking from her moſt of her beſt apparrel, and all her rings, chains and jewells, and allowing her little or no money.

Dominica is amazed at this change of her fortunes, yet ſhe ſtill continueth her unchaſt pleaſure, and as cloſe as her husband keeps her, yet he is no ſooner abroad, but ſhe hath a ruffian at home. And her maid *Deniſa* (following her Miſtreſſes example) with the fifty duckats given her to poyſon *Roderigo*; buys new clothes, which procure her a ſweet heart named *Hugo* with whom ſhe wantonized ſo often, that ſhe became guilty of a great belly, which ſhe concealed from all perſons but *Hugo*, who advertiſed by her thereof, fled to *Mauricia*: *Deniſa* now conſidering her folly, and weighing

ing her misery, which was increased (as she thought) by her being delivered of a fair son; this wretch hoping to prevent her shame, strangles it as soon as it was born, and the same evening wraps it up in a linnen cloth, and with a packthread tying a stone to it, carries it to a pond without the City and there throws it in: Which done she goes not home that night to her Masters house, but takes up her lodging in the next poor Inn at the St. *Johns* head, where to the Host and Hostess she pretends lameness by the receipt of a fall.

But within an hour after, a Groom riding to water his horse in the same pond, the horse starts and snuffs exceedingly, pawing in the water with his foot, and thrusting his head therein, and will not be brought off, till at last the packthread being broken, the linnen cloth appears and floats, which the Groom causing to be fetched a shore, and before divers spectators opened, they find therein an infant which they guessed to be strangled by some strumpet, whom to find out they search all the adjacent houses, and at last find *Denisa* in her Inn: Where the Officers of Justice setting a midwife and some elderly women to search her, they evidence against her, that she was that day delivered of a child; so she is imprisoned and the next day (being threatened with the rack) she confesseth the strangling her Child, and throwing it into the Pond; for which inhumane fact she is condemned, the next morning to be hanged. At which time brought to the place of Execution, She on the ladder again acknowledgeth the same; and addeth, That she was accessary and consented with her Lady *Dominica* to poyson her Master *Roderigo*, which she affirmed they effected as we have formerly understood. The Judges presently send and apprehend *Dominica*, who confronted with *Denisa* and threatned the rack, confesseth her self guilty of murthering her first husband *Roderigo*. So they add to *Denisa*'s sentence, that her body be burnt to ashes; and the Lady *Dominica* to be hanged for poysoning her husband: Which sentences were the next morning executed upon them as was decreed. May we who read this History cherish vertues by the knowledge of her vices, and fortifie our souls by religion and piety, as she ruined hers by the neglect and want thereof.

HIST. XXIX.

SANCTIFIORE and *URSINA.*

The Contents.

Sanctifiore *(upon promise of mariage) gets* Ursina *with child, and then afterwards rejecteth her and maries* Bertranna. Ursina *sensible of her disgrace, disguised in a Fryers habit, with a case of pistols killeth* Sanctifiore *as he walketh in the fields; for which she is hanged.*

IN the famous City of *Naples*, of very late years dwelt two rich and beautiful young Gentlewomen, the one named *Dona Ursina*, the only daughter and child of *Seignieur Augustino Placedo*; and the other *Dona Bertranna* the only daughter of *Seignieur Thomaso de Troes*: Which two Gentlewomen had each of them divers suitors to them for mariage, yet none of them so dearly or passionately loved *Ursina* as the Baron of *Sanctifiore* of *Capua*, a very rich young Nobleman; and *Bertranna* as eagerly loved him, but not he her. *Bertranna* therefore seeks by all her friends and means to draw him to forsake *Ursina*, but yet it is in vain; for such is *Sanctifiore*'s love to her, that she accounts her self his, and he hers, by the strictest promise that can be imagined, for there was a secret contract betwixt them. Whereupon in honourable terms he seeks her of her Father, who through many intreaties at last consents that he shall mary his Daughter, but delayes the consummation thereof for some time.

Sanctifiore continuing thus in *Naples* at a vast expence, grows into want of money, and knows not at the present how to relieve himself; wherefore to make sure work with his Lady *Ursina*, he seeks to draw her to his lustful desires

which

which after much time, and with many sighs, prayers and tears he at last obtains, for she gives him the free use and possession of her body, in which unlawful familiarity they remain for two or three weeks. But then having abated his lust (like a base Nobleman) he forgets all his oaths and promises to her, visiteth her seldom, and then but faintly: and when she desires him to mary her, he is either deaf or so ambiguous in his answers, that she begins to doubt and fear his infidelity: Which indeed proves so horridly ingrate, that within three moneths he utterly forsakes her sight and company, which torments and terrifies her heart and soul, but how to remedy it she knows not. For now *Sanctifiore* goes over to *Bertranna* and seems to court her very lovingly, whereat she rejoyceth exceedingly, especially being informed that there was some great distast fallen out between him and the Lady *Ursina*, and that being far from home he wanted moneys to bear out his port in *Naples*. *Bertranna* being of a sharp wit, presently imagined that this last defect might cause the first: To take him therefore quite off from *Ursina*, and oblige him to her self, well knowing that her Father *De Troes* exceedingly loved him, she deals underhand so politickly with her Father, that he meeting *Sanctifiore* the very next day in his house, takes him aside into his study and told him, that in regard of his long absence from *Capua*, and his great expenses in *Naples* he might probably want some moneys, and thereupon he freely lent, and then and there laid him down 500 double pistols; adding withall, that if he needed more, he should have what he pleased, and repay it when he pleased, and that if he would mary his Daughter, he would give him all the lands and wealth he had.

This kindness of *De Troes* so prevails with *Sanctifiore*, that he presently finds out his new mistress *Bertranna*, and relates her what had past between himself and her Father: Which so pleaseth her, that she believes he will mary her, and in this hope he still feeds her, being alwayes in her company, and not once thinking of poor *Ursina*. Who by this time hears of *Sanctifiores* keeping company with *Bertranna*, as also that he intends to mary her: Wherewith and with the sight of her great belly, and not daring to acquaint any body with her disgrace, her sorrowes are so augmented, that

she

she knows not which way to turn her, yet at length having her wits about her, she means to try if she can reclaim him, and to that end in a morning she sends for *Sebastiano* her Fathers Coach-man, who she knowes will be faithfull to her (and giving him a rich Diamond ring from her finger) bids him find out the Baron of *Santlifiore*, to deliver him that ring and tell him that she desires to see him that forenoon; *Sebastiano* finds him and delivers his message; to whom he gives answer, *Commend me to thy Lady, and tell her I will wait on her immediately after dinner.*

Ursina now waits his coming, when he arrives in his own Coach, and is conducted to her chamber: Where taking him aside, she complains of the coldness of his affection, his long absence, the violation of his oaths, and of her great belly by him, with much more to the like purpose. Whereto he angerly replies, that he cannot get his friends consent, and without that he will not marry her; that *Bertranna* was though not so fair, yet far more vertuous, and therefore (quoth he) provide thou for thy fortunes, and so will I for mine: So throwing to her her ring, he hastily departs from her, and takes his Coach and away.

At the consideration of this barbarous cruelty towards her, her heart is pierced through with sorrow; but seeing no help she resolves to provide for her reputation, and for the laying down of her great belly: To which end she thinks none so fit as an old Aunt of hers named *Mellefanta*, a wise and rich widow, living at *Putzeole* some ten small miles from *Naples*; where inventing an excuse to her Father, that it is not unknown to him how she hath a long time been weak and sickly, and because she hath often dream't that she shall in a short time recover her health at *Putzeole*, she humbly beseecheth him that he will speedily send her thither to live some small time with her Aunt *Mellefanta*; which her Father willingly consents to, as willing to content her in all things; so about three dayes after having fitted up her clothes and baggage, attended with a chamber-maid, and a man, he sends her away in his Coach to his sister *Mellefanta*: Where being arrived, she speedily and privately acquaints her Aunt with the secret of her great belly, and prayes her best love and assistance; which she faithfully promiseth,

commending her for concealing her folly, and bidding her be cheerful, couragious and merry. But she cannot yet forget *Sanctifiore*, whose monstrous ingratitude is such, that the thought thereof impairs her health, and brings her unborn babe to an abortive birth, it being a Son; which she having often kissed and bathed with her tears, she gives it to her Aunt, and she the same night gives it a secret but decent burial. *Ursina* remains very sick and weak in her bed, yet still her heart is toward *Sanctifiore* notwithstanding all his base ingratitude; and therefore not daring to trust any but *Sebastiano*, she sends for him to her beds side, and swearing him to secrecy, she chargeth him to poast to *Naples* to *Sanctifiore* and to tell him, that she is extreme sick and not like to live, having been delivered of his and her Son dead born; and therefore that she prayes him to come over to her before she dye, for that she desires to discharge her mind to him. Away goes *Sebastiano* to *Naples*, and arrives at *Sanctifiore's* house, but cannot be admitted; he stayes in the street till he comes to take Coach, which is not long after, when meeting him with his hat in his hand, he delivers his Mistresses message to him at large; whereat the Baron first smiling, then in passion rounds *Sebastiano* this answer in the ear. *Tell thy mistress* Ursina *from me, that I wish she were buried with her bastard, and that they were both with the Devil*; and so without more words, enters his Coach and drives away to *Bertranna*, to whom he revealed all this whole passage. *Sebastiano* returns and relates the message, which grieves her to the soul, so that she tells her Aunt thereof, who blames her for her fond folly, and bids her to defie and detest him.

When behold, just in the nick of time, as her Aunt and she were abroad in a Coach to take the air, they meet a Servant with a Letter from *Placedo* to his daughter *Ursina*, which taking and breaking up the seals thereof, she finds these lines therein.

Pla-

Placedo *to* Urſina.

HOping that by this time the ſweet air of Putzeole *hath recovered thy health, my will and order to thee now is, that thou ſpeedily return home to me to* Naples (*in thy Coach*) *by the bearer hereof, whom I have purpoſely ſent to conduct thee thither. I believe that thy Country abſence hath loſt thee a good fortune here in the City; for Yeſterday morning the Baron of* Sanctiſiore *was maried to* Dona Bertranna, *daughter to* Seignieur De Troes *with great ſtate and ſolemnity, whom I had well hoped ſhould have been thy Husband, I remember my beſt reſpects to my ſiſter, and my beſt prayers to God for thy vertues and proſperity, as being thy loving Father.*

Placedo.

The peruſall hereof ſets *Urſina* all in fire to be revenged on *Sanctiſiore*; ſhe ſwears to make him pay dear for his ingratitude, and vows within her heart, that ſhe will either murther him her ſelf, or cauſe him to be murthered by others; and now ſuch is her malice and hatred towards him, that ſhe thinks of nothing but how, and in what manner to effect it, ſo returning to *Putzeole* with her Aunt, ſhe packs up her baggage, and with many thanks for her kindneſs, within three dayes takes her leave and goes home to *Naples* to her Father. Where ſhe is no ſooner arrived, but ſhe firſt tempts *Romancy* her Apothecary to poyſon, then *Sebaſtiano* her Coachman to ſtab *Sanctiſiore*; but both theſe abſolutely refuſe to meddle in ſuch dangerous matters: Miſſing of her aim in theſe two, (uncertain yet how to accompliſh her will) ſhe enquires out his moſt frequent haunts, and walks without the City; and learning that moſt mornings and evenings he goes a mile out of the City to a dainty grove of Orange and Olive trees towards St. *Germains*. She ſecretly provides her ſelf of a Fryers complete weed, *viz.* a ſad ruſſet gown and coul, with a girdle of a knotty rope, wooden ſandals, a

faiſe

false negligent old beard, and hair for the head suitable to the same, in the one pocket of his gown, she puts a small begging box and a new breviary, bound in blew Turky leather and richly gilt, but in the other pocket she puts a couple of small short pistols ready charged with bullets and primed; all these she ties up close in the gown, waiting a time to work her cruel feat; when receiving notice on the *Tuesday* after *Palmsunday*, that *Sanctifiore* was that day gone alone to his usual place of walking; glad of which desired occasion, she bids *Sebastiano* make ready his Coach, and giving him the little fardle, tells him, that she is now resolved to give *Sanctifiore* such a merry meeting in the fields as shall make him laugh, and therefore commands to drive away to him. Now approaching neer him, she descends her Coach, and puts on her false Friars apparel, with all the prepared things, but she still hides the pistols from S*bastiano*, and also her design; so being ready with the almes box in one hand, and the breviary in the other, away goes this counterfeit Fryer, to *Sanctifiore*; to whom approaching with a bowe or two, holding up her begging box for an almes, which he was minded to give, but seeing so fair a breviary in the Friars hands, he takes and opens it, when *Ursina* stepping behind him, and softly drawing out one of her pisto's, shoots him into the back, and with the other into the breast as he fell; of which wound he presently dyed: Which done waving her handkercher, her Coachman comes up to her with his Coach, but is amazed to find *Sanctifiore* dead; but *Ursina* casting off her Friers weeds and throwing them into a deep ditch goes into her Coach, and so with more hast than good speed drive towards *Naples*; for as they are passing along by the side of a hill, the Coach overturns, and in the fall *Sebastiano* breaks his left leg, and *Ursina* her right arm, the furious horses drawing the coach after them in pieces. Sitting now down on the ground not knowing what to do, behold *Sanctifiore*'s Coach came by with his Page in it named *Hieronimo*, who seeing and knowing the Lady *Ursina*, and seeing her coach reversed, alighted to go to her assistance, when understanding her arm and her coachmans leg to be broken, he

takes

takes them both up and carries them home in his Lords Coach, and ſo ſpeedily returns to fetch his maſter, whom he finds in the ſame pleaſant grove dead: Whereat he cries out and tares his hair for grief, not knowing what to think; at laſt the page reſolves to ſtay by the body and ſend the Coach and Coachman for *Bertranna* and *De Troes* his Father and wife, who preſently arive there with the criminal Judges, who ſend their Officers all about the fields to bring all perſons they find before them, who among them all bring in but one poor ragged boy.

The Judges ask his name, who tells them, it is *Bartholomew Spondy*, his Father *Pedro Spondy* a Butcher dwelling at *Naples* in St. *John* Suburbs. They demand if he ſaw any one come neer the Gentleman; to whom he anſwers, that from the hedge within which he kept his Fathers cows, he ſaw the Gentleman walk alone at leaſt an hour, that he ſaw an old Frier come to him, who ſhot off two piſtols at him and therewith killed him, for he ſaw the Gentleman fall preſently, and that a coach came up to him, inſtantly and carryed him away, but where he knows not; they ask of what colour the coach horſes were, and what Livery the Coachman had: The boy replies, the horſes were coal black, and the Coachman wore a red cloak with ſome white laces on it. Which *Hieronimo* obſerving, affirmed, it was *Urſina*'s Livery and coach horſes, and thereupon relates that how he found them about two hours afore, as is before related, whereupon they all ſuppoſe them to be guilty of *Sanctifiores* death, and accordingly *Bertranna* craves juſtice againſt them of the Judges. To which effect they haſt to *Naples*, and ſend an Officer to *Placedo*'s houſe to apprehend *Urſina* and her Coachman, whom they find going forth at the gate in a freſh hackney coach who furiouſly takes them away and puts them priſoners in the common gaol of that City.

When *Sanctifiore* being ſolemnly buried; within two dayes after, *Urſina* and her Coachman are ſeverally convented, and charged to be authors of this cruel murther, which both of them ſtoutly deny; the boy is called to give in evidence againſt them, who ſtands to his former depoſition in the fields, but cannot think the Lady was

the

the Fryar, nor can he truly say that this was the Coachman.

The next morning *Sebastiano* is racked, but the torments cannot make him confess any thing; shortly after *Ursina* put to the same torment, and not able to endure it, confesseth her self to be the sole author and actor of killing *Sanctifiore*, in the same manner and form as we have already understood in all its circumstances, but strongly affirms her Coachman *Sebastiano* to be guiltless: Upon which acknowledgement of hers, her Judges do sentence her, the next morning to be hanged.

So about ten a clock in the morning our sorrowful *Ursina* is brought between two *Nuns* to her Execution place: Where making a repentant and religious speech, she was turned over.

Honest *Sebastiano* although thus cleared, is by *Betranna's* sollicitations judged to the double torments of the rack, which he patiently endureth without confessing any thing; the Judges therefore moved in conscience to make him some satisfaction for infeebling his body and imparing his health, decree the Lady *Bertranna* to give him 300 Duckatoons; which was paid to him accordingly, and he discharged.

May God teach us all by reading this history, from our hearts to hate this Barons Levity, and from our souls to abhorr this Ladies cruelty.

HIST.

HISTORY XXX.

DE MORA, FERALLO and *BELLINDA*

The Contents.

De Mora *treacherously killeth* Palura *in a duel with two Pistols. His Lady* Bellinda *with the aid of her Gentleman usher* Ferallo, *poysoneth her Husband* De Mora, *and afterward she marrieth, and then murthereth her said Husband* Ferallo *in his bed, so she is burnt alive for this her last murther, and her ashes thrown into the air for the first.*

IN the generall depravation of this age, it is no wonder, that many sinful souls are so transported by *Sathan* & their own outragious passions, to imbrue their guilty hands in the innocent blood of their Christian brethren: and it were a great happiness and felicity to most Countries and Kingdoms of Europe, if they were not sometimes infected with the contagion of this bloody and crying sin, which with a presumptuous hand seems to strike at the Majesty of God himself, in killing man his creature, but because wishes avail little, and for that examples are more powerfull and prevalent, and prove the best precepts to the living, therefore I here produce a lamentable one of so inhumane a condition, that by the knowledge and consideration thereof, we may know how to detest the like, and to avoid the temptations in our selves.

In the famous Kingdom of *Portugall*, and within a very little league of *Stremos*, one of the sweetest and fairest Cities thereof, there (within these few years) dwelt a Noble Gentleman of some fifty six years old, named *Don Alonso*

De

De Mora

De Mora Bellinda Curlero discouers

De Mora visits Bellinda

De Mora Bellinda

De Mora Pistols Palura

De Mora poysons Bellinda

Bellinda visits Fernillos throat

De Mora Bellinda

The Murther discoverd

Bellinda burnt alive

De Mora, Issued and descended from one of the best and famous houses of that Kingdom, as being Nephew to that great and wise *Don Christopher de Mora,* of whom the Histories of *Spain* and *Portugal* make so often, and so honourable mention: and although he were by his Ancestors and Parents, left very rich in Lands and possessions, yet his ambition and generosity carried him to serve his King *Philip,* third of *Spain,* in his wars of *Affrica* and *Flanders,* wherein he spent the greatest part of his time, and of himself, won many renowned Laurels, and Marshal Trophees of honour, and as an excellent Cavalier left behind him many approved marks and testimonies of his true valour and magnanimity. But (as all men are naturally constant in unconstancy, and subject and co-incident to mutations, and that the world still delights to please us with changes, and to feed our fancies and affections with different enterprises and resolutions) so our *De Mora* at last, calls home his thoughts and himself from war to peace, and now resolves to spend the remainder of his age, in as much ease and pleasure as formerly he had done the heat and strength of his youth in tumults and combustions, he now sees there is no life nor pleasure comparable to that of the Country, for here the sweetnes of the inbalmed air, the delicacy of the perfumed and enamelled fields, the unparalleld pastime of hawking and hunting, and the free and uninterrupted accesse which we have to arts in our study, and to God in religious prayers and meditations, makes it to be no lesse, than either an earthly Paradise, or an Heaven upon Earth. For the camp (despite of Commanders) abounds with all kind of insolencies, and impieties; the City (despite of Magistrates) with all sorts of Vice, Deceit, Covetousnes and pride,; and the Court (despite of good Kings and Princes; too often with variety of hypocrisie, perfideousnes and vanity. To his own great Mannor-house near *Stremos,* therefore is our *De Mora* retired, with a resolution for ever, there to erect and build up his residence, making it his greatest delight to have his hounds and Grayhounds at his heels, and see his Hawk on his fist. Now the Alarums of War no longer take up his thoughts and time, neither do the Drums and Trumpets, and the ratling peals of thunder of Muskets and Canons, distract his dayes

pleasures, or cut his nights sweet sleeps and slumbers in pieces. He is not addicted to Women, but hates them as much as they love men, he spurns at love, and (in a disdainfull contempt thereof) tearms *Venus* Whore and her son *Cupid* a boy, and which is worse a Bastard: in a word, he professeth himself to be as great, and as mortal an enemy to beauty, as beauty is many times to chastity, and never thinks himself happy but when either he is out of womens company, or they not in his. He is so far from affecting any marriage as he pitieth it in others, and for ever abjures and detests it in himself, he compares single life to Roses and Lillyes, and Wedlock to bryars and thystles and therefore in the highest and sublimest degree, scorns to have any Wife or Mistris in his house, to over master him.

But it is not for men to presume to point out their own destinies: sith we are but the slaves of time, as the servants of God, and therefore (in this regard) our actions are subject to Heaven, not to earth, and to Gods appointment, rather than to our purposes; or to presuppose and think the contrary, is a presumption, every way unworthy of a man, but far more of a Christian sith nature is subject to grace, and our earthly passions and resolutions must still stoop to a sacred power, and ever submit and prostrate themselves to a divine providence, and supernatural predominancy: it is therefore folly, not wisedom and simplicity, nor discretion in *De Mora* generally to proclaim hate to Women for that he is the Son of a Woman, or to malign and disdain marriage, in regard he is the fruit and off spring of marriage, for thus to violate and pull down the temples and altars of Love, is obstinatly to oppose nature, and prophanely to subvert the institution of God himself in Paradise, but he shall not continue long in in the clouds of this errour.

In a clear and sweet morning as soon as *Aurora* lept from the watry bed of *Thetis*, and purpolely retired herself to give way to approaching *Phœbus*, (who in his fiery Chariot with his glistering beams began to salute and guild the tops of the highest Woods and Mountains) *De Mora* attended by half a dozen of his domestique servants, goes into the fields to Hawk and hunt, where having killed one hare, and set up another, all his Servants left him alone, and with the hounds

pursue

pursue the hare, who tripped through the launes and thickets, the hils and valleys, at last leads them such a dance, that in less than an hour, his Servants and Dogs were a little league out of his sight, whereat being exceedingly offended and angry and far the more for that he was left alone, he not knowing how to passe or delude away the tediousnesse of the time, sate himself down upon the side of a fair hill, at the foot of a pleasant grove of Beech and Chesnut Trees, whose curled tops sheltred him from the scorching rays of the Sun, and there takes delight to behold how many frequent windings, and turning meanders, the Neighbouring Chrystal River made in that pleasant valley, as also to see how sweetly the Troops of Snow-white feathered Swans, proudly ruffled their plumes, disported themselves therein, in their Majestical and stately bravery, and how many malicious Fowlers, both in boats and on the banks of that sweet river, were curiously watching with fiery pieces to murther these innocent watry guests who frequented there, and also how the patient Anglers (with their treacherous hooks and baits) betrayed many harmlesse fishes, to their undeserved deaths. When *De Mora*, (impatient of his solitarinesse) listening with his ear, if he might either hear the loud cry and voyces of his hounds, or else the shrill rebounding ecchoes of his servants hunting horns: he looking up toward the sky, beheld a Heron, softly loaring, and proudly hovering over his head, as if she came purposely to bid defiance to *De Mora*, and his Goshauk which he held on his fist, and consequently to dare and challenge it to an airy combat; whereat *De Mora* being exceeding glad, and disdaining that his Hawk and himself should be thus outbraved by so ill shaped and unmannerly a Sea fowl; he speedily riseth up, and (betwixt choler and pleasure) lets flye his Hawk at her: but the Heron stretcheth her pinnions, and packs on his feathered sails so nimbly and proudly, that sometimes soaring aloft in the air, sometimes descending, and still looking back with scorn on the Goshawk, as if she purposely took delight and sport, to see what infinite toyl and pain, this malicious and ravenous Hawk took to surprise and devour her, so the swifter the Heron flew from the Hawk, the swifter the Hawk redoubled her flight, and tugged away after her, when it being un-

poſſible for *De Mora* to reclaim his Hawk, either with his Hola's or lure, at laſt both Hawk and Heron flew quite out of his ſight, and which is worſe he was ſo unfortunate, as never after he could ſee either of them again.

De Mora being firſt highly diſpleaſed and offended for the abſence of his ſervants and hounds, he is now doubly enraged with grief and choler for the loſſe of his Goſhawk, and therefore curſeth the Heron for thus ſeducing and betraying her away from him; when weatying himſelf to run from hill to vale to have news of her, and in the end ſeeing both his labour and Hawk loſt, he betakes himſelf to the aforeſaid Grove, and (with much diſcontent and choler) firſt caſting his Hat and Lure to the ground, he then likewiſe caſts himſelf thereon to repoſe him, ſtill attending and expecting his hunters.

He had not remained there half an hour, but cloſe by him paſſed an aged Countrey Gentleman, and indifferently well apparelled, with a very beautifull young Gentlewoman following him, clad in a crimſon Taffeta Peticoat, and Waſtecoat trimmed with ſilver lace, with a large cut-work plain band, her flaxen hair adorned with many knots of white and crimſon Ribbon, covered with a black Ciffers vail, having a rouling amorous eye, (the true index of deſire and luſt) her Snow white panting breaſts open, but only a little hidden and overvailed with curious Tiffney, whoſe white purity, her pure white paps (enterveined with azure) infinitely out-braved and excelled. She had her waiting maid attending on her, and he a ſerving man bearing his Cloak and Rapier after him, who that morning were ſome three leagues from his own houſe to take the freſh air in that pleaſant and delicious Grove, without the hedge whereof he had left his Coach, this Country Gentleman I ſay, paſſing by *De Mora*, and well and perfectly knowing him, he according to his duty, and the others merits, reſpectfully ſaluted him by his name, and the young Gentlewoman who followed him, likewiſe gave him a low and graceful courteſie. *De Mora* ſurpriſed with the ſuddenneſs of their arrivall, and the ſweetneſſe of theſe their ſalutations, riſeth up, and having firſt ſaluted him and kiſſed her, he prayes his name, who tels him that he is a

Gentle-

Gentleman that dwelt some three leagues off, termed *Emanuel de Cursoro*: De *Mora* demands of him if this young Gentlewoman be his Kinswoman or his Daughter, who tels him that she is his Daughter; when De *Mora* again enquires of him, if she be married or no, and what name and age she is of, *Cursoro* replies that she is unmarried, of some twenty years of age, and her name *Bellinda*. De *Mora* again tels him, that he is very happy in having so sweet and fair a young Gentlewoman to his Daughter, whereat the Father smileth for joy, and the Daughter blusheth for bashfulness and modesty. De *Mora* again questioneth *Cursoro*, if any businesse brought him thither that morning, who tels him he had no business, but only came thither with his Daughter to take the air, and that he had left his Coach without the hedge, so they walk together some turns in this pleasant Grove, and from thence De *Mora* could not possibly refrain from gadding and gazing his enamoured eyes, on the Roses and Lillies of *Bellinda's* sweet and delicate beauty; when De *Mora* acquaints *Cursoro* with his misfortunes, how that morning he came forth a hunting, that he had lost his men, his hounds, and his Hawk, and that this three hours he was there left alone, and had no news of them, they together make many walks, turns and returns. When De *Mora*, led by the lustre of *Bellinda's* lovely, attractive, and rolling eye, he ever and anon proffereth to lead and conduct her by the arm, the which *Cursoro* modestly, and respectfully excuseth, as holding it too great an honour for De *Mora* to give, and his daughter to receive: here *Cursoro* proffereth De *Mora* to lend him his coach to carry him home to his house, but De *Mora* freely and thankfully refuseth it, and in counterexchange of this courtesie, proffereth *Cursoro* and his daughter to accompany and conduct them to their coach, the which undeserved kindness, *Cursoro* modestly refuseth of him. Thus (in point of honour and courtesie) they along time stand striving and complementing, till at last De *Mora* hearing the cry of his hounds, his importunity vanquisheth *Cursoro's* modesty, and so will or nill, he conducts him to his Coach, and likewise leads his daughter *Bellinda* by the arm and hand, and by the way doth at least usurp & steal many amorous kisses from the cherries of her sweet lips, and damask roses of her pure

and delicate cheeks, whereat ſhe is more admired then pleaſed. As they are thus going towards *Curſoro's* coach, *De Mora's* hounds and ſervants arive all ſweating and blowing, who (in redemption and requitall of their long ſtay) do preſent their Lord and Maſter with a brace of hares, and a wilde white fawn which they had kild, whereof he being exceeding glad, he very joyfully beſtows the hares on *Curſoro*, and the white fawn on his daughter *Bellinda*, who from thenceforth, he ſwears ſhall be his miſtreſs, and his love; *Curſoro* is too modeſt, and his daughter too baſhfull to accept hereof, ſo they a long time refuſe theſe his preſents, with many dilatory and complemental excuſes.

But at laſt *De Mora* finds out a means and medium to reconcile this difference, according to his own will and deſire; for he peremptorily ſwears to *Curſoro*, and his daughter *Bellinda*, that they ſhall receive theſe poor preſents from him, and that in requital hereof, he will to morrow come over to his houſe, and eat his part of them to dinner with them; upon which condition and terms, *Curſoro* thankfully receives the hares, and likewiſe cauſeth his daughter *Bellinda* to do the ſame by the fawn, the which (with a very low and obſervant courteſie) ſhe doth: ſo he conducts them on to their coach, and by the way wrings her by the lilly white hand, playes with the looſe treſſes of her ſweet hair, her bluſhing cheeks, dimpled chin, downy paps, and Alabaſter neck, when taking leave of *Curſoro*, and a ſolemn conge of his daughter *Bellinda*, which he again ſeals and confirms with many new kiſſes, they take coach and away, and *De Mora* with his ſervants and hounds returns home to his houſe.

Thus in a little time we ſee an extraordinary alteration, yea a wonderful change and metamorphoſis in *De Mora*, but whether more ſtrange or ſudden I know not, for in the morning he went forth a free-man, and now before night comes home a ſlave and a captive. Heretofore he ſpurned at love, and diſdained beauty, and now the very firſt ſight of our fair *Bellinda* ſets fire to his blood, and flames to his heart: ſo that his old blood is paſſionately and amorouſly inflamed with this new beauty, formerly (he in deriſion)

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termed *Cupid* a little boy, now he holds him to be a great God; then he called *Venus* a Whore, but now he recants that Atheism and repents himself of that blasphemy, vomited forth against her diety; and terms her a celestial and sacred Goddess; yea now in his heart and thoughts, he erects altars to her trust, and consecrates all his vows to the second. The small and strait waste of his honoured *Bellinda*, together with her sparkling eyes, and sweet cheeks and blushes, do amaze his mind, act wonders in his heart, and cast his thoughts into a confusion of many amorous raptures and extasies, yea the consideration of her sweet youth, and the remembrance of her fresh and delicate beauty, do (in his conceit) seem to make his age young, and to give the lye to those infinite number of white hairs, which time had snowed on his head, and showred on his beard. He a thousand times repents of his former error and crime in living so long single, and is now assured and confident, that there is no earthly pleasure, or heavenly delight, comparable to the heart ravishing kisses and embraces of his sweet *Bellinda*: he is ready to lay down all his lands, and life at the feet of her commands and service, and esteems both of them too poor, for the purchasing of so inestimable a jewel; whom (in his determinations and resolutions) he hath already adopted the Queen of his heart, and confirmed and crowned the Soveraign Empress of his soul, and the sacred Goddess of his desires and affections. He thinks not of the great disparity and Antithesis betwixt his declining age, and her fragrant and flourishing youth; nor what an uncqual difference, and disproportion there is betwixt his fifty and six, and her twenty years. He will not consider what a poor Sympathy and palpable Antipathy there is between such a *January* and such a *May*, but disdains to enter into consideration with himself, that he is every way fitter for his grave, than for her bed, and for death, than marriage; yea he flatters himself so far in his affection to her, as he hopes he shall be the joyful father of many pretty Children by her, so that he is so deeply enamoured with the sweet youth of our *Bellinda*, and his heart so fast chained and entangled in the tresses of her hair, and the lures of her alluring beauty, that he upon his first sight of her, incessantly thinks of her by day, dreams

dreams of her by night, and neither thinks or dreams of any thing but of her, and of his love to her: ſo now he advanceth and raiſeth the ſtandards of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as high as ever he formerly dejected them, and delights in nothing more, yea I may truly ſay, in nothing elſe, but in feaſting his eyes, and ſurfeiting his heart upon the heavenly *Idea* of her Angelical face and feature, he thinks ſo much of love, as if he were now wholly compoſed of love, and therefore purpoſely made to love *Bellinda*, and none but her. His hawks and his hounds are now as far out of his mind, as he is out of himſelf, and no other delight or recreation whatſoever can take up any place in his heart or thoughts, becauſe love hath already tane up all. He revokes to mind how *Macareus* was transformed into a Bird, for ſpeaking againſt *Venus*, and that it is not his caſe alone to be ſo deeply plunged and tormented in love, but that the greateſt Captains, Philoſophers, and Kings of the world, (and as Poets affirm, the Gods themſelves) have been ſubjected, and vanquiſhed with this paſſion, and ſo conſtrained them to make it their chiefeſt delight and glory to adorn the temples and altars of *Cupid*, with the oblations of their ſighes, and the ſacrifices of their tears.

Thus our *De Mora* being at the firſt wholly enflamed with love towards his fair and beautiful intended Miſtriſs *Bellinda*, he to ſeem far younger than he is, is ſo vain in his affection, as (contrary to his cuſtom) he ſhaves his beard, delights himſelf in an aſh colour ſatin ſuit and cloak, with a white Beaver hat, and a hatband of Diamonds, a rich plain cut-work band, and a pair of green ſilk ſtockings, with garters and roſes laced with ſilver ſutable thereunto, and ſo to perform his promiſe to *Curſoro*, takes coach the next morning, and rides over to him, but not ſo much to taſte of his good cheer, as to feaſt his enamoured eyes on the delicious rarities and dainties of his daughter *Bellinda*'s beauty, where he finds his entertainment and good cheer, at leaſt to equalize, if not to exceed his birth, rank, and expectation; but this is not the end, and object of his viſit, nor the ſum and period of his deſires; dinner being ended, he acquaints *Curſoro* with his affection

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to his daughter *Bellinda*, and his suit to seek and obtain her for his wife. *Cursoro* wonders that so great a Lord should descend so low from himself to seek so mean a young Gentlewoman as his daughter in marriage. But finding *De Mora* to be in earnest, and not in jest, and understanding that his age was deeply and passionately enamoured of her youth and beauty, he therefore thanks him for that undeserved honour of his, promiseth him his best assistance towards his daughter, and gives him no despair, but all hope and assurance, that he shall shortly obtain and enjoy her for his wife. *De Mora* having thus won the affection and consent of the Father, he now seeks that of the daughter, he takes her apart in his parlour, where, of an old man, he playes the young oratour and lover, and in sweet terms, and sugered phrases and speeches seeks to gain her for his wife, but *Bellinda* more considering *De Mora* his age, than the greatness of his Nobility or estate, she bites the lip and hangs the head at this his motion, yea, & seems to be as averse, as he was forward in this his research and pursuit. Her father layes his commands on her to embrace this match and no other, he conjures her now to confirm and not to cast away her good fortunes in marrying this great Nobleman, and vows that he will for ever renounce her for his daughter, if she disobey him herein, so he conducts her into the arbour of his garden, and there freely and courteously again gives *De Mora* the opportunity and benefit to speak with her, and the desired happiness to kiss her, but *Bellinda* is as much perplexed in mind, as they are obstinate in their motion towards her, when (composing her countenance, rather to sorrow than joy, and to mourning than mirth) she makes a modest excuse to her father, gives no absolute or peremptory denial to *De Mora*, but fairly and discreetly craves of both of them a moneths time of respite to resolve on this great business, which she saith, so much imports her happiness or her misery, her content or her affliction, which answer and request of her, both her father, and *De Mora* finding so full of discretion and reason they severally grant, and joyntly consent to give her, but in all this interim, such was *De Mora's* dear and tender affection to *Bellinda*, that he visits her many times in person, and very often with his rich gifts and presents, as holding it no irregular way.

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but a pertinent and prevalent course, first to make a breach in a young Ladies mind and affection, and then to enter and take possession both of her body and of her self.

But before I proceed further in the narration and progress of this history, I must here unlock and reveal a secret mysterie to the Reader of no small consequence and importance; for he must understand that our *Bellinda* is not so chaste as fair, nor so honest as her education, youth and beauty presuppose and promise her to be; for her mother being dead, and her father giving her too much liberty, and too little vertuous counsel and exhortation, she for two whole years hath been in love with a poor, yet with a very proper and resolute young Gentleman, of some twenty five years of age being a neighbour of her fathers, named *Don Fernando Palura*, who being deeply enamoured of her, had lain so close so constant and so strong a siege to her chastity, as (not to conceal the truth) first unknown to her father, then to *De Mora*, and next to all the world, he had unparadised her of her maiden-head, and under colour and hope of marriage, had very often tane his lustful use and pleasure of her body; but his means being very small, and her belly not growing great, she was not yet fully resolved, but therefore still delayed to marry him; true it is, that her father *Cursoro* was formerly acquainted with *Palura's* affection and desire to marry his daughter, but as heretofore his poverty made him reject him for his son in law, so now the consideration of *De Mora's* great wealth and nobility makes him fully to disdain him, and commands his daughter likewise to do the same. But she not considering the premises, and loving *Palura's* youth, as much as she hated *De Mora's* age, she was nevertheless so inconstant by nature, and so proud and ambitious by sex, as she could find in her heart and resolution, rather to be a rich Lady, than a poor Gentlewoman, and so to leave *Palura*, to espouse and marry *De Mora*: but first her crime & her conscience makes her send for *Palura*, and seriously to consider & debate hereon with him, which they do, so *Palura* perceiving by *Bellindas* looks and observing by her speeches that *De Mora's* wealth was far more powerful with her, than his poverty; and that she notwithstanding still aimed to keep him for her husband, and him-

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self for her friend, he at last tells her, that he will consent and content himself that she shall marry Don *Alonso de Mora*, conditionally, that she will first faithfully promise him to grant and perform him three requests and articles. So she bids him propose them to her, the which he doth to this effect. First, that he shall still have the use and pleasure of her body, as heretofore, and as often as he pleaseth: Secondly, that from time to time she shall bestow some competency of *De Mora*'s wealth on him, to support his weak estate and poverty; and Thirdly, if *De Mora* die before him, that within three moneths after his death, she shall then mary him.

Which three unjust demands, and ungodly conditions of *Palura's*, his sweet-heart *Bellinda* (betwixt sighs and smiles) immediately grants him, yea, she seals them with many oaths, and confirms with a world of kisses, and to add the more piety (I may truly say, the more prophaneness) to this their contract and attornment, they fall to the ground on their knees, and invoking God and his Angels for witnesses hereof, they with their hands and kisses, again ratifie and confirm it: but poor sinfull souls, how doth Satan abuse you, and your intemperate and lascivious lusts betray you? for God will not be mocked, and his holy Angels cannot be deluded by these your blasphemies and impieties, for you shall in the end see with grief, and feel with repentance, that this vicious league, and obscœne contract of yours will produce you nothing but shame, misery, and confusion of all sides.

By this time is *Bellinda's* moneth expired, which she gave her Father and *De Mora* for her resolution of marriage; and now do they both of them repair to her, to understand and receive it, when her pride and ambition, having far more prepared and disposed her tongue, than her affection, she (as if she were a pure Virgin, yea a *Diana* for chastity) making a low reverence to her Father, and a great respectful courtesie to *De Mora*, delivers her resolution to them in these terms: that in humble obedience to her Father, and true affection and zeal to *Don Alonso de Mora*, God hath now so disposed her heart and mind, that she is resolved to wait on his commands and to be his hand-maid and wife, whensoever he shall please to make himself her Lord and Husband.

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This answer of *Bellinda* is so pleasing to her Father, and so sweet and delicious to *De Mora*, that in acceptation of her love, and requitall of her consent, he gives her many kisses, and then claps a great chain of pearl, enterlaced with sparks of Diamonds, about her neck, and an exceeding rich Diamond ring on her finger, and so most solemnly contracts himself to her, and within eight dayes after, in great pomp, state and bravery marries her, whereat his kinsfolks and friends, and all the Nobility and Gentry of these parts do very much admire and wonder, one condemning his folly, in marrying so poor and young a Gentlewoman, others praising and applauding her good fortune, in matching with so great and rich a Noble-man.

Here we see the mariage of *De Mora* and *Bellinda*, but we shall not go far before we see what sharp and bitter sweet fruits it produceth; for here truth gives a law to my will, and so commands me to relate and discover that he is too old for her youth, and she too young for his age, yea here I must crave excuse of modesty to affirm, that she is so immodest, as she finds him not to be so bold, and brave a Cavalier as she expected, in regard of his best performance to her, consists only in desire. Thus being in bed together, whiles he turns to his rest, so doth she to her repentance, but she knows how to repair and remedy this her misfortune, for whiles her husband *De Mora* only kisseth her, she in heart and mind, kisseth and embraceth her young and sweet *Palura*, who many times comes over in shew to visit her husband, but in effect to see her, and as formerly, so now he lasciviously disports and wantonizeth with her, (and in a word) very often performs and acts that part of love to her, which her old husband cannot. Now within less than two moneths of their marriage, *De Mora* seeing that he is not capable to deserve, much less to requite the dainties of his wives youth and beauty, and observing also, that by degrees she begins to disrespect and slight him, and yet she is very pleasing, and pleasant to all Gentlemen who abrood and and frequent his house, as first he doted on her, now he grows jealous of her, and so far forgets his discretion and himself, that he curseth all those who (in right of the laws of hospitality, civility and honour) comes to kiss her, but more

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especially *Palura*, who he sees is so often at his house, and so frequently conversing with his young Lady, as at last his suspition makes him jealous, and his jealousie confident, that with too much liberty and dishonestly, he usurps upon his freehold, and dishonoureth him in dishonouring his bed, and defiling his wife, the which to discover, he begins to restrain her of her liberty, so that she sees, and grieves to see her self to be in a manner as much her husbands prisoner, as his wife, yea he sets many eyes over her, as so many sentinels to watch her and her actions, and for himself, his jealousie gives him more eyes, than ever *Argus* had, to espy out what familiarity past between her and her sweet-heart *Palura*. *Bellinda* takes this discourtesie and hard measure of her husband in very ill part at his hands, yea she bites the lip thereat, and though outwardly she seem to grieve and sorrow, yet inwardly she vows to requite and revenge it; he is so jealous of her, and so fearful that she playes false play with him, that as soon as ever *Palura* comes to his house, he carries his eye and ear everywhere, to see if he can espy and hearken out, his, and his wives love-tricks together, yea he is so curious in this quest, and so vigilant and turbulent in this his research and disputation, as if he delighted to know that, whereof it were happiness to be ignorant, or as if he had an itching desire to make his glory prove his shame, and his content his affliction and misery. But as mild and sweet perswasion is ever more capable and powerful to prevail with women than constraint, so our fair *Bellinda* is so distasted with the Lunacy, and with the phrenzy and madness of this her husbands jealousie, that she no sooner sees her *Palura* arive in her sight and presence, but (despight of his supition and fear) she is so obscene in her lust, and so lascivious in her affection towards him, that she takes pleasure to seek pleasure, and extremely delighteth to seek and find delight with him, which (according to her former lewd promise, and ungodly contract) she often doth. Now this fooliſh young couple (being the obliged scholars of *Cupid*, and the devoted votaries of *Venus*) think to be as wise as they are lascivious in these their amorous pleasures, for knowing that discretion makes lovers happy, and that secrecy is the true touchstone, yea the very life and soul

of

of love, they therefore esteem and keep the secrets thereof as if they were sacred, and that no mortal eyes but their own can see or know it; But yet notwithstanding all this, De *Mora's* jealous fears in the detection, are still as great as their care in the prevention thereof, for the very next night after *Palura* departed from his house, he purposely absenteth and excludeth his wife from his bed, and the next morning calling her into the Garden after him, and causing the door to be shut, he then and there, (with lightning in his looks and thunder in his speeches) chargeth her of adultery with *Palura*. But this young strumpet his wife *Bellinda*, at the very first hearing of this sad and unexpected news, dissembles so artificially with her husband, and so prophanely with God, as seeming to dissolve and melt into tears, she purgeth her self hereof, with many strong vows, and cleareth *Palura* with many deep asseverations. But this fanatick Tyrant, and frantick Monster jealousie, (which for the most part, we can seldom or never kill, before it kill us) had wrought such strange impressions in the brains, and ingraven such extravagant chimæra's in the heart and belief of old De *Mora*, that (notwithstanding his wives oaths and tears to the contrary) yet he still vows to himself, and her, that she is guilty of adultery with *Palura*, and therefore chargeth her that henceforth she dare not see him, or receive him into her house or company. *Bellinda* hereat (to give her husband some content in her own discontent) makes a great shew of sorrow, and an extreme apparition and exterior appearance of grief: she sends for her father *Cursoro*, acquaints him with the unjust wrong and indignity which her Lord and Husband hath offered her, and prayes him to interpose his Authority and judgement with him for their reconciliation; who seeing himself sollicited and sought to by his own blood, & by his daughters hypocrisie, believes her to be as innocent as her husband De *Mora* thinks her guilty of this foul crime of adultery with *Palura*, and so undertakes to solicit and deal with his son in law De *Mora* to that effect, which he doth, but with no desired success, that finding it to be a knotty and difficult business, and upon the whole no less than a *Herculean* labour, because of De *Moras* wilful obstinacy, and perverse credulity: he therefore prayes for both of them, and thus leaves

leaves them and their difference to time and to God: and upon these unfortunate terms doth old De *Mora*, his young wife *Bellinda*, and their marriage now stand.

In the mean time *Bellinda*, (who suffers doubly both in her pleasure and her reputation) is not yet so devoid of sense, or exempt of judgement, but she will speedily provide for the one and secure the other. To which effect (seeming sorrowfully obedient to her Husband) she thinks it not fit that her *Palura* should for a season approach her house or her self; where by a confident messenger she sends him this Letter.

Bellinda *to* Palura.

MY Husband hath discovered our affections, and is confident that I love thee far better than himself, wherein as he is nothing deceived, so I conjure thee by the preservation of thy fidelity and honour, to forbear my house and sight for some two moneths, in which interim I will use my chiefest art, and the utmost of my possible power to calm the storms and tempests that jealousie hath raised in him. So, be thou but as patient as I will be constant, and I hope a little time shall end our languishing, and again work our contents and desires; for though thou art absent from me, yet I am still present with thee, and albeit my Husband De Mora *have my body, yet* Palura, *and none but* Palura *hath my heart, as knoweth God, to whose best favour and mercy, I affectionately and zealously recommend thee.*

Bellinda.

Palura receives this Letter, and although he fetch many deep sighs at the reading thereof, yet he gives it many sweet kisses for her sweet sake who writ and sent it him, he knows not whether he hath more reason to condemn De *Mora's* jealousie, or to commend his Lady *Bellinda's* affection and constancy to himself, and because he resolves to prefer her con-

content and honour equally with his own life, therefore he will dispense with his lustful, and lascivious pleasures for a time, purposely to give her beauty and merits their due for ever, so in requital of her affectionate Letter, (he by her own messenger) returns her this kind and courteous answer.

Pallura to *Bellinda*.

I Am as sorrowful that thy husband De Mora *hath discovered our affections, as truly joyful that thou lovèst me far better than himself, wherefore to prevent his jealousie and equally to preserve my fidelity with thy honour, and thy honour with my life, know sweet and dear* Bellinda *that thy requests are my commands, and thy will shall eternally be my law, in which regard I will refrain thy house all thy long prefixed time, and so forbear to see thee, but never to love thee, because thy sweet and divine beauty, is so deeply engraven in my thoughts and imprinted in my soul, that the farther I transport my body from thee, the neerer my affection brings my heart to thee. I will add my chiefest wishes to thy best art, and my best prayers to thy chiefest power, that a little time may work our content and desires: but because there is no torment nor death to languishing, nor no languishing to that of love, therefore I shall think every moment a moneth, and every hour a year before we again kiss, and embrace: conceal this Letter of mine from all the world with as much care and secresie, as I send it thee with fervent zeal, and tender affection.*

Palura.

The perusal of this Letter and the affection of *Palura* demonstrated in this his resolution makes *Bellinda* as glad, as the jealousie of her Lord and Husband De *Mora* sorrowful and now seeing his rage so reasonless, and his malice and obstinacy so implacable towards her, she abandoneth her sighs and tears, resolves to make trial of a contrary experiment,

and

and so under a female face assuming a masculine courage and resolution, she slights him and his jealousie, as much as he doth her and her levity, and bears her self more high y and imperiously towards him than ever she did heretofore, but this animosity of *Bellinda* produceth not that good effect which he expects from her husband *De Mora*, for he attributing this pride of hers to proceed from some bad counsel given her by *minion Palura*, it doth the more inflame his jealousie, and exasperate and set fire to his indignation, both towards her and him.

Whiles *Bellinda* stands upon these terms with her husband *De Mora*, his brains (as so many wheels and sphears) are incessantly rolling and wheeling about the Orb of jealousie, to find out the marrow and mystery of this lacivious league between his Wife and *Palura*, in the agitation and conduction whereof he is as secret, as she simple and inconsiderate, his Policy is to find out any Letter or Letters of *Palura* to her, and her Closet and Casket are the only places as he supposeth for her to hide and conceal them in. So on a Monday morning, as his Lady *Bellinda* is gone to the parish Church to hear Mass, he purposely stayes at home to effect this his secret intent and purpose, and then very privately enters her Chamber, and his jealousie makes him so industrious of lock-smiths hooks, and instruments to open any lock. So he first resolves to try and open that of her Closet, which when he was on the very point to do, casting aside his eye, he sees the Tawny Damask Gown which his Wife wore the day before, wherefore he flyes to it to search and riffle the pockets thereof for her keyes. Now *Bellindas* hast and Devotion to the Church was so great, as both she and her waiting Gentlewoman had forgotten the keyes of her Closet and Cabinet, and left them in one of the pockets of her said Gown where her husband *De Mora* finds them, whereat being exceeding joyfull, he claps up his hooks and instruments and (with equall jealousie and hast) opens first her Closet, then her Cabinet, wherein leaving nothing unsearched, he at last finds the very same Letter of *Palura* to his Wife *Bellinda*, which we have formerly seen and understood, the which (as the richest relique of her heart and the most precious jewel of her

content and affection, ſhe had ſecretly enſhrined and treaſured up in a ſmall crimſon ſatin purſe embroydered with gold. He reads it over again and again, but for that which ſaid, I ſhall think every moment a month, and every hour a year before we again kiſs and embrace; this line, I ſay, his extreme jealouſie makes him to read over at leaſt as often as it hath ſyllables, for this Letter and this branch of this Letter confirms his jealouſie, and now makes him fully aſſured and confident, that his Wife and *Palura* have defiled his honour, and his bed, by committing adultery together; when vowing a ſharp and ſpeedy revenge hereof, (he with a panting heart, and trembling hand) layes the velvet purſe again in the Cabinet, then locks it, as alſo her cloſet and chamber door, having firſt left the keyes again in the pocket of his Ladies gown, and ſo comes down into the Hall, among his ſervants, as if he were happy to know that, which is his miſery, becauſe he cannot be ignorant thereof.

By this time his Wife the Lady *Bellinda* is returned from Church; he dines with her, and yet he cannot diſſemble his diſcontent and malice againſt her ſo artificially, but that ſhe obſerves ſome diſtemper in his looks, and extravagancy in his ſpeeches, but ſuch is her pride, as ſhe is no way either curious or careful thereof, nor as much as once ſurmiſeth of what he had now performed and acted. Dinner being ended, as ſoon as ſhe betakes her ſelf to walk in the allies and arbours of her delicate garden, her Husband De *Mora*, and his jealous and bloody reſolutions are walking a contrary way; he is ſo netled with jealouſie, and ſtung to the heart with malice and revenge; as he aſcends to his armoury, takes down an excellent ſword and belt, a caſe of pocket Piſtols, each whereof he chargeth with two bullets, calls for *Emanuel de Feralło* his Ladies Gentleman-uſher, who was a very proper young man, both of his perſon and hands, bids him to cauſe two of his beſt great ſaddle horſes ſpeedily to be made ready, and wills him to accompany him to the Town of *Araiallos*. *Feralło* performs this order of his Lord, and then tells him that he will go into the Garden, and acquaint his Lady and Miſtriſs with his abſence, and to receive her commands before his departure, but his Lord commands him to the contrary, and neither to

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see or speak with her; so they take horse and away. Now within half an hour after, the Lady *Bellinda* returns from the Garden, and understanding of their departure, (who in regard of the suddenness and unexpectation thereof) knows not what to say or think thereof, or whither, or about what business they are gone; but she neither once dreams nor conceives so much as a thought that her husband *De Mora* had found her sweet heart *Palura's* Letter, much less that he had any malicious or desperate attempt, so suddenly to put in execution against him for her regard and cause, as to ride *Arraiallos* to him, to fight with him.

The youth and beauty of his young Wife and Lady *Bellinda*, arming him with jealousie, and this jealousie with irreconcileable malice and revenge against *Palura*, he cruelly resolving to make his body and life pay deer for it, rides away towards his house neer *Arraillos*, and staying some half a quarter of a League from it in a fair green meadow, sends his man *Ferallo* to him, and prayes him speedily to take his horse, and come speak with him there, about a business which much imports his good. *Ferallo* (knowing least of this quarrel, whereof his Lord and Master *De Mora* thought most) finds out *Don Palura* at his house, and in respectful terms delivereth him his message, which *Palura* understanding, his guilty conscience makes him exceedingly to doubt and wonder of *De Mora's* intention and resolution herein; but his lustful heart and affections, looking more on the young Lady *Bellinda* his wife, than the old Lord *De Mora* her husband, he speedily (without any servant of his) takes horse and rides away with *Ferallo* to him in the meadow, where *De Mora* (on horseback) impatiently attended his coming. Salutations being here ended between them, which *Palura* observes to be more short than ceremonious, and more abrupt than respectful) *De Mora* calls his man *Ferallo* to him, and privately commands him to ride a meadow or two off, and not to dare offer either to stir or draw, whatsoever he see pass betwixt him and *Palura*, the which his Man *Ferallo* obeyes, but with much wonder and admiration what this business might mean or produce between them. Here *De Mora* ve-

ry passionately and cholerickly, chargeth *Palura* for abusing and dishonouring of him, by committing adultery with his wife *Bellinda*, the which *Palura* retorts to him as a foul scandal and false aspersion, and (as an honourable Gentleman) in his speeches and answer to De *Mora*, makes his own innocency and his wife the Lady *Bellinda's* chastity very apparent and probable: but these feigned excuses and false oaths and speeches of *Palura* do no way satisfie, but rather the more incense the jealousie and inflame the malice and revenge of De *Mora* against him; whereupon he shews him his own Letter and with much bitterness and vehemency demands him if that his own hand-writing do not palpably convince him of adultery with his Lady. *Palura* is amazed at the sight of this his Letter so that blushing for shame, he cannot here yet refrain from looking pale thereat, with grief and anger thereat, nevertheless he will not be so ingrateful to the beauty and affection of *Bellinda* to think that she hath betrayed him by delivering up this his Letter to her Husband, but rather (giving a good interpretation and construction to the purity of her intents and affections towards him) he believes with confidence that he had sinisterly and surreptitiously betrayed her thereof, whereupon to fortifie her reputation, and to vindicate and cleer his own innocency, he (with high words and loud cracks) protesteth his Letter to be false, suborned none of his, and that it was written by some Witch, Devil, and lent by some treacherous enemy of his, purposely to affront him, and to disgrace his vertuous chaste, and innocent Lady *Bellinda*; but these feigned palliating excuses of his cannot pass currant with the jealousie and revenge of De *Mora*, who now (to reduce contemplation into action) tels *Palura* that nothing but his death can expiate and satisfie this his crime, and therefore (on horse-back as he was) draws his sword and bids *Palura* do the like. The which *Palura* hearing and seeing) he equally for the preservation of *Bellinda's* honour and his own life (as a brave and generous Gentleman) likewise draws, as highly disdaining to have his youth and courage outbrayed by this old Cavalier; but here before they begin to fight, *Palura* with many strong reasons, and pathetical, er-

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swasions, again and again prayes *De Mora* to desist from the combat, and to rest satisfied with the truth of his Lady *Bellinda's* honour, and his own innocency in this their supposed and pretended crime of adultery: but he speaks to the wind, for *De Mora* returns him blows for words.

The event and fortune of this their combat on horseback is that in two several meetings and incounters *Palura* hath received no wound, but given *De Mora* two, the one in his neck, and the other in his left arm, whereof he bleeds so exceedingly as he begins to despair of the victory, and with his Pistols to provide for his own safety and life; they by a mutual consent divide themselves a little distance off to breath. When *Palura* reining his horse a little too strait, and his horse being hot and furious, and by meer strength and force turning round, *De Mora* with his watchful and vigilant eye taking the advantage of this favourable accident, (when *Palura* never once dreams or thinks of Pistols) speedily puls his two Pistols forth his pocket, and most basely and treacherously, with the first shoots him through the head, and with the second into the reins of his back, of which mortal wounds he presently fell off from his horse dead to the ground, having neither the power to repent of his sins, nor the grace or happiness to pray unto God for the salvation of his own soul: and thus was the untimely end, and lamentable death of this valiant young Cavalier *Palura.*

De Mora seeing *Palura* dead and having more reason outwardly to rejoyce in this his victory, than inwardly in the cause and manner thereof he waves his handkerchief to his Man *Feralio* to come to him (who was an eye-witness and spectator and Co-mate) which he presently doth, to whom he speaks thus; first acquaint *Palura's* servants in his house, that I have slain their Master in a duel, then ride home and tell my Wife the Lady *Bellinda*, that I have sent her Ruffian and adulterer *Palura* to Heaven, and within six dayes after come away to me to *Lisbone*, whither I am now posting, when throwing to him some gold

for his journey he takes leave of him and away, and at the very next Town dresseth his wounds which prove hopefull and not dangerous.

Now doth *Ferallo* (according to his Lords commission and order) inform *Palura*'s servants of his death, and of his said Lord and Masters victory, but (for his honour and reputations sake) conceals that he basely and treacherously kild him with his Pistols: they are extremely sorrowful for this his misfortunate end: so whiles they fetch home his breathless body, and prepare for his decent burial; *Ferallo* returns home, and truly and punctually relates to his Lady *Bellinda*, the issue of this combat; as also of his Lord *De Mora's* speeches which he commanded him to tell her, whom poor Lady is all tears for the death of her lover *Palura*, and well she might in regard she loved him a thousand times dearer than her own life, so upon the receipt of this sorrowful news, she shuts her self up in her chamber, and for many dayes together, her grief and lamentations for his death are so infinite, as she will admit of no company, counsel, or consolation whatsoever, she considereth how deeply the misfortune of this disaster will scandalously reflect on her honour, and fall on her reputation, and therefore vows to requite *Palura's* death severely, and to revenge it sharply on the life of her Husband *De Mora* who was his murtherer, at least when she shall be so happy, or rather so miserable to see him return to her from *Lisbone*. She exceedingly wondreth at his secret malice, and sudden indignation and resolution towards *Palura*, but more at the cause thereof, and from what point of the compass, or part of hell this furious wind should proceed, when at last having nothing else capable to comfort her, or to give truce to her tears, but the sight of *Palura's* aforesaid Letter sent to her, the which in tender affection to him, she for his sake had often perused and kissed; she therefore passionately and pensively flies to her closet, and with affection and sorrow to her cabinet to feast her eyes with the sight, and to delight and comfort her heart with the perusal thereof, when contrary to her expectation) she finds the letter taken away,

her

her other papers displaced, and her jewels reversed in her cabinet, and then she knows for certain, that it is her husband *De Mora,* who had thus rifled her cabinet, and who had bereaved and robbed her of this sweet Letter, which (next to *Palura's* sight and presence) was the chiefest joy of her heart, and the sweetest felicity and content of her mind, the which considering, she therefore absolutely believes, that the detection and perusal of this Letter was the sole cause of her Lord and Husbands jealousie, as that was of her sweet *Palura's* death, wherein indeed she is nothing deceived, for some six weeks after, he returns home to her from *Lisbone*, where in favour of his Noble birth and descent, of his many great friends, and of a huge sum of mony he (in absence of the *Veceroy*) had obtained his pardon, from the Chamber of that City, and the very first salutations that he gave his Lady *Bellinda*, (the which, I know not whether he delivered to her with more contempt or choler) was thus.

Minion (quoth he) how many prayers and orayſons hast thou said for the soul of thy Ruffian and adulterer *Palura?* when she being exceedingly galled to the heart with these his scandalous speeches, she yet to justifie her own honour and innocency, dissembles her grief for *Palura's* death, as much as her jealous Husband triumphs and insults thereat, and so frames him this short reply, that *Palura* was not her adulterer, but a Gentleman of honour, and therefore she besought God to forgive him his own hainous sin and execrable crime for so foully and basely murthering of him. *De Mora* netled with this his Ladies apology and justification, which he knew to be as false, as her and *Palura's* crime of adultery was true, he produceth this letter to her, then reads it her, and in a great rage and fury immediately tears and burns it before her face; now although the sight and knowledge of this letter, as also her husbands burning thereof, doth exceedingly vex and perplex our Lady *Bellinda*, yet she was herewith no way daunted, but again very boldly tells him; that she cannot prevent

any Gentleman to write and send her a Letter, and although in the conclusion of this his Letter to her had simply and sinisterly mentioned kisses and embraces, yet she peremptorily vowed and swore to him, the first had not exceeded the bounds of civility, nor the last violated the law and rules of honour, so wise and politick was she in her answers, and so false and hypocritical in her justification towards her husband.

The which he well observing, and understanding, as also with what a pleasing grace she spake it, his own lustfull age, yet still doting on the freshness of the youth and beauty of this young wife, seeing that *Palura* (who was the cause and object of his jealousie) was now removed and dead, he therefore for the preservation of his own honour and reputation in that of his Ladies, doth content himself so far as to bury the greatest part of his discontent and jealousie against her, in the dust of oblivion, or in that of *Palura*'s grave, and to that end he affords her his table still, and his bed sometimes, as if that obligation of courtesie, would reclaim her lascivious thoughts, and again call home her wanton desires to chastity and honour, nevertheless the better to effect and compass it, he much restrains her of her former liberty, and debars her the company and sight of all Gentlemen whatsoever that come to his house. A peevish custom, which the husbands of *Spain*, *Portugal*, and *Italy*, tyranically use towards their Ladies, whereas contrariwise the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *England* and *France*, are far more happy, because more chaste and honourable towards their Husbands, in using and not abusing this their liberty and freedom.

Bellinda with a watchful eye, and a wanton heart observes these passages and comportments of her husband De *Mora* towards hers and in observing laughs at them; but because her lascivious mind incessantly tels her, that there is no hell to that of a discontented bed, therefore hating his age as much as he loves her youth, her *Palura* being dead, she forthwith resolves to make choice of another lover, and at what rate soever not to trifle away

away her time, and her youth idly, but to pass it away in the amorous delights of carnal voluptuousness and sensuality. To which effect missing of other Gentlemen (and therefore enforced to make a vertue of necessity) she forgetting her self and her honour makes choice of *Ferallo* her own Gentle-man-usher, a man every way as proper as she is fair, and as well timbred as she is beautiful, and neer of her own years, which as yet had not exceeded one and twenty: to *Ferallo* therefore she freely imparts her affections and favours, who as freely receives and as joyfully and amorously entertains both her and them, so that, to write the best of truth and modesty, I must here affirm, that as he was formerly his Ladies Usher, now he makes himself his Lords follower; and (unknown to him) very often ties her shooe-strings, and takes up her mask and gloves for her, and many times when the old Nobleman is asleep, then this ignoble couple of unchaste lovers are waking to their obscene pleasures, and secretly sacrificing up their lascivious desires to wanton *Cupid* the Son, and to lustful *Venus* the Mother, but they shall finde worm-wood intermixed in this honey, and gall in this sugar.

For three moneths together our *Bellinda* the Mistris, and *Ferallo* the Man, drown themselves in the impiety of these their carnal delights and pleasures, as if they made it their felicity and glory to continue the practice and profession thereof, but at the end and expiration of this time, as close as they bear this their adulterous familiarity from *De Mora*, it comes to his knowledge by an unexpected accident and means, for the Reader must understand, that *Ferallo* was heretofore dishonestly familiar, with his *Bellinda's* waiting Gentlewoman named *Herodia*, who (under pretext and colour of marriage) he had many times used, at his lascivious pleasure, so that *Herodia* seeing that *Ferallo's* affections were now wholly transported from her self to her Lady *Bellinda*, and that he slighted and disdained her, to embrace and adore the other, she is so inraged with jealousie at the knowledge and consideration thereof, as she cals a counsel in her heart and

thoughts,

thoughts, what to do herein, how to prevent it, and again, how to reclaim, and regain *Ferallo* and his affection, from her Lady to her self, and she is so inflamed with jealousie towards them, as she can neither reap no peace by day of her mind, nor rest by night of her heart before she have effected it; to which end, having ran over a whole world of remedies and expedients, she at last resolves on this, to acquaint her Lord and Master *De Mora* with this unchaste and obscene familiarity, between his Lady *Bellinda* and her lover *Ferallo*, and her rage is so outragious as with infinite malice and celerity she performs it. At which unexpected and unwelcomed news, our old Lord *De Mora* hath now his heart anew set on fire with jealousie and malice both towards his Lady and her usher *Ferallo*, so that he as soon believes as understands this their adultery without ever making a stand either to consider the truth, or to examine the circumstances thereof, whereupon to make short work, and to provide a speedy remedy for this unfortunate disaster, and disease; he without speaking word of it, either to his Lady *Bellinda*, or to *Ferallo*, suddenly cashiereth him from his house and service, and in such disgraceful manner, as he will not permit him to know the reason hereof, or to see, or to take leave of his Lady and Mistris, and from thenceforth *De Mora* looks on her with infinite contempt and jealousie. For it galls him to the heart, first to remember her dishonour, and dishonesty with *Palura*, and now far more to know that she is doubly guilty thereof with her own domestick Servant and Gentleman-usher *Ferallo*; wherefore he again restrains her of her liberty, and his jealousie so far exceeds the bounds of judgement, and the limits of reason, as he will difficultly permit her to see any man, or any man to see her, but as Rivers stopped do still degorge with more violence, and overflow with more impetuosity, so *Bellinda* takes this new jealousie of her old husband, and this sudden exile and banishment of *Ferallo* her lover and Gentleman-usher in extreme ill part, and after she hath wept and sighed her fill thereat, she then believes the prime and original

ginal cause thereof, to proceed from the malice and jealousie of her waiting Gentlewoman *Herodia*: wherefore being infinitely despighted and incensed against her; she (in her dear love and affection to *Ferallo*) to requite her husbands courtesie very discourteously turns her away, and for ever banisheth her, her house and service; and to write the truth, *Ferallo* likewise in hatred and malice to *Herodia*, willl from thenceforth neither see nor speak with her more. But to verifie the English Proverb, That love will creep where it cannot go, although De *Mora* banisheth *Ferallo* from his house, and restraineth his Lady *Bellinda* of her liberty in his house, yet sometimes by day and many times by night, they (by the assistance of some secret Agents or Ambassadours of love) do in the arbours of the Gardens, and in some other out-rooms of the house very amorously meet, and most lasciviously kiss and embrace together. They hold many private conferences on their unlawful affections, and many secret consultations upon their unjust discontents: so at last both of them joyning in one wicked heart and minde, and (as matters are still best distinguished by their contraries) finding each others company sweet, and their sequestration and separation bitter, they so much forget their selves and their souls, and so much fly from Heaven and God, to follow Satan and Hell, as both of them believe and resolve, they can have no true or perfect content on Earth before De *Mora* be first sent to Heaven; now upon this bloody design they agree, and upon this hellish plot they fully resolve, only the gordian knot which must combine and link fast this foul business is, that De *Mora* being dead, *Bellinda* must shortly after marry her Gentleman-usher *Ferallo*, whereunto with as much joy as vanity she cheerfully consenteth, when they are so prophane as they seal this their ungodly contract with many oaths, and ratifie and confirm it with a world of kisses, and then of all violent deaths, they resolve on that drug of the Devil, poyson; so without either the fear or grace of God, they of Christians metamorphose and make themselves

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Devils, and *Ferallo* buying the poyson, *Bellinda* very secretly and subtilly in diet drink and broath administreth it unto her Lord and Husband *De Mora*, which being of a langaishing vertue and operation, he within less than four moneths dies thereof; when with much cost and a wonderful exteriour shew of grief and sorrow, she gives him a stately funeral, very answerable to the lustre of his name and the quality of his dignity and honour, but God in his due time will pull off the mask of this her monstrous hypocrisie, and infernal prophanness. Our jealous Lord *De Mora* being thus layed and raked up in the dust of his untimely grave his joyful sorrowful widow the Lady *Bellinda*, according to her promise, to the grief of her Father *Curforo*, to the wonder of *Stremos*, and the admiration of all *Portugal*, marries with this her Gentleman-usher *Ferallo*; but such lustful and bloody marriages, most commonly meet with miserable ends

For six moneths together, *Ferallo* day and nights keeps good correspondency in the performance of his affections to his old Lady and Mistris, and now his new wife *Bellinda*, and although they are unequal in birth and rank, yet marriage having now made them equal, they mutually kiss and embrace with as much content as desire; but at the end of this small parcel of time; satiety of his uxorious delights and pleasures makes him neglectful, and which is worse contemptible thereof, (a base ingratitude, but too often subject to men of his inferiour rank and quality, and which the indiscretion of Ladies of honour, very often payes dear for, as buying it many times with infamy, but still with repentance) so that for ten nights, and sometimes for fifteen together he never kissed or imbraced her; which unkinde ingratitude of his, and respectless unvaluation of her youth and beauty, as also of her rank and means, makes the *Lady Bellinda* his wife to be as hot in choler towards him, as he is cold in affection and love towards her. But to ascend to the head-spring of this his discourtesie towards her, and so to fetch and derive it from its own proper original, we must know that *Ferallo* was so vitious, inconstant and base, as now he is deeply in love with a new waiting Gentlewoman of his Ladies named *Christalina*, a sweet young Maiden, of some eighteen

eighteen years of age, tall of stature and slender of body, and whose beauty was every way as clear and pure as her name, and yet whose maiden-head (with a few rich presents and many poor flattering oaths and false promises) he had secretly purchased and gotten from her; yea his affection was so fervent to her, that part of the day could not content his lustful desires, but he forgets himself so far, as before his Ladies nose, and almost in her sight, he must lye with her whole nights, and which is worse, almost every night without so much as once thinking of his own wife the Lady *Bellinda*, or either loving what she cared for, or caring for what she loved.

But *Bellinda* esteems her self too good a Gentlewoman, and too great a Lady to be thus out-braved and disgraced by a Taylors Son (for so was *Ferallo*) and therefore consequently her heart is too well lodged, and too high fixed and seated in the degree of her high discent thus to receive and suffer an affront, by a man of so low a beginning and so ignoble a quality and extraction as he was, and whom she had raised from nothing, and conferred and honoured him with her affection, and bed, and of her servant made him her husband, when for the space of six moneths together having continually used the best of her art, and the chiefest of her power, her sweetest perswasions, her surged prayers and solicitations to make him abandon her Maid *Christalina*, and so again to reclaim him and his affection from her to her self; but seeing all her care vain, and her prayers and intreaties towards him to prove frivolous, she at last consulting with Satan, (and not with God) begins to assume bad thoughts and revengeful malice against him, for this his soul disloyalty, and base ingratitude and infidelity towards her: but first before she attempts it, her turbulent and restless jealousie, makes her resolve to try another conclusion, which is to put off this her waiting Gentlewoman *Christalina* from her service and attendance, in hope that *Ferallo* her husband would then thereby likewise put off himself and his affections from her, but this project and resolution of hers reaps no successful issue according to her desires, but receives end as soon as beginning. For he is still so deeply enamoured, and so constantly affected to *Christalina*, as he will neither permit

mit nor ſuffer it, but in deſpite of his Lady *Bellinda*, and of all her ſighs, tears, and prayers to the contrary, he kiſſeth her in her ſight, and (cuſtom now making him licentiouſly bold and impudent) he in this his ſottiſh familiarity with her, ſets her at table with himſelf and his wife, and in her preſence, and before her face, terms her his dear, his love, and his ſweet-heart: a diſgrace of ſo unkind a nature, and diſcourteous a quality, as ſhe highly diſdains long to ſuffer or digeſt it at his hand. So that ſeeing no hope of amendment, and therefore deſpairing of any reformation thereof in him, ſhe reſumes her former bad and bloody thoughts againſt him, and ſo peremptorily and definitively reſolves to murther him. Her jealouſie makes her thus malitious, her malice thus revengefull, and her revenge thus bloody-hearted and handed towards him. She cannot be content to pace, but ſhe will ride poaſt to her confuſion, by heaping crime upon crime, and murther to murther, ſhe hath formerly poyſoned her firſt husband *De Mora*, and now ſhe reſolves to ponyard to death *Ferallo* her ſecond, as if one of theſe two bloody ſins and crimes were not enough capable, to make her as truly miſerable, as ſhe falſly thinks her ſelf happy, in the performance and execution thereof. But theſe are the bitter fruits of jealouſie, and the ſharp effect, and choler, malice, and revenge which moſt commonly ſtream and proceed from it.

Whiles thus her quondam Gentleman-uſher, and now her unkind and diſloyal husband *Ferallo* (without fear or care) is wallowing in his beaſtly pleaſures and ſenſuality with his ſtrumpet *Chriſtalina*, this his ungodly wife, and revengeful Lady *Bellinda* (with as much ſecreſie as treachery) is in requital thereof preparing him a bloody banquet; yea ſo haſty is ſhe in her rage, and ſo outragious in this her revenge towards him, as ſhe will no longer be abuſed or defrauded by him, but thinks every hour an age, before ſhe have diſpatched him for heaven. She will be no more controuled and over-maſtered by him who was formerly her ſervant, and who firſt reputed it his greateſt happineſs to kiſs her hand, before ſhe vouchſafed him the honour to

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kiss her lips, or which is more, the felicity to embrace her bed. She now sees with grief, that he hath betrayed her in betraying, and conveying his affection from her to her Maid *Christalina*, and therefore although she hath cast her favours on him, yet of the two, she vows rather to cast away him than her self. No grace, no religion, not her conscience, not her soul, nor the consideration of heaven or hell can dissuade or keep her from this her bloody purpose, or divert her from the perpetration of this inhumane and cruel murther; but the very first night that he leaves her maid *Christalina*, and lies with her self, she (being purposely provided of a very sharp and keen razor, which she put in one of her gloves, and clapt it under her pillow) at break of day as he lay in bed soundly sleeping and snoring by her, she as a devil incarnate cuts his throat, and leaves him struggling in the bed, and weltering in his blood, without once having the power to think, to speak of God.

Thus we have seen the bloody malice, and infernal fury and revenge of this execrable young Lady *Bellinda*, in so lamentable and cruel murthering her first and old husband *De Mora*, and now her young *Ferallo*, and because the perpetration of these her inhumane crimes and facts are so odious to God, that their knowledge hath already pierced the clouds, and their sight ascended to the sacred presence and tribunal of God, therefore his all-seeing, and all-potent glorious Majesty, being as impartial in his judgements, as divine in his decrees, hath already sharpned his sword of justice, and made ready his arrows of revenge, speedily to inflict and give her condign punishment for the same, yea and far sooner than either she thinks or dreams thereof.

She having thus dispatched this bloody business, and seeing her husband *Ferallo* lies breathlesse in the bed by her, she riseth up, and the better to colour out, and overvail this her inhumane and monstrous villany, she takes this her dead husbands knife out of his pocket, and goring it all in his blood, she leaves it on his pillow by him, thereby (with as much hypocrisie as treachery) to insinuate a belief and confidence in the opinion of all men, that he had there murthered

thered himself, and that infallibly he was the author and actor of this his own deplorable death, which having performed, she takes on a fine clean holland smock, and puts off her cambrick one that she wore, which as a fatal mark of her cruelty, and a prodigious banner of her inhumanity, was all stained and engrained over with her husbands blood, and wrapping it up very close together, she therein likewise envellops and enwraps her bloody razor, and also a two pound brass weight, thereby the better to make it sink, for she resolves that very morning to throw it into a pond: so secret is she in contriving, and so politick in the concealing of this her cruel fact. The morn advancing to six of the clock, which was dark, cloudy and obscure, as if (by the secret appointment, and sacred providence of God) that the Sun (with his glistering beams) abhorred to behold so pittyfull and lamentable a spectacle. *Bellinda* hath no sooner apparelled her self but triumphing in this her false victory and bloody conquest, and giving the murthered body of her husband a farewell, composed of many curses and execrations, she softly issueth forth, clapping her bloody smock and razor in her pocket, the which (to make sure work) she had tyed fast with one of her blew silk garters, then locks the Chamber door, and very secretly and surely conveys and throws in the key within side, and then descends to the Garden, where calling *Hellena*, (another of her waiting Gentlewomen to her) she bids her fetch her Prayer-book, and thus away she goes towards their parish Church of St. *Julians* on foot, which by computation was some half a small league off their house, and forbids any man servant to wait or attend on her thither. She is not a furlong off, but the more closely to finish her design, she there purposely sends away her maid *Hellena* to the parish Church before her, with this invented and colourable errand, to seek out her own Priest, father *Sebastian*; and to prepare him then to say Mass to her, the which *Hellena* doth. Now the midway between her house and the Church is a great deep pond, by the which she is to pass; but a little before she draws near it, a poor old maimed Souldier, being cashiered from the Garrison of the Castle of *Castcayes* (named *Roderigo*) travelling towards his

his home, and seeing this Lady all alone, and observing the sweetness of her beauty, and the richness of her apparel and attire, his poverty inforceth and encourageth him to request and beg an almes of her, the which with much humility he doth. But the Lady *Bellinda*'s heart and thoughts were so much surprized and taken up with cruelty, as she knew not what belonged to charity, and therefore having other business and wind-mills in her head, she is offended with *Roderigo*'s begging importunity, as flatly refusing to give him any almes, she forgets her self so far, as instead thereof, she gives him many harsh words, and at last sends him away with some unkind and foul speeches; the which poor *Roderigo*, took so ill at her hands, (that in the fumes of a Souldier) he once thought to have requited it either on her person, or her apparel; but then again (by her port and bravery) deeming her to be some great neighbouring Lady, who that morning had purposely left her followers to take the sweetness of the air, and therefore fearing his danger more than he loved his profit, he abandoneth that cholerick and insolent resolution of his, when taking his leave of her, he some two butts length from her, betakes him to sit down at the foot of a great Pineapple Tree, where he might see her, but not she him; and there looking after her with an eye of discontent, and indignation, he bewailes his wants and hard fortune, and also condemneth the obdurateness of this unknown Ladies uncharitable heart towards him, and inquiring afterwards of a milk-maid which passed by what she was, he is informed that she is the Lady *Bellinda*, widow to the dead Lord *Alonso de Mora*, and now wife to *Don Emanuel de Ferallo*, who hereat doth not a little both grieve and wonder, that so rich and great a Lady was guilty of so much uncharitableness. By this time she being arived to the pond, looking about her, and believing that no mortal eye had seen her, she therein throws her bloody smock and razor (which as formerly I have said she tyed fast together with one of her blew silk garters) and the ponderosity of the brass weight made it instantly to sink

to the bottom, whereof she being infinitely joyfull, away she trips to the Parish Church, and there hears Mass, and mumbles out many *Ave Maries*, and *Pater nosters* to her self; but the whole world in general, and the Reader in particular may imagine with what a foul conscience, and ulcerated soul, she then and there performs this her devotion.

Now although this our wretched Lady *Bellinda* have murthered this her second husband *Feralto*, with wonderful secresie, and buried these bloody evidences thereof in the pond, with such admirable care and privacy, that she thinks it wholly impossible for all the earth to reveal it; loe if earth cannot, yet now heaven will. So here before I proceed further, let me in the name and fear of God, request the Christian Reader here to admire and wonder with me, at the mercy and goodness, and at the providence and pleasure of God in his miraculous detection, and condign revenge and punishment thereof; for he must know and understand, that it seems God had purposely brought, placed and seated this poor old wearied maimed Souldier *Roderigo* at the foot of this Pine Tree, to be a happy instrument of his praise, and a true Sentinel, and discoverer both for his sacred justice and divine honour: for here although *Bellinda* carried away her heart and charity from him, yet (as if guided by some heavenly power and celestial influence) *Roderigo* could not possibly carry away his eye from her, but as closely as she threw this bloody cloth into the pond, he espies it, and which is more, very plainly and palpably discerns the whiteness and redness thereof; when considering and thinking with himself that this gallant proud Lady *Bellinda* might be as unchaste and lascivious as she was fair, and as vitious as she was young, God (with his immediate finger) imprinted in his thoughts, and ingraved in his heart and mind, that either her self, or some one of her waiting Gentlewomen had had some bastard, and that she had murthered it, and now thrown it into the pond, and was so strongly possessed of this conceit and belief, that neither day or night, nor nothing under

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der Heaven could possibly beat him from it, but for a whiles he resolves to conceal this conceit to himself, as referring the truth thereof to time, and the issue to God.

And here the order of our History calls us again from *Roderigo* to *Bellinda,* who as soon as Mass is done, (with her waiting Gentlewoman *Hellena*) returns home to her house, and by that time they arrive there it is nine of the clock, where (putting a pleasant face upon her false heart, and a sweet countenance upon her soyled and sinful soul) she presently enquires for her husband *Don Ferallo,* her servants make answer that they have not seen him to day, and that they think he is still in bed, whereat she musing and wondering, in regard he was not accustomed to sleep at so high an hour, she therefore sends some of her servants to his chamber to see if he be stirring, but finding his chamber door locked, and calling aloud to him they can get no answer from him, the which they return and report to their Lady *Bellinda,* who seeming exceedingly to doubt and grieve thereat, she (far more perplexed in countenance than heart) ascends with them again to her husbands chamber, where they all call and knock aloud at the door to him, and she far louder than them all, but in vain, for still they hear no news either of him or from him, whereat she begins (outwardly) to tremble with apprehension and fear, and so commands them to force open the door of his chamber, which they instantly do, where they see their Lord, and she her husband *Ferallo* to lie breathless in his bed, all begored and reeking in his hot and warm blood, with his throat cut, whereat his servants for true grief, and his Lady *Bellinda* for false sorrow, make a lamentable crie, and a pitiful out-cry in his chamber, which is over-heard in all the house, but especially the Lady *Bellinda* her self, who so artificially dissembled her joy, and so passionately makes demonstration of extreme grief and affliction, for this deplorable death of her Lord and husband, both to her servants, and to God, that she is all in tears, and cannot, because she will not be comforted thereat: they find the chamber

door locked, the key within-side, and his own bloody knife on his pillow, and therefore they easily resolve and conclude that this their Lord and Master *Ferallo* hath wilfully made himself away, and is undoubtedly the author of his own death; which opinion and resolution of the servants, their Lady and Mistris *Bellinda* (secretly to her self) relisheth with much applause, and approbation, and to make her afflictions and sorrows the more apparent to them, and in them consequently to the world, she doth not refrain from excessive weeping and sighing. They leave the dead corps untouched in the bed, to acquaint the criminall *Corigidores* of *Stremos* with this pitifull accident, who come, and being amazed at this bloody disaster and accident of *Ferallo*, they viewing the infinity of his Ladies tears, and the sorrowful complaints and exclamations of his servants, as also considering their several depositions and examinations, and seeing they found his chamber door fast locked, the key within-side, and his own bloody knife by him on his pillow, they all concur with them in opinion about the manner and quality of his death, and do absolutely believe and affirm, that he hath desperately made himself away, which opinion of theirs is presently received, voiced, and rumored in *Stremos*, and in all the adjacent parishes and country: and yet many curious wits (in regard of *Bellinda*'s youthfull affections, and wanton disposition) speak very differently hereof. And now doth this our sorrowful young widdow, (the better to support her fame and reputation to the world) bury this her second husband *Ferallo* with all requisite ceremony and decency.

But as the justice and judgements of God (conducted by his divine pleasure, and inscrutable providence) doth many times go on slowly, but still soundly and surely, so we must here again produce and bring forth our lame old Souldier *Roderigo* to act another part on the stage and Theatre of this History. He is still the same man, and still retains his same former opinion, that undoubtedly it was some dead child, or bastard which he saw the Lady

dy *Bellinda* to throw into the pond, and his heart incessantly prompted by his suspition, doth still confidently suggest and assure him, that that bloody cloth of hers contained some secret, and invelloped some shameful mysterie towards her, which he thinks all the water of the pond could not deface or wash away: so that he now understanding of her husband *Ferallo*'s disasterous bloody end, doth no way diminish, but rather every way augment this his suspition and jealousie hereof. We must further understand, that *Roderigo* the better to refresh his body, to repleniish his purse, and to repair his apparel, staies some three weeks in *Stremos*, and although he be a Souldier, and have his sword by his side, yet being out of action and pay, he is not ashamed to beg the alms and courtesies of the Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlewomen both in and neer about that City. Amongst the rest understanding of the Lady *Bellinda*'s great wealth and dignity, he therefore hopes, that her new sorrows and mourning for the untimely death of her husband will now make her as compassionate to his poverty in her house, as lately she was discourteous and uncharitable to him in the fields: whereupon he repairs thither to her, but for three daies together, he is not so happy as to speak with her, or to see her; but being still prest by his poverty, and again emboldned by the consideration of what he saw her cast into the pond, he the fourth day finds her walking in the next meadow, adjoyning to her house, attended by two of her men-servants, and two waiting Gentlewomen all clad in mourning apparrel: when with a boldness worthy of a poor distressed Souldier) he advanceth to the Lady *Bellinda*, where (interrupting her private walks, and distracting her secret thoughts and meditations) he with much observance again begs some charity of her, whereat she being offended, because her heart and mind neither thought, nor cared for an old Souldier, but were wholly fixed on some desired new Gallant young husband, she very cholerickly disdains him and his request, and with much indignation (to use her own words) commandeth her servants to see this bold beggarly Souldier de-

part and pack away, both from her and her houſe. *Roderigo* hearing theſe her harſh and diſcourteous ſpeeches, and ſeeing her ſervants unkind uſage and enforcements towards him, he with much diſcontent and choler leaves her houſe, but (in requital thereof) vows that his revenge ſhall not ſo ſoon leave her: for this her ſecond affront to him puts him all in choler and fire towards her, ſo that he vows to God, and ſwears to himſelf to uſe the beſt of his power, and to work the chiefeſt of his wits to perpetrate her diſgrace. When ſecretly and effectually informing himſelf from others, that *Don Gaſpar de Mora*, who was nephew, and generall heir to her firſt Lord and husband *Don Alonſo de Mora*, was at great variance, and bitter contention in ſuit of law with his Aunt *Bellinda* about ſome lands, and much rich moveables and Utenſils which ſhe unjuſtly detained from him, and therefore that he would be exceeding glad to entertain any invention or propoſition whatſoever, which might heave her out of the quiet enjoying and poſſeſſion thereof and thereby procure her utter diſgrace and ruin. He repairs to him, and ſecretly (yet conſtantly) acquaints him; that ſome three weeks ſince, and the very morning, that *Don Feralio* was found murthered in his bed, he ſaw the Lady *Bellinda* his wife to throw a white and bloody linnen cloth into the pond, which was ſome half quarter of a league from her houſe: wherein God and his conſcience told him, ſhe had wrapt and drowned ſome baſtard-infant, either of hers, or one of her waiting Gentlewomans, adding withall, that he could not poſſibly have any peace of his thoughts before he had imparted it to him, to the end, that he might reveal it to the criminal Judges (or Corigidores) of *Stremos* to hunt out and examine the truth thereof.

Don Gaſpar de Mora doth as much rejoyce as wonder at this unexpected news, and becauſe his inveterate malice to his Aunt (in Law) *Bellinda* perſwades him rather to believe then doubt it, therefore (as malice is ſtill naturally ſwift and prone to revenge) being confident of the truth hereof, he Laves all other buſineſs, rides over to *Stremos*, and acquaints

quaints the Corigidores herewith, and taking *Roderigo* likewise along with him, he also fails not very resolutely to affirm, and most constantly to confirm it to them; which these wise and grave Judges understanding, they in honour to Gods service and glory, and in true obedience to his sacred justice (without any delay or procrastination) take *Don Gaspar de Mora*, the old Souldier *Roderigo*, and some three or four expert Swimmers along with them, and with haste and secresie speed away to the pond; wherein after those Swimmers had been a quarter of an hour, and curiously busked and dived in most places thereof to find out this cloth, at last (by the mercy and providence of God) one of them diving far better then the rest, sees and finds it, and swimming with his left hand, brings it ashore in his right hand to the Corigidores, who much admiring and rejoycing thereat, cause it presently to be opened, where (contrary to all their expectations) they find no dead childe, but (as we have formerly understood) a cambrick smock, as yet all spotted and stained with blood, and tyed fast with a blew silk garter, and in it a very sharp and bloody razor, with a brass weight tied in all this, purposely to sink it in the pond. The Corigidores, *Gasper de Mora*, and all the rest, are amazed and astonished at the sight of these bloody evidences, when *Roderigo* again constantly swearing to them, that he saw the Lady *Bellinda* (with her own hands) throw this little linnen fardel into that pond, the very same morning that her husband *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed; and the malicious curiosity of *Gasper de Mora* here finding the very two first and last letters of her name in the cambrick smock, the Corigidores then concur in one opinion (as so many lines which terminate in one Centre) that yet infallibly it was she and no other, who had so cruelly murthered her husband *Ferallo* in his bed. Whereupon taking this bloody smock, razor, and garter with them, they with much zeal and speed post away to the Lady *Bellinda's* house, to apprehend her for this foul and lamentable murther, where cruel hearted and lascivious Lady, she is so far from the consideration of grace, or

the thought or apprehenſion of any fear, as ſhe fears none, and which is worſt of all, not the power and juſtice of God himſelf; for ſhe is ſo immodeſt in her heart, ſo luſtful in her converſation, as (notwithſtanding her black-mourning attire and apparel) that her firſt husband was but lately dead, and now her ſecond not as yet cold in his grave, yet (with great variety of muſick) ſhe is here now in her houſe ſinging, dancing, and revelling with divers young Cavaliers, and Gallants, both of the City and Countrey, as if ſhe had no other care, thought or buſineſs, but how to make choice of a third husband, who might amorouſly pleaſe her luſtful eye and heart, and of no leſs then a pair of Paramors and favorites who ſhould laſciviouſly content her wanton deſires and affections.

But theſe wanton vanities, and vain and laſcivious hopes of the Lady *Bellinda* will now deceive her: for now the Lords appointed due time is come, wherein for theſe her two horrible murthers committed on the perſons of her two husbands, his divine and ſacred Majeſty is reſolved to pour down his puniſhments, and to thunder forth his judgments upon her, to her utter ſhame and confuſion. The Corigidores reſolutely enter her houſe, and then and there cauſe the Sergeants to apprehend her priſoner, whereat being ſuddenly amazed, and infinitely terrified, ſhe weeps, ſighs, and cries extremely. But thoſe Cavaliers (I mean thoſe her ſuppoſed lovers, and pretended favorites) who were there ſinging and dancing with her, neither can or dare either aſſiſt or reſcue her. Now the plumes of her pride and jollity are ſuddenly dejected and fallen to the ground, yea her muſick is turned to morning, her ſinging to ſighs, and her dancing triumphs to tears. The enormity of her crime, cauſe theſe Officers of juſtice to ſee her conveyed to priſon, without any reſpect of her beauty, or regard of her ſex and quality, where ſhe hath more leiſure given her to repent, then means how to remedy theſe her misfortunes.

The next morning ſhe is ſent for before her Judges, who roundly charge her for cruelly murthering her husband *Don Feralſo*

Ferallo in his bed, the which with many tears and oaths she stoutly denies: then they shew her those bloody evidences, her cambrick smock, the razor, her blew garter, and the brass weight, and also produce and confront *Roderigo* with her; who as before he had affirmed, now he swears, he saw her throw this bloody linnen fardel into the pond, the very morning that her husband *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed: and although at the sight and knowledge hereof, she is at first wonderfully appalled and daunted therewith, yet her courage is so stout, as she again denies it with many prophane and fearful asseverations, and delighteth to hear her self make a tedious justification, and a frivolous apology to her Judges for her innocency. But those grave and prudent Magistrates of justice, who (in zeal to Gods glory) have eyes not in vain in their heads, will give no belief either to the sweetness of the Lady *Bellinda's* youth, or to the sugar of her speeches and protestations, but for the vindication of this crime, and of this truth, they adjudge her the very next morning to the wrack, where (such is her female fortitude) as she permits and suffers her self to be fastned thereunto, with infinite constancy and patience, as disdaining that the torments thereof, should extort any truth from her tongue, to the prejudice of her reputation, and to the shipwrack of her safety and life, but herein she reckons too short of God, and beyond her self; for she considereth not that these torments are truly sent her from God, and this her courage falsly lent and given her from *Satan*; for at the very first wrench of the wrack, and touch of the cord, finding it impossible that her tender body, and dainty limbs, can endure the cruelty of those tortures, God puts this grace into her heart, that with many sighs and tears, she prays her Judges and tormentors to desist, and so publikely confesseth that it was she, and only she, who had murthered her husband *Ferallo*, and cut his throat in his bed with that very same razor.

Upon which confession of hers; her Judges (glorifying God for the detection of this cruel murther) they (for expiation thereof) do forthwith adjudge and sentence this wretch-

wretched and bloody Lady *Bellinda*, to be the next morning burnt alive without the walls of *Stremos*, at the foot of the Castle, which is the destined place of death for the like crimes and offendors, so she being by them then again returned to prison, that night (in Christian charity) they send her some Priests and Nuns, to direct and prepare her soul to heaven, for this her bloody and unnatural crime was so odious to men, and so exectable to God, that she could hope for no pardon of her life from her Judges although her sorrowful old father *Curforo*, with a world of tears threw himself to their feet, and offered them all his lands and means to his very shirt, to obtain it for her.

All *Stremos* and the Countrey thereabouts resound and and talk of this cruel murthering of *Ferallo*, as also of his Lady *Bellinda*'s condign condemnation to death for the same, and the next morning at eight of the clock, they all repair under the Castle wall to see this execrable and unfortunate Lady there in flames of fire, to act the last scene and catastrophy of her life; she is conducted thither by a S. *Claires* Nun on her right hand, and a Saint *Francis* Frier on her left, who joyntly charge her upon peril of damnation, to disburthen her conscience and soul before she dye, of any other capital crime whereof she knows her self guilty, the which she solemnly and religiously promiseth them: about nine of the clock she is brought to the stake, where she sees her self empalled and surrounded first with many fagots, and then with a very great concourse and confluence of people, here she is so irreligious in her vanity, that she had cast off her blacks and mourning, and purposely dighted her self in a rich yellow Satin Gown, wrought with flowers of silver, a large set Ruff about her neck, and her head covered with a pure white Tiffeney vail laced and wrought with rich cut-work, as if she cared more for her body then her soul, as if her pride and bravery would carry her sooner to heaven, then her prayers and repentance: or as if the prodigal cost and lustre thereof, were able to diminish either her crime, or her punishment in the eyes and opinions of her spectators. But contrariwise, the very first sight of her sweet

youth, and pure fresh beauty, and then the consideration of her foul crime, for murthering her own husband, do operate and work differently upon all their affections and passions, some pittying her for the first, but all more justly condemning her for the second. When as soon as their clamorous lobs and speeches were past, and blown over, and that both the Frier, and Nun had tane their last leave of her, (then after she had shed many tears on earth, and sent and evaporated many sighs to heaven) she wringing her hands (whereon she had a pair of snow white gloves) and casting up her eyes towards God, at last with a faltering, and fainting voice spake thus.

It is my crime and your charity good people which hath conducted you hither to see me a miserable Gentlewoman here to dye miserably. And because it is now no longer time for me, to dissemble either with God or the world, therefore to save my soul in heaven, though my body perish here in earth, I (with much grief, and infinite sorrow) do truly and freely confess both to God and you, that I am not only guilty of one murther, but of two: for as I now lately cut my second husband *Ferallo*'s throat, so I was so vile and wretched heretofore, as to poyson my first Lord and husband *De Mora*. At which report and confession of this execrable Lady *Bellinda* (in regard of the greatness of her Lord *De Mora*'s descent and Nobility) all this huge concourse of people (who are sensibly touched with grief and sorrow) make a wonderful noise and out-cry thereat, and now in regard of this foul and double crime of hers, they look on her with far more contempt, and far less pitty than before. But she being as patient as they are clamorous hereat, and seeing their cries, now again cried down, and well nigh drowned and hushed up in silence, recollecting her thoughts, and again composing her countenance, she again very sorrowfully continueth her speech to them thus. I well know, and indeed I heartily grieve to remember, that these two foul and cruel murthers of mine, make me unworthy either to tread on the face of the earth, or to look up to that of heaven, and in the middest of these my miseries I have

this

this conſolation left me, that in favour of my true confeſſion and religious repentance thereof to God, that God can be as indulgent and merciful to me, as I have been impious and ſinful to him; the which that I may obtain, I beſeech you all who are here preſent, to joyn your prayers with me, and to God for me, and this is the laſt charity which I will begg and implore of you. Now becauſe example is powerfull, and no example ſo ſtrong and prevalent, as the words of the dying to the living, therefore (to Gods glory, and mine own ſhame) give me leave to tell you that two things eſpecially brought and induced me to commit theſe foul murthers, as they have now juſtly brought me hither to ſuffer death for committing them; firſt my neglect of prayer, and omiſſion to ſerve and fear God duly as I ought to have done. Secondly, the affecting and following of my laſcivious and luſtfull pleaſures, which I ought not to have done. The neglect of the firſt proved the bane of my ſoul, and the performance and practice of the laſt, the contagion and poyſon of my life, and both theſe two ſins conjoyned and linked together, enforce me now here to dye, with as much miſery and infamy, as without them I might have lived (and perchance lived long) in earthly happineſs and proſperity. O therefore good people, beware by my woful example, let my crime be your integrity, my fall your riſing, and my ſhipwrack your ſafety. As I bear not hypocriſie in my tongue, ſo I will not bear malice in my heart. Therefore from my heart I forgive *Roderigo* for telling *Gaſper de Mora* he ſaw me caſt ſome bloody linnen in the pond. I alſo forgive *Gaſper de Mora* for informing the Corigidores thereof, and they for ſo juſtfully condemning me to death. I alſo pray my father and parents to forgive me theſe my foul crimes, and both to pardon and forget the diſhonour and ſcandal which the infamy of my death may reflect and draw on them. And now I recommend you all to Gods beſt favour, and mercy, and my ſoul to receive ſalvation in his bleſſed Kingdom of glory.

The Lady *Bellinda* having finiſhed this her ſpeech, the hearing and conſideration thereof engendred much pitty and

and compassion in the hearts, and caused a world of tears in the eyes of the beholders, and now she prepares her self for death. Here she takes off her rings from her fingers, and her pearl bracelets from her arms, and (as a token of her love) gives them to her waiting Gentlewoman *Hellena*, who is present and not far from her, most bitterly sobbing and weeping because she can weep no more for the death of this her dear Lady and Mistriss, who now repeats many private prayers and *Ava Maries* to her self, when taking a solemn, and sorrowful farwel of all the world she puls down her vail over her snow-white cheeks, and then often crossing her self with the sign of the Cross, and saying her last *in manus tuas*, the executioner (with a flaming torch) sets fire to the straw and fagots, whereof she presently dies, and in less than a hour after, her body is there consumed and burnt to ashes, at which all that great concourse of people and spectators, (in favour to her youth and beauty) as much affecting the piety of her death, as they hate and detest the cause thereof, I mean the infamy and cruelty of her life, do with far more sorrow than joy give a great shout and out-cry. When the judges of that City now upon knowledge of this Ladies first horrible crime of poysoning her first Lord and husband *Don Alonso de Mora*, they in detestation thereof, being not able to add either worser infamy, or more exquisite, and exemplary torments to her living body, they therefore partly to be revenged on her dead ashes, do cause them curiously to be gathered up, and so in the same place (by the common hang-man) before all the people to be scattered and thrown in the air, whereat they rejoyce and praise God, to see the world so fairly rid of so foul and bloody a female monster.

And thus was the untimely, (and yet deserved) end of this lascivious and cruel hearted Lady *Bellinda*, and in this sharp manner did the Lord of Heaven and earth triumph in his just revenge and punishments against her, for these her two foul and inhumane crimes of murthering her two husbands. May God (of his best and divinest mercy) make this her history and example, to serve as a chrystal mirror for all men, and especially for all women, (of what condition and quality so ever.)

And

And now Christian Reader, having (by God most gracious assistance and providence) here finished this entire, and last volume of my six books of tragical Histories, if thou find that thou reap any profit, or thy soul any spiritual benefit by the reading and perusal thereof, then (in the name and fear of God) I beseech thee to joyn thy prayers and piety with mine, that as in Christians religion and duty we are bound, so for the same, we may joyntly ascribe unto God, all possible power, might, Majesty, thanksgiving, dominion, and Glory both now and for ever. *Amen, Amen.*

FINIS.

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